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Tuesday. March 5. 1929. Mexico City

More rumors about the Revolution. The papers say that more than 8,000 troops have been sent from Mexico city towards Vera Cruz and to meet those advancing from the coast and that the two armies are in the neighborhoods of Orizaba and Esperanza and that there maybe a battle before long which will settle things at once if the rebels win. Apparently they have a large following throughout the country as the people are indignant at the way the ruling at Querétaro to dominate the constitution and nominate the next president was run. It was all a frame up of the Calles party now in power to keep in power and though the rebels are probably only after the same chances for graft etc. they apparently have some right on their side in that the people were not fairly represented. They say that the present president Portes Gil is absolutely Calles man. That Calles had been made Sec. of War and that the next candidate is hand in glove with him. The situation hasn't affected us at all as long as we were going to stay here a few weeks anyway except that the mails are stopped. People can leave the country by way of Tampico and the Pilots and other Ward Line vessels are thinking of trying that by the end of the week if the situation improves.

We went to see the cathedral in the morning. Had a little trouble getting in as it is being repaired and only open to visitors on Fridays but finally got a "permiso" from the Engineer in charge of the work. It was very interesting. A beautiful richly decorated gold altar, carved choir stalls, gold screen etc. Typically Spanish. The temporary scaffolding etc. rather took away from the effect of the vaulting but it is very large and impressive though not of course as much as is Seville or Burgos. I like the outside best I think. Afterwards we went to the National museum again and saw the Mexican relics and other historical things. Very interesting. It was too late for lunch and to walk over to the Academia de Bellas Artes but the galleries are closed in the P. M. Will go to-morrow morning. We will write me to meet the Director to see what I can do about getting started painting. There is an awfully nice fountain to be seen in the beside the cathedral and lots of interesting types to sit around it and I would like to do something there but don't know how to arrange for a model. I could ask anyone I met to pose for a sketch of course but want to do a life-size canvas and so would have to have a model I could rely on for several sittings. After we left the academy we wandered around a little taking photos. Then went to Sanborn's a little grocery store to get some Kodak films & a man whom he

know Lee in connection with the Two Oceans Oil Co. He was away in Texas but we had a nice talk with his secretary, Mrs. Hall. Then came back to the hotel, read the papers in the evening and went to bed early.

Wednesday, March 6.

Conditions seem to be somewhat worse as regards the Revolution. More towns are joining the rebels and we heard all kinds of rumors this morning, such as that the President Porfirio Gil has a special train waiting for him, all ready to fly, that the wives and children of the Mexican officials have already left under the protection of the British flag, that it is really a Catholic uprising at the bottom as indication of which is that as soon as each town goes over to the rebels its churches are opened and rung. We were going to drive out to El Desierto de los Leones with the Ward Tom people thinking we would be sure to be safe if we were along with them but we found that their trip had been called off because it possible bad ups from bandits who might take advantage of the unsettled conditions to rob people. De Pitkins had been offered accomodations by the Wabash line to Tampico a 36 hr. journey by rail where they could connect with the W. Ind. Line steamer and get home but they could not decide whether to take the chance of at least a very unsatisfactory trip with many delays in impossible little villages. Mrs. Gore advised them not to go and so did we as there was apparently no especial reason for them to get back, and it seemed foolish to take the chance ~~of~~ unnecessarily so they decided not to go. We went down town to the Academy to see the pictures but he wasn't in. Left a photo. of my portrait of Alfonso for him at Wise's suggestion and will call again tomorrow. Then we went through the galleries. The collection doesn't amount to much, so did some errands back to the hotel for lunch and drove out to San Angel in the afternoon. Had our first glimpse of the volcanoes on the way out. Saw Popocatepetl's snow capped peak rising above the dust clouds over the city. San Angel was quite interesting. A suburb of the city, 300 ft. higher. A good many Americans live there. Am. Inn in an interesting old Carmelite convent. We went to the convent of the Carmelite nuns, now destined as apt for the caretakers family. A very cheerful bright young woman, the daughter of the caretaker took us all through and showed us everything, the nuns cells, small dark rooms opening off narrow stone paved corridors, where they slept on the floor, the chapel and chapels, the crypt where there were four mummified skeletons in open coffins, standing on end, quite gruesome. We went up on the roof, climbed steps to the bell tower and which brought us out on a level of the tiled cupola domes. The place is about 400 years old. There is a wonderful view of the mountains from the roof. She also took us into their kitchen

almost on a level with the old bell and clock tower. We all got photographs of the tower from the window. She called her little girl and had her recite some English nursery rhymes to us. (Her husband was an American and they had lived in London and she was much interested to know the English words for everything she showed us.) She took us out through their garden and bade us most friendly farewells with polite curtsies etc. at the gate. We drove back by way of a long detour through the country, passing through little Indian villages and over stretches of bleak, desolate mountainous country, all lava and cactus, the nopal, which the Indians eat as one of their main foods. The life in the villages was most primitive, tiny thatched huts, water at one fountain, etc. and the people just as they have always been. We came into the city again by way of a long straight cement road, lined with trees, which is one of the original causeways into the lake, now drained and filled in, on either side. This was the causeway by which Cortés entered the city first and in which Montezuma came out to meet him. At several places we saw Indian women washing in the canal beside the road and at one place one woman was giving a shampoo to another and E. took their pictures. They were very good-natured about it and much amused. On the way we passed the country club at Churubusco, a thoroughly modern looking place and came into the city past the Alameda. Its trees, market into the Zocalo or big square where the Cathedral is. We got some of our photos. (Have had pretty good luck so far) and got back to the hotel about 6.30. We hadn't meant to drive so far into the country but as long as we got home safe it was all right. We found a letter from Mrs. Morrow asking us to the Embassy to lunch tomorrow and one from Mrs. Hall asking us to tea with a friend of hers, Mrs. Noals. Talked for a while after supper with the Pitkins and other American tourists. Some of the Ward party took the chance and went to Tampico by train tonight. Will be interesting to see if they get through.

Thursday. March. 7.

According to the papers the Gov. forces seem to be getting things in control but the papers only print their side of it we do not feel that we know the real situation. Monterey, which was seized by the Rebel Gen. Escobar is reported to have surrendered to the Gov. and Vera Cruz to be on the point of surrender. There has apparently not been much actual fighting. The railroads are being repaired and some mail got through from the States to-day though very little and we had nothing. Cables are going through but are delayed by the censors. Wire and I went down town in the morning to see the Director of the Art Museum, stopping at the bank where W. had no difficulty in getting money on his letter of credit (We had [illegible] it seemed that the boats had stopped coaling

travellers checks) Our conversation with Sr. Manuel Fabian had to be carried on in Spanish as he didn't speak English. I got on fairly well but he apparently can not be of much use to us as the art school is closed for two months. He could not tell me of any models, could not let me paint there as the studios were too much out of repair and the light not good and could not tell me of any studio that I could rent in the city. I guess I'll have to do most of my painting at Cuernavaca though anything worth while at the fountain near the cathedral. We came back to the hotel to dress and get E. to go to the Embassy for lunch. It is only a block or so from the hotel and a very handsome house with pretty enclosed lawn and gardens cut off from the street by high white walls covered with climbing pink geraniums. It was quite a big luncheon party about 20 in all, several americans from St. Louis, among them a Mr. & Mrs. Pierce (I sat next to Mr. Pierce) Paul D. Cravath, the lawyer of N.Y., Mr. Wiley manager of the N.Y. Times (who sat on my other side) the whole Morrow family and Lindbergh. We were all standing around on the terrace talking before lunch when I happened to look up and there was Lindbergh a few feet away. It gave me quite a thrill. He had come in quietly and was soon introduced to everyone. I sat right across the table from him and it was the funniest feeling to see him there actually in the flesh when I have seen so many pictures of him. He looks exactly like his pictures. Fine features, healthy coloring, a little sun-burned and blue eyes that look straight at you. His way of talking and accent are a little more western than I had expected. He is very slight and thin, a slight, light frame and usually one of two expressions on his face. Either a serious thoughtful look or a charming boyish smile. He was quiet, only talked when somebody asked him a question and got him started. Anne would always make his face light up with interest but he did not seem much interested in other things. Whenever he spoke it was absolutely to the point with well chosen words. He is obviously absolutely unspoiled by his fame and that is why he has made such a success of it. Little Anne Morrow, his fiancée, for she is little, in fact the whole Morrow family is prettier than her pictures. She has lovely violet eyes with long lashes and dark hair and eyebrows and her features are more delicate than they look in the newspaper pictures. She has a pretty little figure too and had on a very becoming little suit of violet flannel with a white blouse of the same color and string of pearls. Her sister, Elizabeth Morrow, who is very attractive with a light bob and gray blue eyes had on a pretty simply made gray blue silk dress with pearls. Of the two I rather liked E. Morrow the best. She is more natural straightforward and very intelligent. Anne seemed a bit self-conscious and nervous shy but perhaps that is due to her situation at present as Lindbergh's fiancée. Mrs. Morrow was very nice, simple and

straightforward in a red and blue figured silk dress with dark blue hat. Mrs. Morrow was much smaller than I expected, a little woman with a rather large head, rather ~~ill-fitting~~ clothes but a keen eye and forceful personality. Wiley talked to him a good deal about the political situation here and I heard some of their conversation across the table and he told me afterwards. He thinks very highly of Calles. Has found him honest and very satisfactory to deal with. Thinks it would have been better for the country if Calles had stayed in as President when his term had expired even though it would have been unconstitutional to have him serve another term. He thinks the Revolution is practically over. Is very enthusiastic about his job here. Has approached it in the right way, it seemed to us, making a thorough study of the history of the people, then trying only to help them to a national consciousness and stable economic development. (Which he could advise them well about because of his connection with Morgan) making them feel that he and the U.S. were their friend and wanted their prosperity and independence, not to exploit them. W. also had a talk with Lindbergh after lunch about his job which is to forward the cause of aviation. Wiley having done more than anyone man for aviation when it was in its infancy in regard to bringing it before the public and establishing its recognition was naturally much interested in the progress L. had made. He said he felt that he was making progress with his own generation, more than with those before and that the coming generations would accept it as a matter of course. I talked to him a little about Elliot's plane, the Patrician. He knew of it and the company & said that he thought the plane was in California now on an exhibition tour. He flies on to Brownsville, Texas to inaugurate a new air route from there to Mexico City. It was a wonderful experience meeting him and I hope to see him again. Mrs. Wiley who sat on my left was an interesting woman. Had travelled a good deal, had met Alfonso and the Queen in Spain, asked for a photo of my portrait of Alfonso I reproduced in the N.Y. Times and said to let him know of my exhibition in N.Y. next winter when it opens. The Morrows were very cordial and nice, asked us when we were going to Cuernavaca, where they go for the week ends but are not going this week, to go to Tlaxtoluca and have a meal there. We left about three came back to the hotel to talk it all over and rest and at 5:30 Mrs. Hall came for us to take us to tea at the house of a friend of Lee's, Mrs. Morrow of the Am. colony here. Mrs. M. was a bright and interesting woman. She lives in N.Y. part of the time and writes for Vogue. Other people there were a Mrs. Rice who lives at the Country Club Lee, very common but very amusing and a Mr. Griffith of the Wells Fargo tourist agency here. Had quite an interesting time, cocktails etc. Came back to the Hotel for dinner and a quiet evening in our own

sitting room. Wise wants me to paint Lindbergh's portrait while I am here if it can be arranged. He was so active in the early part of the aviation movement that he feels, as his last contribution to flying, that he want to present his portrait to the National Gallery and of course a good portrait of him as he is now at the age when he made his flight would be on record somewhere.

Friday. March. 8.

Wise called up the embassy and made an appointment with Mr. Morrow to talk to him about Lindbergh's portrait. The time was set for 12.30 so we went down town first to do some shopping. Got quite a lot of things at Weston's souvenir and antique shop in the Avenida Madero. E. got a beautiful drawn work table cover. I got a centerpiece for mamma and some tooled leather cigarette cases and uncut opals and Wise got some opals for E. and me. Prices are fascinating and very cheap compared with the U.S. We came back to the hotel about 12 and Wise went round to the Embassy. Came back much pleased because Mr. Morrow had been very cordial and seemed to like the idea. Looked over the photos of my things Wise took even though he was in a hurry as the President, Portes Gil had one for him. Said he would talk to Mrs. Morrow about it and let Wise know. Mrs. M. had called up E. in the morning early to suggest that we go to their house in Cuernavaca when we go there, even if they aren't there then, and let her know a day beforehand so she would be sure to have luncheon there. We probably won't go till the middle of next week and will stay about a week so they may be there before we leave. After lunch we drove out to El Desierto de los Leones, a lovely spot off in the mountains where there are the ruins of an Carmelite monastery. It was a very interesting drive along the ridge of some foothills in the valley of Mexico towards the mountains and the last part before we came to the monastery was through some very fine woods with tall pine trees. The monastery was set among cypresses, a most remote and beautiful peaceful place. A little boy took us through. The building is so fallen to pieces that only the walls stand in many of the chambers and the patios with their entire fountains all grass grown and neglected. There was also an atmosphere of beauty about the place largely due to the setting and it was easy to imagine the "padres" strolling in the gardens, sitting in their cells and even doing penance in the subterranean prison chambers. The monastery was closed about the time of Juarez, in the 60's and was used at one time for a crystal factory since but is now entirely neglected, and open to the public except for the caretakers who live in little rooms in the extreme east. It was begun by Mendoza, one of the vice-roys in 1606. We drove back to the hotel had dinner, paid food by the Pitkins who are leaving for Veracruz and home early to-morrow morning. Gave them letters to mail in Havana & wherever they think best and asked Miss P. to call up Mamma when they get to Boston. There is apparently considerable fighting at Laredo but the U.S.

has agreed to supply the Govt. and not the rebels with arms so I suppose
think it will be over soon. Calles, now minister of War, is to take command of
the field forces. Lindbergh is to fly to Brownsville, Texas, to inaugurate
a new aeroplane route from there to Mexico City. He is to take mail out
with him and they say that mail is now coming in but we haven't got any
more cables we are using wireless so we get one to-day saying his mail from
on the aeroplane machine just installed in the N.Y. Times is running perfectly.
This sets his mind at rest in regard to all the orders they have taken already for
similar machines.

Saturday, March 7.

A most wonderful day - not the warmest alone because
that is perfect every day, warm and sunny, even hot in the sun in the middle
of the day and cool at night. It never changes at this season apparently. Every
day is perfect and we never have to wonder what to wear in the gloom. We
left about 9 o'clock with our luncheon and my painting things for Xochimilco,
a village in Lake Xochimilco, one of the smaller lakes that used to fill
the whole valley of Mexico. Mexico City was originally built on an island in L.
Texcoco the largest of these and at the time of Cortes was a city of canals and
causeways leading across the lakes to the mountainous regions.
The city grew on made land, some of it floating islands started with interlacing
roots covered with earth, and there are frequent floods until finally, after
about 300 years of gigantic effort the valley was drained so that the canal-
ways now are the busy streets and roads, that lead into the city
and the land on either side of it, formerly marshes and lake, is now filled in
and cultivated and built upon. At Xochimilco however there still remains
a large area of the canals and floating island district. The islands are
really made gardens by the Indians and [illegible] the gardens
now [illegible] from the lake bottom to make [illegible] feet above
the water and are covered with flowers and trees, and [illegible] that
look like gardens and many of the trees have [illegible]
[illegible] cottages. It was the most picturesque thing I have ever seen. It is one of
the sights of the country and at a place in the canals there is a sort of picnic
ground where you can take boats, parties have lunch and [illegible] through
the winding canals. We decided on a launch and had the man go very slowly
and stop the engine and drift when we wanted to take pictures which was every
[illegible] minutes. The [illegible] floating [illegible] [illegible] fields of
[illegible] fields of huge poppies, jellyflowers, carnations, dahlias, clump of
calla lilies which grow wild here, geraniums and nasturtiums trained up the
banks, roses, heliotrope, in fact almost every kind of flowers you can think of.
The canals varied from 10 to 30 or more feet in width and every where they were lined
with these fields of flowers intersected or lined with tall trees and the mountains
in the distance. And in this wonderful setting were the people, standing in their

punts filled with flowers or vegetables which they are taking to the market. The men stand up and pole them along and sometimes there is a dark skinned woman and baby sitting in the boat too. The men ~~are~~ were in white cotton clothes mostly or blue overalls which seem to be very popular here with broad-brimmed straw hats and their trousers rolled up way above their knees showing their thin brown legs. As we went along through the canal we passed groups pulling vegetables in the boats or wading in the water as they washed their flowers and tied them in bunches. Women on the banks washing clothes and all the life of the little clusters of thatched huts. The people looked so Mongolian, Chinese and Indian in type and the whole thing reminded me of scenes in the South Sea Islands. It was wonderful. We were in the boat about 2 hrs. Then came back to the landing, got some beer at a restaurant and drove a little way into a wood near a tiny [illegible] where, through the trees, we could hear the women washing their clothes and gossiping, and ate our lunch there, spreading it out on the running board of the car. We had enough sandwiches etc. for the chauffeur too and after lunch we strolled over to see the washing party [illegible] too. The water ran through a cement basin under a long roof and the clothes were spread around on the bushes to dry. We saw several women getting a [illegible] too, stripped to the waist and washing their feet. They seem to want to be clean and have decent habits. After lunch we drove into the market in the public square of the village and got some pottery, straw hats [illegible] etc. An extraordinary sight with the crowds of Mexicans, all as picturesque, squatting beside their wares which included cheap American articles, such as ribbon, pins, [illegible], [illegible] etc. and also, as well as the farm products. There was a good deal of live stock about it too, pigs and horses etc. and burros to carry the loads and as it was lunch time whole families would be squatting in heaps of rags and babies, and [illegible] into [illegible] in the middle eating [illegible] awful messes with their fingers. After about ½ hr. there we drove into the town for me to make a sketch and I made one though I wasn't very [illegible] and couldn't get anyone to pose for me. All the women who came by were on their way home from market and were too busy to stop even for a peso and apparently didn't like the idea anyway. So different from the Japanese who take such childish pleasure in being in a picture. I painted the street with the dome and [illegible] of white old church showing above the houses and put a few little figures in, getting them as best I could as they passed down the street. Then we drove home. We stopped at the [illegible] and [illegible] searched for [illegible] in * a [illegible] way — the only reminder we had that the revolution was on. We [illegible] as we make an early start tomorrow for Pachuca to see the gold and silver mines. Mr. [illegible] the president of the company

and gave Wise a letter to the manager and he is going to send his car for us tomorrow at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, March 10.

The first part of it is the usual [illegible] We got off and started a little after 8. The road to Pachuca is a fine new road, built by Diaz. It runs across the valley between fields lined with [illegible] and dotted with [illegible] houses covered with red tiles. On the hillsides all around are the mines in heaps. But there was too much mist and dust to see [illegible] or [illegible]. We passed [illegible], various [illegible] and [illegible], several floods of [illegible], finally [illegible] and the [illegible] passed through several [illegible] villages, quite a [illegible] of adobe houses by the road. Part of the way we were [illegible] by [illegible] coming up from Real Del Monte. We got to Pachuca in about two hours. The town is in a valley and up the side of a mountain with the mines and mills for refining the ore on the mountain side and in the valleys and on the sides of adjacent hills and mountains. We went [illegible] to see Mr. Harry's house, in a narrow street in the town. The entrance to the house is just a [illegible] wall with only door which when it was opened let us into a [illegible] and a [illegible] tiled [illegible] and with trees [illegible] with flowers and birds and [illegible] the [illegible] side. The house is built on the [illegible] and the offices are on the side of the patio. The fourth side [illegible] the [illegible] mountain. Mrs. Harry is a fine [illegible] woman, young, blond hair, healthy and [illegible] looking and very [illegible]. They have [illegible] eyes, [illegible] skin, [illegible] as are usual in the states. We immediately got into the carriage and drove through the town up the [illegible] of the mountain for miles along a wonderfully built road that wound around the mountains and from which we had the most wonderful views of the valley and adjacent ranges. We got higher and higher, up to 11,000 feet, and the views got more wonderful, beautiful [illegible], from 70 to 80 ft. tall and queer geologic formations. We came finally to a great [illegible] and a little town of El Chico near another mine owned by the co. which is the Cia. de Real del Monte y Pachuca, and left the car to climb still higher to a place where a look-out was built. The views are marvellous and it seemed as if each [illegible] and [illegible] stood out like a [illegible] picture in the clear, thin mountain air. We had to take an [illegible] which was only a short distance, very slowly as we got out of breath immediately because of the altitude, after which we drove back [illegible] to the mine at Real del Monte. The buildings are very modern and up to date though the mine is 400 years old. It was discovered first by the aztecs, [illegible] over by the Spaniards and

worked for a while and in 1739, Rodrigo José Romero de Terreros, a
notables put all his savings into it and bought the main mine for $60,000.
He had just about lost everything when he struck a bonanza and before 1781
he had made 15,000,000 pesos out of it. He was a great spender, lent
money to the King of Spain and when the King asked for contributions for War ships
gladly gave him two warships himself. The King Knighted him and he
became the Conde de Santa maria de Regla. But a subterranean river
burst into the mine and flooded it and ruined it. In 1803 Humboldt,
the first [illegible] about Mexico, wrote it up as enormously rich. [illegible]
an English company was formed, Welsh miners and [illegible] were
over to work it, machinery was sent out and brought up from Real del
Monte by [illegible]. The mines were rapidly but there was [illegible] and mis-
management at the mines and in 1850 another company [illegible] paying
$130,000 a month, suddenly struck a great bonanza [illegible] and
the mines were crowded. The present owner, Señor Romero, [illegible] from
Mr. Rickard, who gave it the latter took [illegible] and
used to have paid $4,000,000 profit. It is now the largest silver mine in
the world and produces $12,000,000 worth of silver annually, [illegible] per cent
per year. We did not go down into the mine, they got so far as starting it but
about that time the miners struck and [illegible]. It drops a point in two
years and we have a little of the effect of the night - use of
electricity. I wish we could have it [illegible] but we saw about all there was to see besides. We saw the machinery for working
the drills, [illegible] the holes and [illegible] where the holes
are charged. They use 12,000 drills a day, they are driven by compressed air
and held by the men. The holes are then filled with dynamite, the fuse lead
and the men run back through the passages out of the way of the explosion. Then
the pieces of broken rock are loaded in cars taken to the surface, put in wire baskets
which are suspended from aerial trams - ways passing over valleys and wild rocky
hills to the mills where the ore is refined and the silver and gold extracted. We
saw this process in the Real del Monte [illegible] mill after lunch and it was very
interesting. Before we went back to the house for lunch we drove out away from
the mine for about 22 miles to a place where the temples go for the summer. It
is quite a long drive and a beautiful one. The air is delicious and the country is
tropical. This place where the temples go is a regular [illegible] on a large
scale of a mile and a quarter square. The mine is [illegible] but the
house, [illegible] rooms and a patio and lovely old gardens [illegible] with
[illegible]. The gardens were wonderful even at this season. We saw [illegible] with
[illegible] in full bloom and vines, flowering trees, [illegible] everything,
[illegible] and [illegible], and lots of [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]. It made us feel as if we were [illegible]. We just [illegible]

a man about 2. I was invited in the company [illegible] from Boston, a Mr. young and a Mr. Anderson. We had a surprise lunch, served [illegible] by Japanese hands which was [illegible] says we pay about 7 pesos a week (or $3.50). We had to [illegible] out [illegible] for some pulque [illegible] try. Wife & I tried it. It wasn't as bad as I expected, tasted a little yeasty and a little sour, something like beer. It is a milky white [illegible] what it is ready to drink in 24 hours after being taken from the plant. I didn't take more than a sip or two and even that made my [illegible] though they say the alcoholic content is not very high. After lunch we went to the stamping mill. It is built on the side of a hill [illegible] the ore, (all specimens of ore and tailings [illegible] with water & mixed with lime in it) comes in [illegible] at the top of the stamps, passes through various machines for crushing it finer and finer until it is mixed with water when it is about like coarse flour, then it is ground still finer and finer [illegible] and while it is mixed with cyanide of potassium for 96 hours. The chemicals act on it so that the silver and gold and a few other metals are in the bottom in black mud. The rest is drained off, the cyanide is used to use again, stored in tanks. The remainder carefully washed so that no cyanide will remain to poison vegetation and cattle and what is left, the tailings is piled in [illegible] great mounds of gray, dried mud. The black mud that is the gold and silver etc. then is made molten in [illegible] furnaces, poured into flat moulds about 1 in. thick by 12" by 18". It hardens and is now a white silver color [illegible] These sheets are placed in electrolytic baths, in nitrate of silver, a greenish blue liquid to take the silver out. The silver falls to the bottom in white silver crystals. These are scooped out dried and [illegible] in a furnace again to be melted and poured into moulds making bricks about 10 X 3 X 4 [illegible] shaped like this. They weigh 50 lbs. or more, and are worth $13,000. The gold was treated by taking what was left of the silver sheets after the silver was gone & boiling them in 2 kinds of chemicals of pure gold in each. I saw the electric current passing through the [illegible] made the gold gradually leave the metal sheets and stick to the gold sheets in pure, virgin gold crystals. It took about 24 hrs. to get all the gold out of the metal. Then the gold sheets in the new gold chemicals were melted down and made into gold bricks, somewhat smaller than the silver ones and worth $13,000. Samples of silver & gold are of course carefully kept during the process and the man who handled it in the last process must make it into a [illegible] and stamp on it his [illegible] and dating the mold. I had just missed a chance to see them pouring the gold into the moulds as they happened to be [illegible]

have many gold and silver bars to show us, only about 20 or 30 in all, which seemed a small result for all the work of all the men from the mine through the mill. It seemed funny to see a heap of the ~~silver~~ crystals in a corner after we saw the last furnace run with a thousand in it to show it all to be visible. It was all awfully interesting, and I am very glad to have seen it. We drove home to lunch & 5.30 and ~~we~~ had quiet afternoon after our busy day. The ~~air~~ altitude affected me a little. It tires me nervously, makes my head ~~ache~~ ring. We are up to 10,000 ft. at our inn at Parral.

Monday, March 11.

All tired so we didn't go in early at all. We went down town for some shopping and we got me a perfectly wonderful camera. I didn't like to ~~have~~ get me such an expensive one; it cost $73 and I'm afraid it may be too complicated for me to get the best result with it. It has got a big yellow disk with a rectangular finder and various effects ~~that~~ you see the image exactly as it will appear in the picture. We came back for lunch, rested, then went out in the ~~car~~ carriage for ~~a~~ more photos of the beautiful old churches, ~~and~~ shops and streets. It was ~~so~~ terrible. Got quite a lot of mail. Letters from Mamma and ~~Ma~~ Grandmother Hicks. The Revolution seems to be getting under control. The Federals have surrounded Juarez & the ~~Rebels~~ Rebels are ~~in~~ in control of the situation in Sonora.

Tuesday, March 12.

We drove out to Ameca-Ameca, which is a little village near the foot of the volcanos, Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. We drove as far as Xochimilco and went through several other villages among them Chalco, which had been all shot to pieces in the Madero revolution about 2½ years ago. The few people living there were living in the ruins. The doors and windows, many of them, were still barricaded with stones and there were bullet holes everywhere. A hacienda which the chauffeur told us had been one of the richest in Mexico was nothing but grass grown walls with ~~walls~~ roofs and walls full of bullet holes. It brought conditions home to us very vividly, and this state of the country seems more hopeless all the time. We never hear about it. Naturally here the Federal victories ~~are~~ are discussed freely but there is no effort at concealment or the part of the insurgents ~~are~~ discussed, and the papers are proven and worse off all the time. Ameca-Ameca was just a little ~~one~~ horrible street of grey mud houses in the cactus lined, bare countryside, but there was a grove of eucalyptus ~~and~~ a stream on the outskirts of the village and we ate our lunch there and took some photos of the ~~village~~ and from there. At the right of the village is a flat topped hill called ~~the~~ Tres Cruces and there is a church on top and a

shrine for Indian pilgrimage but we didn't go up there. We got home about 6 after stopping at the Kodak place for photographs. My first film with my new camera came out very well and I am much pleased. Only wish I could do some painting. We took many things during to-day but time didn't seem to be any time or place where I could make E. & W. sit around in the hot sun for an hour or so while I sketched. However we have got scenes at Cuernavaca and I mean to paint every day there and do two 25 x 30's at least.

Wednesday, March 13.

We stayed around town to-day shopping. Got lunch at Sanborn's, came home to rest and write letters and about 4 started out in a taxi to find the convent of Jacal which has been fixed over. We had quite a time before we found it as the place has not been used as a convent for years and is now a school of sculpture. When we finally walked into the huge patio there actually were stone columns and bas reliefs all around it & I thought we were in a dream because the first thing we saw was some raccoons and opossums in cages, then a donkey sitting on the fountain in the patio, then a parrot and an eagle and several kinds of dogs all chained and barking loudly, a big bear in a cage, then a lot of sculptures designed to climb etc. and lots of broken stone and carving in piles. The animals were models for the sculpture school which is now having a week's vacation. We got some grapes at the market outside, fed the donkey who was very amusing with an old cap that he kept getting on. It was no big trick to walk around the fountain feeling his way, but every time he got it on he started off briskly to go somewhere. We drove back to the hotel for dinner. Mr. Gore the proprietor kindly advised us not to take auto to Cuernavaca, says it is in one of the worst sections for bandits. That they always have trouble there and that now it is worse as the Yaqui Indians have all been taken away from the fighting in the north. Some people say it is politics, that there are people going back and forth from Cuernavaca every day so we don't know what to do.

Thursday, March 14.

E & I drove out to Xochimilco for me to make a sketch this a. m. We took a boat & found a place where there was a nice view of the trees & boats & water. It was a failure. It was nice to paint but a bit too complicated for a little sketch. We are trying to bring our various people and decide about our

ging to Cuernavaca. He saw Mr. Nichols. The Times newspaper correspondent at the cable office were all the newspaper men congregate to get their copy and news of the Revolution. Mr. Wiley manager of the Times who was down staying with the Ambassador also came in and drove W. back to the hotel on his way to the embassy. Wise talked to him about having Lindbergh's portrait painted. Now while he is young and before anything happens to him and he agreed that it ought to be done, was enthusiastic about the idea in fact. offered to speak to L. Wise told him he had talked to the Ambassador about it so now Mr. W. may bring the subject up with Mrs. Morrow. We think it is so funny that Wise hasn't heard anything from Mr. Morrow about the Lindbergh portrait. Some Mr. had called E. up and asked us to lunch at their house at Cuernavaca whether they were there or not but that was before W. saw the ambassador about the portrait. However we've dressed we can. He may have forgotten to say anything about it and Mr. W. may bring the subject up as he seemed really interested. Wise also talked to the American Consul and to the Mexican owner of one of the largest papers here, the Universal, asking their opinion whether it was safe for us to go to Cuernavaca or not they both strongly advised against it that we have decided not to go. They said that the whole country was on the verge of an uprising that Cuernavaca and the surrounding were notoriously one of the worst districts and that now that the Gov. had withdrawn the troops for fighting in the north the bandits were very likely to be active. That even the train was held up the other day, that there were many more incidents of holding up and kidnapping than there were in the papers. That the Consular Agent had to keep it quiet and get the ransom paid and that it decidedly was unwise for us to go. The newspaper man had something in his eye that made W. think he knew more than he felt he could say because of the Gov. Knowing of the press, but he did say "Stay in Mexico City. I presume you're starting before you go pleasing I suppose a change of government." So not telegraphed to Cuernavaca giving up our rooms. I am awfully disappointed as that was my best chance to get work in. I was going to work every day, morning and afternoon, and get at least 2 25X30's done. It is so exasperating to have that wonderful picturesque place to paint in, and to see so many things I am crazy to paint pass before me and never get a chance to paint them. It is getting in my nerves and I would rather go home where I can shut myself up in my studio with models that will pose than be emotionally wasting to paint things and having frustrated. I'm excited and upset but it's almost time to dress and in Mexico City. Back again. Went to the Diplomatic [illegible] at the Zoo. [illegible] collection of curios in the form

and the animals are always refusing to me and [illegible] to wait. They stand completely bored and fed up with [illegible]. But it is divine. E. has suggested that I might get a room [illegible] opposite the lighthouse and commit suicide there instead of across the street from the hotel. There are quite a lot of [illegible] who come to the hotel every day to sell flowers, baskets etc. and I might get one of them to sit in there where we would be shut off from the street and I could work in peace. I started a new [illegible] on it [illegible] and he thought I could get them to come regularly and took us over to a little market, which to our surprise was just around the corner to see if we could find types. There will be plenty of them there too and I feel I may be able to do something. I started a 25 x 30 [illegible] on an [illegible] to have at least the first step taken.

Friday, March 15.

I went out right after breakfast to get some turpentine from a little hardware shop in the neighbourhood. As I left the hotel a rude fatty [illegible] beggar in rags [illegible] and dull red rags came up to me and I thought how wonderful he would be to paint. When I came back Wise was standing near him keeping [illegible] for me and I explained to him what I wanted and he agreed to sit and I went up stairs and got my painting things and we all went over to the tennis court. He squatted down against the wall and I got my canvas up and canvas all ready and was just going to begin, [illegible] when two [illegible] came in the gate [illegible] and a few words to my model, gave him a peso. [illegible] immediately. I went after [illegible] and begged him to come back but he wouldn't. They walked rapidly down the street, I went after him trying to stop him and even appealed to an English-looking lady and gentleman asking them if they could speak Spanish to stop him. They called after him [illegible] he began to run and disappeared around the [illegible] corner. Meanwhile Wise was trying to talk to the men, one of whom I recognized as one of the "chofers" from the automobile stand in front of the hotel and the other two who had joined him the pair, turned out to be the [illegible] of the car we hired. He was very excited, trembling and furiously angry and we realized that the trouble probably was that they didn't want foreigners to paint their beggars and then take the pictures home as typical Mexican. Of course I was in despair to have my model snatched away from me but it was funny. I went into the hotel to get Mr. Jones to come out and help clear up the situation but of course that particular model was gone. He came out, talked to the automobile men and calmed him down a bit, I think by telling I was crazy (I feel so

idea of trying to show the worst side of mexican life, but that all countries had beggars, that all I wanted was a model who was picturesque and typical. So we went across the street and got an Indian woman who was there selling flowers to come over and pose for me and I started in work. C & W. went down and left me and Mr. Goff to the market for a while to keep off the men and I worked until about 12 and got the canvas covered. I did the woman sitting on one of the yellow red mats, selling up some cactus pears with a bracket of huge rose colored double geraniums on the ground beside her. She had a dark rebozo over her head and a lavender colored skirt. She promised to come again Sunday morning but couldn't come so - morning as we had to go to the market at Xochimilco. I only paid her 50 centavos and how cut we a mural satisfied. Then we got to have got the last painting something worth while. It was a relief. I was resting my brushes and cleaning up when W. & E. came back for lunch and after lunch we started for Tepozotlan where there is a beautiful old convent. It was a long slow drive over terrible roads, Our chauffeur was quite chatty and talked a steady stream of Spanish very slowly so that I could understand almost all he said. Tepozotlan is almost like ours, a little bit worse, of mexico city and is in a most arid and bleak country. mostly cattle and milk produce ranch. I don't see what the cows live on. We went through Lecheria where most of mexico's milk supply comes from and saw big herds of fine looking cows. Holsteins. The village of Tepozotlan is bleak and dusty; just cactuses, no trees and only a sadly deserted square with a few ruined houses, all along we saw similar destroyed villages, the results of the madero revolution, but the church was left entirely intact and is a perfectly beautiful example of the churrigueresque ornamentation. The facade was elaborately carved and in perfect preservation and the elaborately carved and gilded interior of the church and chapels was the most ~~~~ I've ever seen. There are many paintings in the building and it was originally the most treasured convent of the jesuits. We had quite a retinue of children and our chauffeur to take us through the church and when we came out we saw the rest of the inhabitants of the village in a group across the square where they had thrown a cow and were slaughtering it for the Sunday dinner of the whole village. It was such a remote and wild place way off in the hills. The church with its marvellous wood carvings stood out like a beautiful precious gem in a rough setting. We didn't get home until 7:00 but missed the traffic of the city before dark thus saving from grace of mind. On the way we passed a man with a gourd to draw out the sap from a pulque plant and we stopped and got out and asked him to show us how it was done. He was very nice and obliging, showed the heart of the plant with the big bowl of

colourless liquid in its centre. Then inserted one end of his big funnel, inserted the other end through a hole at the small end and so drained off some of the liquid into the funnel. Then he put his thumb over the hole in the liquid didn't fall out and poured some of it into a decanter (first carefully rinsed off with the inevitable clean handkerchief) and wine would I taste it. Wine & took the photographs. She also took the names and we got his address to send him some prints as he agreed a trip. But said he would like one of the photographs. Be fully washed my mouth and then a little of my nasty sickly flavour. I almost not to drink much of it, though they say it is even beneficial in this state. before it is fermented. I finished another picture in the afternoon so I am going to start another tomorrow as my Italian woman can't come until Sunday.

Saturday, March 16.

I started another 25 x 30 this morning. Took my canvas and painting things out to the tennis court then got one of the chauffeurs. The one who drives us to Anacapri and could speak a little English. to go into me to the market closely to get a model. I drew an old man that I liked, calling little bits of various wood for kindling and after a great deal of persuasion he finally came and I got the canvas covered and am quite pleased with it. He is sitting on his bare legs against the brick and plaster wall, in an old red plaid wrapper and a broad brimmed sombrero, white cotton trousers, bare feet and sandals. He promised he would come again Tuesday. At lunch time Mr. Gore talked to us about my work (I forgot to say that last night we showed my album to Mr. & Mrs. Gore in their rooms which are full of art objects, some of them very fine antiques, carved Spanish chests, Ireland Buhl work etc. really museum pieces. A bed that belonged to Pope Leo and a Persian rug I sat on [illegible] Persian). They wanted to buy my prints. and to-day Mr. Gore called. Wine what I charged for a portrait as he was thinking of having [illegible]. Wine told him my regular price was $200, but Mr G. said he would want many as that and Wine said I waived my price according to circumstances. So after lunch stood Mr. G. I would do it for what he wanted to pay as I was here on a vacation etc. A bunch of clippings had just come in the mail from Mr. Hamilton Gray, editor of Macmillan's The Observer Charlotte S. C. S. & W. gave me the [illegible] and [illegible] it is settled that I am to paint him. He gave us a magazine with a good article about him and he has had a varied very interesting and surprisingly varied career. He came to America at the age of 20 made a great success as an architect, built some of the most important [illegible]

residence once the home of the late president Madero. He was also a singer, a baritone, many years with the Italian Grand Opera Co. here in Mexico and in 1901 when he left Mexico for six years. He sang with the Metropolitan Opera Co. in N. Y. during which time he rendered 32 roles some of them in 3 languages. Then he came back to Mexico, having married Mrs. Gore, also an opera singer of Swedish extraction. He became interested in architecture again built this hotel, some apartments houses and is now working on the plans for a big Y. M. C. A. building here. He is a very quiet modest man and talks very little about himself so we were quite surprised when we learned all we did fact about his career from the magazine article he gave me to read because he understood that I wanted to know about my fellow background and history, which of course I did. After lunch we went down town and did some errands. I found the artist material place and selected a canvas for Mrs. Gore's portrait. I don't remember the name but the telephone number is Ericsson 2-46-17. In the evening we had quite a talk with a Mr. & Mrs. John Fiddlework from Toronto, who were on the boat from Havana and we have visited with us occasionally. I showed them my album and they were very much interested and talked of my showing some of my pictures at a big exhibition they have in Toronto every year. They are going to stay out at a big hacienda of a friend of theirs for the rest of the week. Mrs. F. comes from S. Carolina and knows the Simmons and Mrs. Amory Lawrence (Lowndes)

Sunday, March 6?

I had my breakfast before 8. & W. and got everything ready to paint my flower woman who was to come at 9 o'clock. The young boy who sells flowers at times from the same village was here when I was coming in. He didn't come I waited quite a while and finally got one of his aunts in town and got the rest of the picture finished very close. 8. & W. came at 10 and watched me finish and the tennis suit was finally complete, shoes and hat on as perhaps it is just as well my model didn't come. Left and got home about 11.30 just in time to clean up and explain that we had stopped to call on flowers in the way. I told her perhaps I had better get another woman if we didn't want to pay (just to see how the suggestion struck her and find out whether we really wanted to or merely to get rid of it again) To my relief a look of disappointment came over her face and she insisted that we would come the next day. I wanted to have a real Mexican flower woman and she promised faithfully she would come at 9 o'clock in the morning to me. After lunch we drove out to the Santa Angel Inn for lunch and enjoyed it very much. Lovely and peaceful sitting in the patio with the sun & flowers and very good food. After lunch we drove to Coyoacan stopping at a queer place called the Tadeyal, in my place. It is the best of a lesser dream

from me of the volcanos, Mt. Ajusco and is about 1 mile across and six miles long. The part that we went was right on the edge of it and the Society of Archaeology has made some excavations there and found some skeletons and pottery and stone implements and arrow heads, evidently a civilization much older than the aztecs or Toltecs. After that we went to Alvarado's house now owned and lived in by a Mrs. Julia Russell, who E. had had correspondence with as the Mexican Rep. of Roosevelt House. She was not at home but the maid urged us to see the gardens etc. Lovely and old, though the house has been considerably restored and modernized. Then we went to the convent of Churubusco and went all through it. A beautiful old building, evidences everywhere of the fighting that in the Mexican War and pictures of the Battle of Churubusco with the convent as the stronghold of the Mexicans in the little museum-library. Also unfortunately many allusions by the guide to "Yankees" etc - terms used by the Americans at that time. Home for dinner and rest time. Coyoacan de la Barca in the evening about ten miles to Patzcuaro, very bracing as we had just been there. A note from Mrs. Sharman asking us to lunch at the embassy tomorrow. Said that they had asked to sit. Lindbergh's done the portrait but he thought he would not have time to sit. Wrote Mrs. Gore to-morrow.

Monday, March 18.

Wrote the notes of Mrs. Gore this morning. We are painting the portrait in one of the rooms on the top floor of the hotel where there is a good north light, and though I have to take the climb slowly as everyone does stairs here, it is fine to have a quiet place where the light won't change. We spent quite a lot of time taking and sitting for the set up and finally got an arrangement that is going to be awfully nice to paint. He is wearing a dark blue velvet smoking jacket and is sitting in a nice carved chair with his left turned away from us and his right hand on the table. The canvas is to be 36 x 40 and I thought during the next week to order it as soon as I finished so we will have it to begin on to-morrow. Then I dressed for lunch at the embassy and we went over there and had a very nice time. Also we also there except a Mr. & Mrs. Barclay from N.Y., young couple evidently married [illegible] last. Mutual friends of the Morrow girls. Sat next to Elizabeth Morrow and liked her even more than the other day. She is trying to get a job to teach English in the schools here. It would seem better to. She was not nearly so self-conscious to-day perhaps because Lindbergh wasn't here or it wasn't such a large party. They gave a tea for Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh and tried to persuade him. E. Morrow told me that they had

seems trying to get Miss Jeffries to sit for me and I talked to him. Norris # about it afterwards and he said she wanted a portrait of him very much but it was hard to get him to give the time. However it may come to something. Mr. Gore thinks that if I want to stay on and do some work he can get me some portraits to do when I finish his. He is going to show it in the hotel lobby, get the press in it. He told me this morning before we started that he could only pay me $400 for it, which of course is very little and less than I expected, considerably. However of course I told him that I had said I would do it for anything he could pay and it was all right and I don't mind very much as even that is that much to the good and I hadn't expected to make anything while here. After lunch we came home and rested a little then went down town to do a few errands. Make sure my canvas was coming ahead all right, and got tea at Sanborns. We read a book that we like got to-day in the evening. Awfully interesting. Bernal Diaz, one of Cortés captains, account of the discovery and conquest of Mexico.

Tuesday, March 19.

Had a busy morning. Painted on Mr. Gore. Got it all graded and the canvas gaily covered. Then went out and painted on the old man until 12. Got him almost done. Shall need him one more but he said he would always be at the market and I could get him there: after lunch we drove out to Guadeloupe to see the Church and Shrine of the Virgin. The most holy place in Mexico. The painting of the virgin which is full length about half life size, is firmly believed by the church and the people to be of miraculous origin. The story is that the virgin appeared to a poor native Indian in the cactus covered hills of Guadeloupe. That she told him a church should be there, that he went and told Bishop Zumarraga, one of Cortés first bishops, that recitation at first was pooh pooh'd by the bishop, as he appeared again to the man, showed him a garden of roses in the waste, and a holy spring etc. and as proof of his vision when he went to tell the bishop again, the image was found imprinted in colors on the coarse cloth of his garment. The miraculous picture was kept for a time in the cathedral in Mexico, crowds coming to see it and finally the church was built at Guadeloupe and the picture enshrined, as the altar piece. Since then the virgin of Guadeloupe has gone on working wonderful miracles of healing etc. and she is the patron saint of Mexico. There are endless pilgrimages to the church every year, and every day the church is full of people coming from near and far to pay their respects to the virgin and ask for some favor. It was extraordinary to see people in the last stages of consumption, with ghastly faces, men, women, some even babies in their arms, and little children, and the interior of the church was made all the more effective. There were also wax figures of individual cripples or afflicted parts, as one had seen taking charge of

from and every now and then a peasant would bring up a dog and would and it would be added to the rest. In a corridor off the courtyard these walls were covered with kitchen, crude paintings of women etc. from graffiti etc. Lined and lighted by a skylight and boarded by the virgin. Just like London about 1600 glass. Water supply etc. It is amazing how people can be carried away by India - to really affect physical changes is rare. The painting has never been allowed to be analysed classically but it must have been the work of some Spanish artist as the century was ripe to be capable of doing it at that time, 1530. Zumaraga probably had it done in Spain and shipped over ready and I suppose he considered that the ends in the way of conversion of the Indians justified the means. In front of the church are long rows of dirty Indians with graphic selling devotions, religious emblems, candles, things to eat etc. In a few blocks away is a chapel that over it will which is the very spring that the virgin showed 2 days. The spring is 12 or 15 ft. just below the floor of the chapel, and there was only a puddle of dirty water in it now, as the season is dry. At the top there is a hand stone-work well, lined with a heavy iron grating over it and the guides came with bottles & empty tins would hold water to taste it and take away a sample. A big dirty Indian in blue overalls was lifting the water up for the others, letting down a bucket tied to a rope passed over the end of a chain and pouring the dirty water into their bottles etc. when he got it up to the top. Everybody drank a little of it. It is a mineral spring of some sort and the guide book says the taste is disagreeable. Needless to say we didn't taste it but I noticed one little boy who was always given some to drink by his mother didn't like it very much but took it like medicine. When we left Guadalupe we were not out directly but we went into Guadalupe for tea. Got postcards etc. E has got some fine ones with her new camera, and I am home to get before dinner. Read in the evening. Had two letters from Vernon and one from Irma and a letter from Miss Scudder who wants me to make a replica of a portrait of Lee Jaffray painted by B Moon and now in the Union Club house. I can probably do it - at summer. The Revolution seems to be progressing favorably for the government. Calles who is now directing operations in the field has entered Torreon & Escalon one of the rebel generals is about to flee across the border into Texas.

Wednesday. March 20.

I painted on the flower woman finished the morning and practically finished it. Can do the rest indoors I s. Ben came in and had a sitting with me. Got on and got quite a lot done. It is coming nicely and he is very pleased. After lunch we drove out to the Viga canal which is the waterway

and the way from Xochimilco into the city along which the Indians bring in their vegetables and flowers in the long flat-bottomed boats they call canoas. We went to the city end of it ~~and that~~ where it is lined with stone landing and it was a most interesting sight seeing the boats arriving, poled along by the men with usually his wife sitting in the stern and of the boat almost hidden by the enormous pile of cauliflowers & peas, beets & carrots, all beautifully packed in neat rows and looked nice and clean. The walks on either side were covered with Indians unloading the boats and selling their produce. Most of these stuffs brought in here is sold wholesale ~~and appears~~ in the afternoon (it takes them 6 hrs. to come from Xochimilco) and appears in the market next morning at retail. We watched them for quite a while unloading, which they do by tossing each vegetable & fruit & vegetables from the boats up to people, usually the women, standing above them in the landing. After we left there we went to the new ~~s~~ part of Education building to see the mural decorations painted by a Mexican named Juan Rivera. They are terrible, gross ~~and~~ things, modernistic in feeling and Bolshevik in sentiment & ugly in color. There are one hundred of them and they cover all the available wall space except for big windows, doors, three stories high. They are painted in the most vivid & unnatural colors & primitive. It seems such a shame not to use the walls for something useful & beautiful instead of filling them up with all of such ~~that~~ stuff so well known, ~~unpleasant~~ unpleasant - not to people with the intelligence displayed during the carving, the statues, the friezes, the pottery making &c. The whole idea of the thing was flunkey on attempt to stir up evolutionary feeling, that the people should have the fruit of the earth in agriculture & mining, should have no traders, that the mines should belong to the state, transportation also &c. They seem to fail to realize that only those who have proved by their work and quality of mind that they are capable of being trusted will ever stay in power, and that any ~~other~~ other organization of affairs will be simply the fight & counter-fight between those ~~who~~ failed to get and enjoy what they failed to follow after. It will happen ~~as~~ from the stupidity of rich and poor alike. Better will go to bed in either case or dying to the best of your ability that is set before you. However there is less fuss against their painting and they have been instructed when & where to do it. They have not a universal following in what they are. Afterwards we went to a glass factory to see them blow glass. It was very interesting and fascinating to see them work. There were only three boys and they worked in a big furnace with several doors. It was all molten glass inside and

apparently in different moulds inside there were different colored glasses. Though of course they all look the same when melted. Then one put in the furnace the end of long hollow rods they had and brought it out with a red hot glob of glass on it end. This they swung in the air to lengthen it out, blew through the rod to enlarge it like a bubble. Then while turning it plunged in it a vessel for the glass a tiny bit cooled. Then they would put it back in the furnace, heat it some more, set down on benches fitted with rests for the rods, turn it round on the rests, forming it & flattening it with big metal pincers, put it back to heat again and shape it some more until a candlestick, vase or goblet emerged. Then it was put in another oven for annealing to be annealed which is cooled gradually, it takes 24 hours, the glass would break if it was allowed to cool in an ordinary temperature. They use only the best colors they can get for the glass which makes it one of the best quality lines. Some of the shapes and colors were very nice and there is a unique fern green glass in this part of the country because it is pretty and cheap. We saw some more of this real thing in the evening. It is awfully interesting and now I know the best way to get the most fun from an afternoon. Heard to-day that the 2nd F.A. is accepted for the allowing Thursday, but the transports turned down for Hawaii port.

Thursday, Feb. 21

Had a sitting with Mr. Gore and got the canvas all covered. Painted on the still-life in the picture after he left and am quite crazy about it as a composition. After lunch W. & I and Mr. Gore went down town to look at mouldings for a frame. E. stayed at home and lay down as she was tired and felt a little as if she had a cold coming on. We went to several shops but got the very mouldings that would do at the first place we went to. Then we did a few errands and Mr. Gore left us at the flower market, which is very fine, especially the part covered between two streets, just back of the Alameda. Here a tiled fountain in the middle and booths with nursery stock for the flower fields. There are also long rows of large and elaborate cut flowers, almost all of pansies, lavender and white flowers and we watched them work for a while. Then went across the Alameda to see the new apartment house which is being built. They are putting up all kinds of booths, merry-go-rounds and strings of electric lights in the park. I suppose for [illegible] Santa which is next week. The apartment house is a handsome, ornate white marble building which we hope some day years ago and which is not finished yet. One of their buildings has been that is already rickety. All over the city being built on the sand of a certain kind which is soft like jelly in spots and then a great weight is put on it. It sinks

sits in that place and sits where there is no pressure. Thus the seat around the figure has no pressure & sinks to be levelled off as the building sinks. The auditorium is quite grand with an unusually expensive art glass ceiling made of Tiffany glass in N.Y. with views of the islands in it. The lighting arrangements & mechanical apparatus to raise & lower sections of the stage & the curtain are very complete apparently. They are demonstrated & the curtain lifted just at its effects of dawn, mid-day twilight etc. on the first Friday of each month, open to the public and we will go if we are still here. After we left there we went to S Antonio for tea, then home. Found E. feeling better and Mrs. Mullaly from Coyoacan had been to call and invited us out to-morrow morning early to see the fiesta at Santa Anita. It is the fiesta of Nuestra de Dolores, a continuation of the ancient Aztec flower festival combined with us on this Friday before Good Friday to our Lady of Sorrows. This year they are to make a special attempt to revive it and there will be floats etc. on the canal. The Mexicans have no, I should like in the Era Alborada, so invited her to ask her American friends to meet at her house at 6 in the morning and all start out with him, a real Mexican breakfast, at a cafe on the canal then go in boats to see the celebration. E. didn't want to go and at first I thought I wouldn't as I wouldn't be able to get away so that I could get back for my sitting at 10. I wanted to go very much so I thought it would be interesting so I called up Mrs. Mullaly and we said that we'd if then was invited have to leave early by 7 o'clock to get back to this office and that I would get back by 10 & be a good deal of it. So I decided to go and Mrs Mullaly would go with me and called back to tell her that at 5.15. Then we went to a pie-shop for breakfast a little after 10 as we had to get up so early next morning. The pie-shop was wonderfully well stocked, more delicacies than in Havana and they say that the Mexican will make a special kind of pie which makes the best pies & sauce pies than anywhere else in the world. The game was a little slower to watch, however as, because of the altitude, the players had to stop between points and get their breath and the men taking the bets made an awful racket.

Friday. March. 22.

Wire and I were called at 4.45! Still black night & could not see the stars out. We left the hotel at 5.15, drove out to Coyoacan and finding we were a little early drove on a bit past there. Mullaly's house and came back getting there a little before six, still dark with a faint light in the east. Inside round Cat was in and we waited a bit in the red patio. Presently Mrs. Mullaly appeared in the upper balcony and called to come up where it was warmer which needless to say we were glad to do. As we came the first arrivals had come & they began to come.

a Mrs. Higgins, whose Spanish was fluent but awfully amusing as was such a literal translation of English, and she had brought several people in her car, amongst them a little Russian woman, a Mrs. Morgan who is staying at our hotel and whose husband is connected with the embassy. Some of the other people who came were Naval attaché Mr. T. Bride from the embassy and his wife and daughter, a Mrs. Davies who said she worked in the Mexico Office (Mr. Mr. T. B. was also on the boat) another young man from the embassy whose name I can't remember. The Alcalde of Loyola and his wife who were our hosts and finally the last to arrive Mrs. Morrow and the two girls. The Alcalde or Mayor of Loyola is a young man named Cossio, & yesterday dressed for the fiesta in his charro suit, leather ornamented riding clothes and broad-brimmed hat. He is also president of the Alcaldes of all the towns in the district and is apparently a great swell. He had with him his body-guard of soldiers, about 10 or 12 men, who he said he kept loyal because he paid them 3 pesos each. His wife quite a fine woman who couldn't speak any English. So we all tried Spanish to her and I got on quite well. Before the morning came which was at 6.30 we all went up to the flat roof of the house to see the sun rise. It was getting lighter and the birds were singing gloriously and it was beautiful up there with everything so fresh. The tops of the trees and the mountains on the horizon were all misty. The top of a huge cone about the roof can be seen in the picture. I did it all myself. [illegible] one we started off, a small cavalcade of motor cars, about 5, to go to a village on the coast for a "real Mexican breakfast". The people of the village were quite upset at our arrival as they were not expecting us and were not ready, and we had to stand round in the cold morning wind (the table was set out in the back garden) for about 20 minutes until breakfast was ready. One boy brought us wreaths of jessino and forget-me-nots (it is the custom of the fiesta to wear wreaths on the head) and to each of the ladies he gave envelopes with enclosures of Licenciado Jose L. Cossio Lizo written in it and inside a lot of tiny little toys. I don't know what we were expected to do with them and suppose they were a revival of some similar custom of the fiesta. Finally we sat down to the "real Mexican breakfast" and it was awful. I couldn't eat anything except some "café con leche." The other things were a sticky gooey [illegible] sweet and sour stuff and tortillas wrapped in corn husks and [illegible] and beans. I sat next to Mr. Morrow and opposite Jane and we had a very good time with the various [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... men in charro and uniforms playing violins and guitars who had been supplying

music for the regatta. They were awfully funny. They stood close together, their faces and instruments almost touching and sang with great earnestness and nervousness. Finally the party got underweigh. We were told that we would have to leave our cars there Sunday as the crowd would be too big to have them join us later. So we walked down the dusty road along the canal about ¼ of a mile feeling very glad to get warm by the exercise, also by the sun which was getting quite high. We came to a little foot bridge and here the boat which was to take us down the canal was drawn up beside the bank being decorated with flowers. A little house all made of flowers was in the center of it and we were told to get inside but as it was a very rainy day the chairs were put on the bridge for us to sit in while we were waiting. On the opposite bank they were getting ready a huge float which was to be the close of the whole parade. It was to have a group representing the Nice-boy who in 1758 had first conquered the Turks, the scene of the festival. I have done it as it began to get after 2 o'clock and I heard that the float wouldn't be ready for about an hour & a half so I would get hopelessly caught in the crowd and wouldn't get back for my sitting. So Wise and I made our excuses and farewells and walked back to the car and drove around over another bridge down the canal, crossed it again below the grandstand and came up the other side. Here I became of the crowd and got a little idea of what the festa was going to be like from the decorated trucks we saw (just colored paper & flowers) and the gala dress of the people in the trucks — the most wonderful and elaborate light dresses and hats. Juliet, Jeb & Tessie Jeffers had dressed & flower wreaths and Jeb in fishing jersey costume and all along the road people selling oranges, candy, fruits etc. So we came up the canal as we were, about 9.45, the American party's float going slowly along, ever so slowly, and tired and bored and so wet & miserable in the grandstand we decided that we would wait for one time and that we were lucky to escape when we did. So we drove back to the hotel and found E. at breakfast and we were so glad and took off our things and had everything with us just in time for E. & Wise to dress & while I was painting to Santa Clara and get there in time to see the "regatta" come down the canal. It consisted almost entirely of the Nice-boy's float which was quite effective and which E. said brought to mind the illustrations of "Rip Van Winkle" all down the canal, and the American party's float with the exception of Wise & Edward was not at all, though this musician kept waving. One doorway of the "casita" in his usual costume looked quite satisfied with the entertainment. His house was on a float behind which also had a big fuchsia plant on it for some reason. I got on all right with the painting and we drove down town after lunch to do some errands but came home in time for me to get a nap before dinner as by that time I was all in. Against the rebels I guess has been returned and executed almost immediately. The government

so warming extremely in the south according to the papers.

Saturday. March 23.

Painted on mine. Gone from 10 to 12. It is coming finely. He is a fine artist and he poses well, and is always ready promptly to rest and won't allow any interruptions. Also it is much easier to paint here because the light is the same day after day. So it is going ahead with a rush and ought to be finished in three or four more sittings. I painted in the still life quite a bit after he left, put in some books at the back of the table, adding a touch of dark red and am quite pleased with the whole composition. Mr. Gore is a very interesting man. He talks about his experiences here in Mexico with various revolutions and dangers of the country ever being capable of self-government. I agree it is going from bad to worse. Also told me of various [illegible] of this city. American colony here — not very important. Quite a character, who died the other day at 99 and whose portrait he wishes I might get for the American club here. After lunch E. W. & I drove out to Tacuba. Took photos. of the old church in the plaza there and I got some colored cotton handkerchiefs to use as backgrounds in the market there. Then we drove on to a little pueblo of Azcapotzalco, something like that. A very old church there in big empty square surrounded by the ruins of old Spanish walls. We took photos. of that and went inside. A lot of children were having Sunday school, paying no attention to their teacher who was reading off the catechism or whatever it was from a book in a singsong voice. As usual with most churches the inside was very poor and tawdry. The walls and ceiling painted in [illegible] stone work, and the offerings and [illegible] on the altars, crepe paper, tissue paper flowers etc. As it is holy week the images of saints etc. are shrouded in purple. After leaving the church we drove a short distance to a beautiful grove of ancient cypress trees. The same kind as the cabeza grande in the park of Chapultepec and the tree of the noche triste. The place used to be an aztec playground and later a picnic ground but is now neglected as far as flower beds etc. are concerned. The trees are beautiful however with the moss hanging from their branches. They used to be a sacred tree with a legend about purple vanishing ghosts called the spirit of the ages at dusk or dawn. After we left these trees we tried to find the ruins of the old aztec Tocallo and Tocalli a central temple, which the guide book said was near by. We couldn't find it however and got off into some narrow, cactus edged roads into little adobe farm houses. The cactuses are very interesting and [illegible] here. Of course there is the maguay which they make pulque from, growing [illegible] and planted in straight rows for miles over the flat fields all over the valley of Mexico. Then there is the prickly pear or nopal, with the round and slotted [illegible] and the organ cactus which grows as straight and close together as [illegible] with very flat [illegible] rows for hedges. We have decided to leave on

the Standard Fruit Company's boat, the morazan, from Vera Cruz to New Orleans. We decided it was just as well not to try to go out by train, a train was bombed a few days ago and things are still pretty unsettled in the north. We didn't want to go quite as soon as Thursday, when the steamer sails, so that means we will have to leave Wed. night and not get the tickets & Vera Cruz by day as that will leave more time to finish the packing; and when that doesn't fix me any too much time, particularly as we want to save the last day, Wed., to shop a little & people. M. & P. - you can have it hung in the "colonial salon", and use a little tea for it.

Sunday, March 24.

I had a short outing with W. & M. & Mrs. Gore always drive Sunday morning at 11. I finished the mill. Lily after to 1:30 at 12 E. & W. and I drove out into the park. We stopped at an open air orchestral concert in a grove of lovely big cypress trees and enjoyed it very much. It was a typical mexican affair, Band, Stamp, queer people and marimba and riding it was quite tiddy and gritty through the dust. I didn't care very much outdoors in the thin air. There was a lot of people there, both sitting on the chairs in the fenced-in enclosure where the music was & a raised platform and lining the drive on the outside several feet deep. Outside in the park things were quite gay with people passing in & out in automobiles, charros on horseback etc. We stayed as long as we could, hearing some soloist with the orchestra, (who was dressed in mexican costume, sombrero, leather jacket, tight tight trousers ornamented with silver buttons in leg trousers etc.) and their voices was sweet but not remarkable. A woman soloist was also in costume, bright colored full skirt, with low-cut and short sleeved blouse all much embroidered and ornamented with ribbons. It was very attractive and restful. We went back to the hotel for lunch, then started out to drive to Cuernavaca, a little place beyond San Angel which we had heard was picturesque. It was and beyond Cuernavaca we came on a lovely little church with a fountain in front of it. I think it was called St. Madrileno. We took several photographs then drove on up a terribly rough road into a barranca where there was a waterfall. After about a half hour's drive over this terrible road through the woods on the sides of the barranca we got to a place where the car couldn't go any further. There was an old man there with some mexicans having a picnic and they had an unusual "marimba" & country policeman with them. The waterfall was after all not very much, it being almost all dried up at this season. There was no house for changing the musical power from the falls there and there nothing really looking was sitting around. So I for one was quite relieved when we were safely out of that place, not only because it was so lonely

way off in the country but because I was afraid else would go on a spring heath coming down the awful road. We drove from there to Mrs. Suttle's for tea, stopping a little bit before we got to her house to brush ourselves off, wipe the dust off our shoes etc. We were at Mrs. Suttle's for over an hour and a half, as we waited there for the gardens for a long time before we went in to tea. The gardens are lovely, beautiful tall rose bushes, and climbing roses, all in bloom and surrounded with white wisteria blossoms. Fruit trees, and cedars, yews, cypresses, mimosa trees, iris, climbing heliotrope and geraniums and interesting stone carvings, archaeological specimens. Also a most interesting collection of shells in jars, 47 different kinds, all queer and sinister looking. Several Jungle cocks to tea which was served on the big dining table, the guests sitting around the table. Sat next to a Mr. Morgan, an Englishman who is lived in Persia for years. There was also there a Dr. & Mrs. Morgan and their daughter (he a pursuivant exciting specimen of the older regime, a perfect friend of Persian Days) They urged us to come to tea to-morrow. I sent Mrs. Suttle and Mr. Morgan and the Morgans family to come to me the portraits on Wed.

Monday, March 25th.

Had a long sitting at the portrait this morning, 9-1 7.30 and got it in rough for Mrs. Yorke and C. + Wire to see. They came up at 11.30 and liked it even as much. ~~as~~ foreground for Mrs. Yorke and she came up and was crazy about it right away. There is a little matter about the expression which isn't right but I can easily fix that to-morrow. Wire thinks it is one of the best portraits I have painted and Mrs. Wire is no doubt about its being a good likeness. Mr. Yorke is thrilled. He got talking about spiritualism in which he is much interested to-day. He is a member of the society for Physical Research, has had seances with about all the well known mediums and has investigated with Dr. Walter Franklin Prince a woman in Mexico City who has extraordinary powers of re-constructing by telepathy the events surrounding whenever all objects when one is in a trance. Mrs. Yorke says it really depends on whether you have had a personal experience with spiritualism whether you believe in it or not but even if one hasn't had any personal experience and isn't keen for it especially, interested it should be approached with an open mind as no many things that can not be explained have happened in this line. He had had a sitting with "Imogene" to-day & it struck me was a fake! It is quite startling to see the strange ideas of this mind because quite foreign to the kind of ideas you are inclined to think it ought to be. It is a bit commercial and worldly & rather disillusioned and inclined to be cynical. Yorke is nervous. He is a very interesting combination and has a most kindly practical and efficient side to his character but very much opposed

effort. As soon as Stuggard finishing we took our lunch & went out to the pyramid of San Juan Teotihuacan. We stopped before we got there and ate our lunch beside the road, having quite a hunt for a shady place. It is hotter everyday now and the dust in the country is terrible. The pyramids are tremendously impressive and interesting. No one knows by what people they were built but it was a marvellous achievement. They were old when the Aztecs came and the largest, the pyramid of the sun, is the largest of the kind in the No. American continent. It is not as high as Cheops. The country all around is bleak and dried up in the heat. The pyramid of the moon is still covered with earth and dead grass but the one of the sun has been excavated. The sod all cleared off, one of the Aztec priests dug up. It was evidently made of earth, stone and cement of some kind. The coat that covered the whole outer surface and was probably decorated with paintings is now almost all gone and the stone with jagged pieces sticking up at regular intervals, probably to hold the cement, is all that is left now. The pyramid has broad steps leading straight up the east of the north side with landings & broad terraced places all around the pyramid at two or three different levels. I climbed about a third of the way up but it was pretty hot work and I found the coming down worse as it was so steep that I didn't dare just walk down but had to go down side ways holding to the step above. The view from even so high up as I got was wonderful. Near the pyramids are several unexcavated mounds. One building which houses the museum etc. Not far away is a group of excavations of a temple to Quetzalcoatl or the winged serpent god, with an elaborate surrounding wall construction ascending bounding a big square glorieta. The walls were very wide on top, 40 or 50 ft. wide with wide steps leading up the side and down into the square inside. At the back of the square is a pyramid and behind that are the most interesting ruins we have seen. It was evidently the facade of a temple of an older period still, though the carving are wonderfully well done, big serpents heads line both sides of the stairway and a frieze below had the feathered serpent with bodies of huge sea shells. It was supposed to have been a ruin when the pyramid in front was built so it goes much further back into antiquity. We heard afterwards from Mrs. Russell that the walls of this so called citadel or temple to Quetzalcoatl have been so much restored as to be practically obsolete according to the idea of a geologist with whom the other geologists did not agree as it seems as if the historical value of that group had been destroyed, but the ancient temple and carvings are very well preserved. On the way out of the archeological area we stopped near some excavations of what we supposed to have been houses and I went down into them. Try we would feel how the people used to live and see what is left of some wall paintings. It was all tremendously interesting and I only wish that Mr. Aguirre of the National Museum had gone along with us; later we learned he assumed to Mrs

note with it he has not yet returned to Mexico City. As soon as we got back to the hotel E. & I. quickly changed our clothes and went over to the Manjarés for tea. Wise didn't want to make the effort and it was a little difficult as Mr. M. does not speak any English and the Dr. not much. The house was designed by Mrs M. and was a little to original from my point of view with some ugly features such as a huge marble arch and fine place of marble slings inset in cement and painted green. The drawing room was filled with very handsome pieces of carved Japanese and Chinese furniture and objets d'art. We had tea around the dining table and they were just as cordial and friendly as they could be. Dr. Manjarés was decorated by the Queen of Spain at some International medical convention in 1898 and now adores them. He was of course only a boy of about 12 and Dr. M. said he remembered afterwards trying to take his sister's ice-cream and the Dr. gave him six. He was also presented to the Queen of Italy and had a whole case full of medals etc. that he had received. When we got home, after dinner I telegraphed to various people to ask them to use the portrait on Wed. and we sent a wire to the Kuyplas at Pachuca inviting them.

Tuesday. March 26.

I had my last sitting with the portrait. Finished several little things and Mrs. Yorke came up to see it bringing a friend, a Mrs. Cling, who has a daughter at about at Miss Hall, Wellesley. She was crazy about it and Mrs. Yorke too and it all dressed I know is exactly like him and an interesting composition too. Before lunch when I was washing my hands Mrs. Yorke came in my room with $4.50 in an envelope and after much protesting on my part to their rooms and Mrs. Yorke gave me a silver bowl, handmade Mexican ware, as I know they are really pleased with the portrait & want to give me something extra in that way. It is a lovely bowl and I am very pleased.

[illegible] lunch we went down town to do some last shopping, came back, [illegible] and went to the [illegible] for tea & [illegible]. Mrs. [illegible] Englishwoman there and we had a nice informal time. Judge [illegible] of Kansas City who is staying in the hotel has talked a good deal over wine about the political situation here and the country generally and he gave Wise a text book in use in the schools throughout Mexico with the most alarming amount of downright bolshevik and communist propaganda in it. It was compiled by a woman, Esperanza Velasquez Bringas and eulogized all the Russian revolutionary leaders, quoted and recalled sentences all through the book, giving the children no ideals for the achievement of prosperity and happiness through honest work but only a grievance to nurse and teaching them that they had a right and even a duty to seize by force and violence whatever they wanted in order that the fruits of the earth should be free to all. Wise told Mrs. Yorke about the book and she was amazed that it was being used in the schools, said that she had had a

letter from this woman, Esperanza Velasquez Bravo, asking for help in re-instating her in a teaching position which she had lost recently with a change of government. Mrs. M. had written her that naturally she and the ambassador had no authority or wish to interfere in such a matter but that if she would come to see her she would be glad to meet her and talk things over and she had not come. Mrs. Morrow had no idea she had written such a book and she certainly had nerve to ask favors of the am. ambassador when she was working as for communism here. The book had testimonial letters from the Soviet leader of the education in Russia etc. and there is no doubt but that a well organized soviet propaganda is going on in this country. Wire sent the book round to Mrs. Morrow and she will undoubtedly bring it to Ambassador Morrow's attention. It is something we should know about in dealing with these people and it may be that Calles being such excellent terms with him, he may be able to influence Calles to have the book withdrawn from the schools.

Wednesday, march. 27.

a busy day. I had breakfast early, went over to the market to look up my old man, found him there and got him to come back and pose. Finished his picture about 11, moved indoors, painted on that and the flower woman up in the "studio" and signed Mr. Gore's portrait. made a hurried trip at 12 o'clock. Went down to the american consulate to fill out papers in regard to my taking the two new pictures of the man and flower woman home with me. Found that papers were necessary as I am to carry the pictures with me. Mr. Gore is having a light case made for them. After lunch we hung the portrait in the "Sala Colonial" and arranged the other two pictures and I beat it upstairs to get on my tweeds by 4. I just got through when the first people began to arrive for the tea. Everyone liked the portrait and thought it a marvellous likeness. The people who came were Mrs. Morgan (a Russian woman staying in the hotel) Judge & Mrs. Hoff, Mrs. Nuttall, Dr. & Mrs. Navarro, Mr. & Mrs. Kurpe, a Mrs. Maccauley, a Miss Jean Young (an English girl) Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Griffiths (who was very enthusiastic and want to write an article about my work for the papers here. I am to send him a photo. of Bobby and I gave him also one of Boris and he will get Mr. Gore). Mr. Morgan (the Englishman) several other people in the hotel whose names I can't remember. Mrs. Morrow came late with the youngest daughter, Constance who has just arrived for her spring vacation from Vassar academy. She liked the portrait very much, and went back to try and get the ambassador to come but he didn't. She said he was having a very busy afternoon and she had been waiting for him hoping that he would be able to get away. Also Mrs. Higgins, who I do not know, lives in Taxco, 100 Beaches & Hunt came late with Mrs. Morgan. At 5.20 I gave up the Ambassador and went up stairs to dress and pack my bag. I had dinner and went immediately to the train. Mr. Gore went down with me and put me on board, attending to the luggage and all which was a great help.

he has been awfully nice and the hotel very comfortable and homelike and I should like very much to come back if more portraits do develop but not until the country is settled down if it ever does. We keep hearing more and more stories of people being held up and robbed and we think we did the wisest thing in not attempting the trips to Cuernavaca and Puebla though others have done it and gotten through all right. Still according to people who have lived here for years and really know the people they are absolutely lawless and unscrupulous and think nothing of loss of life, their own or others. So in some ways I shall be glad when we are safely out of Mexico. We had a comfortable journey down as we had a state-room for E. & me. with had a lower berth for me. A regular Southern colored porter and comfortable old fashioned pullman cars.

Thursday, March 28.

Arrived at Vera Cruz about 8.45. Got breakfast on the train before we got in, coffee and toast in our state-room. Spent the whole morning getting our emigration papers, customs inspection etc. We had a man from the Ward Line who took us in charge and showed us the ropes. Most of the red tape was in the Emigration offices, cancelling our Mexican tourist cards and giving us a certificate for leaving the country. We had to wait for a while at the customs sheds for our trunks to be brought over from the station but the actual inspection didn't amount to anything. I told the man that I was an artist, that that was my paint box, easel etc. and that I had two paintings that I had done in Mexico City. I thought he would surely want that opened as I might have anything in it, even the Virgin of Guadaloupe herself, but he didn't and only glanced inside the trunks and bags. We had lunch at the Hotel Imperial. Not bad and fun eating out on the side-walk under the awning, getting our Mex. Mind first etc. as we sat at the table. We arranged for the Ward line man to come back after lunch and serve as guide, taking us over to the Fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. We went over in a launch, quite thrilled to see the old fort mentioned so often in Mexican history. It is a good deal of a ruin now and only a small garrison of about 50 men is kept there. Two guns in place and tompions in it is used only as a ~~prison~~ depot for the navy and ~~merchant~~ a lookout for incoming ships. The ships were empty to-day because it is Thurs. in Holy week. The guide took all through. Very picturesque with the old buildings living casemates where the sea water flowed in, crossed by low stone bridges. The buildings had high stone walls with lookouts and slits for firing and the majority of them had been used as prisons up to the time of Maximilian after Porfirio Diaz. The guide showed us the cells, deep and dark, and two torture cells where prisoners were let down into wells to stand up to their necks in water. The oldest part was on the side towards the sea and there were the remains of the old Spanish fortifications and as an historical detail was beautiful. Beyond was

grey and white coral formation. When we got back to shore we went to visit the steamer XIII, the big Spanish liner, which was lying at the next dock, getting ready to sail to-morrow. She is a fine ship. Very comfortable state-rooms. But I'm afraid the food would be too Spanish. After that we went on board and got unpacked and rested as we were hot and tired. We had already taken our luggage on board in the morning. The morning (our ship) was being loaded with bananas and coffee and it was very interesting and picturesque to watch the stream of men (some of them looking just like pirates with their bare brown arms and red handkerchiefs tied around their heads) carrying big green bunches of bananas on their shoulders from the freight cars drawn up on the dock to the ship where they were passed from man to man until they were stowed away in the hold of the vessel. They kept on loading until almost midnight, time off between 6 and 8, for their supper. The coffee was put on board in sacks, lifted in big bundles of 12 or 15 sacks, by the derricks on the ship, from the freight cars. The Dr. was on board when we got there inspecting all the passengers for vaccination as some cases of small pox have developed lately in Vera Cruz. I had a letter from Dr. Denny saying I had been vaccinated in Jan. so I was all right. E. & W. had a letter from Dr. Brown saying they had been done 4 years ago and Wise hunted for it in his trunk out on the deck (that isn't room for our trunks in our cabins) but finally gave it up and he and E. had to be vaccinated. Also Dr. & Mrs. Tillotson who are on board too. There are only 16 passengers and they make you fairly comfortable the ship is not kept up in first class condition. We decided that we bananas are the real passengers and we are the cargo. The food is poor and unappetizing so we shall probably lose weight on the voyage which will be a good thing. The boats are terribly narrow and hard and the ship full of flies when the captain (Lloyd) came with us the first day out. We had quite a long talk with the captain, a young Austrian named Rossi, who was in the Austrian navy during the war. He told us about the revolution in Vera Cruz a few weeks ago. Said all the Mexican revolutions were largely a matter of buying off generals one way or the other, that the soldiers followed their generals and fought for whichever side they were told to as of course it was the leaders who would be executed in case of defeat. That the people were ready to swing either way which-ever side was victorious. That if the government should suffer a bad defeat in the north Mexico City might easily rise into disorder and that the foreigners' property and persons would be the first thing attacked. Everyone seems to think that this is a more serious revolution that appears on the surface and perhaps it is just as well we don't know when we did.

Friday, March 29.

We got underway last night about midnight and to-day was a lovely tropical day. Warm in the sun but a cool breeze blowing and a smooth blue sea. I wrote up my diary on deck most of the morning as I had been too busy to write in it for almost a week. We read Bernal Diaz after lunch. Then I took a nap. Came up again. Too hot and too many flies in the cabin. Read The Jihad, by Ostrorog, a very sane book. Morbid but rather amusing in its Russian outlook. In the evening we read Bernal Diaz aloud. Awfully interesting, such a vivid picture of Cortes' adventures. So simply told that you feel it is the man himself talking to you. Played ring toss for a while in the afternoon, made a pretty good score, got 3 out of 5 or 6 times or more.

Saturday, March 30.

Another lovely sunny day and smooth sea. We sent off some wireless messages after breakfast for hotel and railroad accommodations in New Orleans and a room for E. at Hot Springs where we will go from Baltimore. The Captain took us up on the bridge, showed me how to take sights with the sun etc. and after we came down on deck again I wrote letters till lunch time. Read and took a nap in the afternoon. We are getting on finely with Bernal Diaz and it is fascinating, so simply and yet so vividly told and having just been in the country he writes about we can imagine it all perfectly. The food is very poor but it is only for three days and the passengers are taking it more or less as a joke. To-day at lunch we asked for bananas, knowing the ship was full of them and suspecting that we would not like the Sago pudding which was the only dessert on the menu, but were told there was only fruit enough for breakfast to-morrow. We remembered a bunch of bananas that had been hung up on deck to ripen for the passengers and decided to get some of them. Just then I heard some one in the galley say "There are some bananas on deck that are ripe". So F. & I beat it up there just in time to get some before the man from the galley had taken off all the ripe ones. It seems funny with thousands and thousands of bunches that they didn't have a few more to eat or put in a stock of preserved fruits as alternative desserts, but the line is run primarily of course for its fruit cargos. However it is a nice, steady little ship and we might easily be worse off.

Sunday, March 31. Easter Sunday.

Still lovely weather and no motion. However not yet seasick at all, though two or three of the passengers have. There being only 16 of us we are getting on more or less chatty terms with all of them. The Firstbrooks we knew at the Hotel and a young couple named Mr. & Mrs. Ellis from Guadalajara where he was agent for the General Motors but was driven out by the Revolution were also at the Genesee, & Mrs. George Davis and her daughter from Pinar, were on the Sandy Bottle party. They have been in Mexico visiting the Rice Birds, several of whose

U.S. embassy. The other couple are a newspaper correspondent named Wright and his young wife. He has lived in Mexico & U.S. America for years and is quite well informed on the political situation. Thinks the Mexicans hopeless but does not believe in U.S. intervention. Criticized ambassador Morrow for his friendly attitude with the Mex. government but admitted that if he took any other stand it would precipitate trouble between the U.S. and Mexico and lead to intervention. Since all the people who criticized Morrow's policy in Mexico he had no better plan to suggest when you pressed him down to it. The other passengers are a man travelling alone who we didn't talk to (he looked quite a lot like Mr. Morrow), a Mexican boy who is coming to New Orleans to school, an Indian girl who can't speak very little English and two travelling salesman types of men who are awfully loud and coarse types. One of them sits at our table and as no one seemed to be speaking to him and he was right next to Mr. E. made a few remarks to him. and I said "good-morning" once and after that he was a nuisance, especially the last day. He and the other coarse man urged me and Mrs. Ellis to play ring toss with them and we finally did. I escaped as soon as possible but whenever I settled down to read he turned up either close on with his friend, the kind that can't talk to you without grabbing your elbow & getting a hand on your back and awfully fresh sheep jokes all the time. In spite of my evidently avoiding them, one of them, the one at our table got worse and worse, made complimentary remarks wanted to look me up in Boston where he was going in the Spring and when I said I was going to Atlanta he said he was going there too and would see me there. He got worse and worse made such remarks as "Why did I run away from him. I wouldn't be afraid, the old man wouldn't be jealous (meaning Wife) and when I said some remark about the story was the Capt. had said we would have gone up the river he said "Why would I worry that I would be all covered up with my beautiful face. Needless to say I escaped at that and managed to keep away from him the rest of the time by sticking close to E. & W. We had boat and fire drill after breakfast. It didn't amount to anything except the women gathering in one side of the boat, the men and the other and the crew appearing in life preservers and loosening the tackles on them of the davits so that they could swing out. I think it a bad idea to separate the men and women. It was much better the way they did it on the Caronia, having the passengers from certain state-rooms go to the boat. stations nearest their state-rooms, men and women together thus making it much more likely that families would not be separated in different life boats, which might easily result in a loss of morale among the passengers. About 1 o'clock we sighted land, very low, nothing much showing on the horizon except light houses, wireless towers etc. We entered the river by what is known as the South West pass, a channel between low sandbars on the south. There is also an Southwest pass and an east pass

which is very little used now. The captain says and all the entrances and the river fully up to New Orleans is very badly marked for fog. It is all right in clear weather as there are light buoys, though the first one should be further off the entrance and really ought to be a light ship with a fog horn. There is a great deal of fog in the winter and the river winds a great deal and as New Orleans is 90 miles from the mouth it is no easy matter to navigate in a fog. There are not nearly enough horns or bells to mark the channel way lights which can't be seen in a fog and ships have to feel their way along sounding their own horn for the echo from the banks or anchor in the river and wait for the fog to lift, and that is in the worst largest part of the U.S. The pilot told us the same thing and didn't seem to realize how many light ships are maintained by the government all the year round off the New England coast. It was quite interesting going up the river. The water had changed color to a yellow green from the vivid blue of the gulf by 11 o'clock and when we got to the entrance and took on the pilot it was a muddy yellow. The first pilot came out in a row-boat and took us up as far as quarantine where we took on the river pilot and the medical and immigration officials. They checked off the list of 16 passengers, 4 of them aliens, the mexican boy & girl, and Mr. & Mrs. Firthrock who live in Toweta, and the 42 members of the crew which included Chinamen, Spaniards, Indians from Honduras and Mexico, Swedes and I don't know what else. The checking off of the passengers was quite amusing as the inspector was quite breezy and inclined to jolly everyone and several of us who could speak Spanish tried to help out the mexican boy and girl who couldn't speak only English. As we got into the river we went very close to the left bank to avoid the current and after supper the mosquitos began to swarm into the boat. The river is high, but only about normal for this season they say and they expect it to be at least 3 ft. higher when the ice breaks up in the Missouri. We shut our port holes and didn't light the lights in our cabins and thus avoided having any mosquitoes, but they swarmed in the lighted parts of the ship. The banks are lined with willows and the air was sweet with jasmine flowers. We went so close that we could see and hear the children shouting from the banks. There were occasional houses built on stilts with boat landings in front and automobiles going along the road which went along the top of the levee beyond which the land was lower and swampy. We turned in early as we have to get up at 6 and off the ship at 7. I don't know why, as our staying till a reasonable hour wouldn't affect the bosses as the men to unload them come on the job at 7 anyway but I suppose they want to get rid of us so that the crew can get ashore. They don't give us any real breakfast either, just coffee and toast.

Tuesday, April 1.

We were wakened at 10 minutes before 6, the gong for coffee

was hauled through the ship at 10 minutes past and we were hustled off (What is we would have been if we had let them hustle us) by 7. We got through the customs without any difficulty as we weren't bringing in more than the $100 each tourists are allowed. The customs official was disposed to be disagreeable at first and wanted things more itemized but soon calmed down when he found we were perfectly willing to do it. We took a taxi with two, one full of our hand luggage, to the Roosevelt. Found our rooms all right. Had baths, telephoned about our railroad accomodations which are also all right, and telegrams to Baltimore, Boston and Princeton and arranged about having my two suitcases pictures which I had with my hand luggage & about Mrs. Gore's hat case made for me shipped on to Boston by express; then went out to drive around a little and see the city. It is very pretty and distinguished, the old part is too much like Quebec to be picturesque and consists chiefly of cheap wooden houses, all out of repair with awful bugs, one with the old iron balconies on them that we supposed to be characteristic of the city. It also makes you think more of neglect than of age and after Mexico it seems decidedly lacking in color and picturesque jungle. We went to the old French burying ground which was interesting but awfully hot. The St consists entirely of tombs and all burying is in them above ground. When a new occupant is ready for a family or group tomb (they are often the property of societies and the names of the committee appointed to look after them are engraved on the outside as well as the officers of the society) the brick or cement closing the opening is removed. The coffin is taken out and burned, we saw the piles of ashes with old wood on top, and the skeleton which is all that is left in four months after burial in this climate is put back in the tomb, the bones pushed to one side to make room for the new coffin. As long as the monthly rent is paid for the tomb new bodies can be added but when that stops no one else can be put in the tomb. There were many French names on the tombs and one the man who was in charge told us was the grave of a negro voodoo woman who used to dance and exhibit her supernatural powers in a square near by, then called Congo Square, now Beauregard park. That was 90 years ago and people still come to invoke her spirit have made. After we left the graveyard we drove to the old Spanish and French quarter and went through the Historical museum which is in the old Cabildo or Spanish court house and prison. We saw the cells, shackles, old and rare etc. of the prisoners and a lot of old costumes, ship models, Indian relics etc. Then back to town and to eat, about four when it was a little cooler we started out again and drove the more modern and better part of the city, through the parks which are in fact quite big like oak trees and through the residential section, completely hidden in its lovely gardens and palm trees and magnolias lining the side boulevards.

Drove out the other side of it skirting a canal known to Lake Pontchartrain. This is nearly on a level of the gulf of Mexico. It is about 32 X 40 miles and there were a lot of yachts in the canal and a yacht club, the Southern yacht club, on the lake at the end. The lake is pretty shallow though and there must be some nasty seas kicked up when there is a wind. There is a plan afoot to dredge a channel through the lake so as to make another entrance to New Orleans that way, shortening the present route up the river several miles and that may account for the coming report of the sinking of the river entrance. After we drove back to the city we went to the river front again and to see the statue of Jackson, who used to winter in New Orleans and dance balls, lying at the levee. We went on board an English boat, then to the station to check our bundles. Back to the hotel for dinner and after dinner one of the professors, Dean Hamilton, came from Tulane University to get a package that Mrs. Mitchell had asked Will to deliver to him. He was a young man and quite interesting about the excavations in Mexico, having done some archeological work in Yucatan. We went to the station and on board the train at 10, I saw the professor's there and some friends of theirs on the station platform. They unfortunately with a charming woman for E. & she while we had a lower & while when I tried to persuade him to let me see if we could have the state-room.

Tuesday, April 2.

A very unfortunate day on the train. We read aloud, Biscal Bing, our wires for accomodations at the hotel in Baltimore for W. & E. and at the 5 o'clock to Boston for me. Before we left New Orleans we were told by a woman in Atlanta that we would be there 20 minutes, long enough to run down to see us and I wired mamma, and Baltimore by 3 would be in N. Y. Wed. and Bryant Mc and Jim would be in town. We got to Atlanta at 12.30 last night. Dorman at the station as E. called him up and had a chat with him. She had only just come back from the hospital where she had been for an operation on her leg which hadn't been right since her automobile accident some years ago and couldn't come to the station but had sent a note to be delivered to us at the Peachtree Station. While E. was calling up Mrs. D. I called up Judge Candler and had a talk with him about the portrait of his mother. Just the date when Sarah Bing & I are to leave it in place to May 15 so they can plan their celebration for any time after that. They had been asking him why the 15th day and he had explained why & was wondering now to get back for it & I was glad I called him up. His only son died in Feb. and he is quite broken up by it. After we left Atlanta a man came and joined us in the train. He first we didn't place him but he told us he was Mr. Rose from Thomasville. It turned out to be yes. We talked to him off & on with him for quite a while.

Wednesday, April 3.

Wire and C. got off in Baltimore at 7.35 and I slept on alone to N.Y. So our wonderful trip is really over and it makes me feel quite blue. It has been such an interesting experience and I can see the fascination the east has for people who have been there in spite of the disgust, fighting and destruction of the native races. It is a wonderful country and everything has been so strange and dreadful and unpleasant after it. I got up to N.Y. at 11.45 (Mr. Brown came into the drawing-room and had a chat with me from Philadelphia on) and Brokie met me at the train. He went to the parcel room and got my heavy luggage and checked it in the parcel room and I got my coat at 5 o'clock. I then went to Jim's office for him and we all went to the Belmont for lunch. Then Bs. left us as he had an appointment for a manicure and Jim & I went up to Dudley. The Old Farmer's Almanac is not well by, but I don't mind as my nerves are better as the hot season was long & well kept down. It is in the room by all the orange but when this year by and I tried to take the cover off I by feeling by of the yellow envelope with, and it is in the upper room and in a mess. However it is in the well opposite the dressing compare is something. I [illegible] down and after below the orange to me. Nothing particularly good or interesting. Jim left me then and afterwards I went to Howard-Read and saw Klein's exhibition of portraits. Good & useful work but useless unimportant and the people all looking as if they had just risk appearing. Then I went to the [illegible] Exhibition of Women Painters & Sculptors rooms where they are having an exhibition of pictures given by the artists for patriotic purposes. Quite a high standard of work but nothing startling. Then I went to the train, and had dinner. The Spanish waiter tried to practise the French accent and destruction of the English language on me. He succeeded in doing so. Got home in time and Ramona and Bs rang out me. C.D. is better but not seriously and has been at home from the office for several days. Jim got on his nerves a little and he has apparently got into a state about it and doesn't sleep. Possibly he ought to get out doors more and away from the office instead of sitting and reading all day long and indoors for a change. I wish we could be in better shape physically and the things that go wrong at the office would not upset him so much. There has been a little war going on at Colorado Springs but I think they got the best of it.

Thursday, April 4.

Had a very late breakfast and I spent the morning [illegible] doing various things. At 4 o'clock C.D. had invited us for an amateur performance of an operetta called The Plumbers' Opera, written by a man who has married one of the Fuller sisters (Dorothy). His name is John Odell and C.C. Burnand & Co. are publishing it. It was well done and very amusing. Clearly rehearsed and nicely with the different roles, the plumber, the plumber's assistant, the lovers

pigs etc. all worked in to the orchestration. It was preceded by a sort of resume and reminiscence of the Fuller sisters work with some of the songs sung by these girls who impersonated them. It was at 4 o'clock and before that I went to the studio and had a little talk with Mr. Wilson. He said Mrs. Bailey asked to see my pictures, had been in about every day and he called me up in the evening about it too. I am down on the list of the guests at the Prof. Wilson's that next Thursday when he is April 18th so I suppose I shall have to appear and say something about Mexico. I called up Nina and she is coming to the studio to lunch to-morrow. She has got another job and starts in Monday.

Friday, April 5.

I took all my painting things and my ivy plant up to the studio in a taxi and spent the whole morning getting the place in order and unpacked and dusted. Mrs. Perry and her daughter stopped in to call and while they were there the crate with my two Mexican pictures arrived and I opened them and they seemed to like them very much. Nina came for lunch. She was well and quite excited about her new job which is in a larger barber shop and a better building, 176 Federal Street. I gave her tea and my X Mas-ings I brought her and a bottle of toilet water from Havana and she seemed very pleased. After she left I went down town and got a blouse and did some other errands. Mamma and C.D. went out to Cambridge to the Hasty Pudding Show. Philip came over and we played some of my Mexican music. Then Bonny came home from her class and we talked Mexico and about Philip's lottery ticket that Bonny had been to look after. There has been some hot fighting at Juarez, some rebel troops injured by the Federals and terrible slaughter according to the Federal bulletins. Calles is now taking several troops to Jalisco to quench the religious uprising there. Stimson has asked to have a battleship sent to a place on the West coast to protect Americans and the Gov. of Sonora has asked for protection of Americans in the border. Wire telephoned. All well. E. got her Xmas check at Hot Springs. I enjoyed a fine time in Baltimore, like they would my little voice. Lo gained 5 lbs. since Xmas, his nurse left. E. found that Mr. Lord had been beating him when he refused to eat and took him in a state of nervous collapse. We had known since last summer that Mr. was a lost influence [illegible] Stagnaro [illegible] I'm glad that Lo has gone and hope E. is having [illegible]

Saturday, April 6.

It has been cloudy ever since I got home and Boston seems awfully drab and unpicturesque after Mexico. I miss the sunlight and it seems funny to have no picturesque people sitting around on the curb stones and against the wall and to see nothing but Americans everywhere. I went

up to the studio hoping to borrow a pedestal from Amy Peabody and get my boy arranged and ready to paint Monday in Mrs. Candler's portrait, but she is away and I decided to try and get a real store pedestal from Carbone's. I got my picture & washed my brushes, which I hadn't done since my last sitting with Mr. Yon. Luckily I had cleaned them out in turpentine and I worked them again and to my surprise they came out all right. I walked home for lunch and after lunch went to Carbone's but they didn't want to let the pedestal go, said they needed them for their Spring sale and that it was too heavy to move etc. All of which seemed reasonable and I shall try and get one in imitation one at some theatrical supply place. I also went to a model agency that had sent me a card to see about a model for a picture I have an idea for and another one to pose for the Lady in Mrs. Candler's. Plan to be in to try on ensembles and make an appointment for a sitting at the Misses for 3.30 on Monday. In the evening I went to the 5 o'clock Tea for Charlie Rapper's ticket. He called me up at dinner time to offer it to me. I saw Alex there and he says there is a Folk Dancing class on Tues. and Thurs. I'll go. He said he had been expecting all the time to see that I had been operated by Dr. Ochsner but that I was evidently none the worse for it, looking very well and sun-burned. Also saw Pete & he is in Naples and arranged to go out to see Elizabeth Wright to-morrow afternoon. The concert was very fairly interesting. I liked the Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" very much. Didn't care much for the Tchaikowsky overture to Romeo and Juliet as a symphony but an overture of Nordic descent named Hanson, himself conducting. ... Voted on first & one and urged me to vote for three things we had selected for the various programs to be given at the next concert. They were Frank Symphony, Strauss Tone Poem and Debussy "Après midi d'un faune..." I voted them & my ballot so they seemed a good choice to me and I probably won't hear the concert any way. It will be interesting to see what the choice of the audience is.

Sunday, April 7.

Stayed at home all the morning, reading the paper, dancing exercises and doing odd jobs to my clothes. Bunny and I went out to see Elizabeth Wright in the afternoon and she showed us the antiques. They got me again, among them two lovely old steels and a carved and painted chest. Also took photos. They took. She drove us home, I stuck in plates and Bill went to the radio in the evening. Wire telegram and he may come in on Tuesday to see Dr. Stratton of Tech about the portrait. Very warm today over 80°. The negroes whose are watering from Chihuahua and getting ready for the festivities in Sonora. Exiles says that the losses were not more than 200 at Jiminez where Villa reported over 1000 rebels slain. There have been some bombs dropped in Naco, Sonora none of which went fell in Naco, Arizona. The

boundary line is the main (and only) street of the town and the State Dept. has "declared" the whole, one of the Governors of Arizona for unfriendliness. I am American aviators have been ordered to patrol American lines and a battleship has been sent to Agua Prieta so the U.S. will protect the American lives. Carlos has not joined the rebels yet, is trying to quell the disorder there. Rudolph is back in Mexico with the soldiers and they all want him to be General over the whole army.

Monday, April 8.

I went over to the Gaiety Theatre right after breakfast to try and borrow a pedestal to use in my Candida portrait. Walked a mile for the property man and when he came over to the rubbish in the basement but there wasn't anything that would do. He suggested a place that does plaster work near Macdonald Building so I went there. They didn't have any but suggested Caproni so I took a car there, found a pedestal that would do and took it to the studio in a taxi. They wouldn't rent it so I had to buy it outright but it was reasonable, delivered and they let me have it for $6 and it was just as well it wasn't a rental as I found I had to drive tacks in it to fasten my things. I spent the rest of the morning fixing the ivy, background etc. Got lunch at the studio and went to the Ritz Carlton for a manicure and waved in the afternoon. Two models came to the studio from the agency and I engaged one of them, Fanny Morse, for my new picture and will start it next Monday. Will try to finish Mrs. Candida this week. Stuck in photographs all the evening. Still very warm.

Tuesday, April 9.

Went up to the studio and painted on the ivy all the morning. Got another plant to make it thicker at the base of the pedestal. Mrs. Bailey came in to see me bringing some gorgeous flowers from her place in Scituate. She evidently enjoyed having the studio but used it simply as a place to come to and just sat as she didn't feel up to doing much posing. Charles Billings has come in and liked my Candida portrait, and it led a great deal of discussion. He has just finished and brought out a black mirror for me in and tonight I am going to avoid the place of following my designs. Will try and get time for lunch with Wise some one on Thursday. After lunch I went to a matinee of the Pink Lady. I enjoyed it. Nothing to report. This morning I was back in town and Trix was coming on the 18th. Stopped a while afterwards to see Madame Hyperion [illegible] very good but somehow not thrilling. Then went down town, got a book for Peter for his birthday and went to Arnold's new place for a manicure. It is a lovely barber shop and I hope one gets some business. She will have to do a lot for to pay the proprietor $3 a week for the privilege of renting. She had had three of her old customers yesterday and two to-day. I suppose it will take a while to work up her business there. Wise telephoned he had sent

he was coming on Wed. on the 3rd night. Will breakfast with us Thursday a.m., lunch with me and Mr. B things and he and I will have dinner at the Ritz-Carlton and go to the theatre in the evening. I am to get the tickets but there isn't anything very good here now.

Wednesday, April 10.

Went up to the studio, getting wire on the way and painted in the roses in the Camden portrait. The woman who is going to pose for the hands, Miss Holmes, came in and I engaged her for Friday though she is a little too tall for the pedestal. However I think I can raise it up on books etc. and bring it the right height in relation to her arms and head. I went to the Symphony Circle lunch at Emmeline Hunnewell's. Before one and a business meeting and we elected Polly Fiske president and Senita Bottome secretary. I sat with Charlotte Ware, Mrs. Blake, K. French and Polly Fiske. They all seemed quite interested in my work. Afterwards I went down town and got a dark blue silk veil at Filene's. Ran up to Hatfield's to get one paint. Had a talk with Mr. Wakefield. He was on the Mexican border in the U.S. Cavalry after the war with Spain and said they were a hopeless people, such fighters and thieves. Home and played the piano and went out again before dinner to get tickets for the Reyes at the Copley Theatre for Wise to me to go to tomorrow night. These are very fine shows in town now that are very good at all and Reyes seems the best voice. In the evening we all went over to the Copley Plaza for an entertainment by Daly and Frank Rogers for the benefit of the Daughters of the Republic, a patriotic, good citizenship organization. Mary Forbes had part in the tableaux. They were very good. Daly K.'s monologues especially very amusing. Frank K. is attractive by and his dancing is wonderful but his voice has gone off. Cold and snowing and beating most of the day. Up at 7.30 o'clock. Thursday, April 11.

Wise came for breakfast at 8.30 and took me up to the studio afterward in a taxi, stopping for a while at the Guild where there was portrait by Mr. Hopkinson I wanted him to see. He left me at the studio and went down to the Boston Globe to see various people down there as they are getting in some of his self-acting animoplates. I painted on the roses in the Camden portrait and got them practically done. W. came back at 12.30 and he and I and Mr. Bellinger went out to lunch at the Copley Plaza. Mr. B. has just finished a black glass for me in automobile windshields at night to reflect the light of the cars coming behind without glare and Wise was much interested in it. Wise spoke to him about my being in the Guild and he said I certainly ought to be and he would speak about it. He said he thought I ought to be in the academy too and would help with

that when the time comes. Howard Wise would be there and come up to speak to us. And Neil Janis was still in the South and quite broken up by Mrs. Pierce's death. After lunch Charles took us back to the studio and we stayed there all the afternoon talking over plans etc. We walked down to the Ritz Carlton and Wise came for us for dinner there at 7 and we went to the Copley Theatre to the Ringer, a very good detective mystery play. Went to the Copley Plaza afterwards for a welsh rarebit and Wise took the midnight back to N.Y.

Friday, April 12.

A horrid day. A cold northeaster with rain. I went up to the studio early as I had Miss Nelson coming to pose for the hands in the Lawler portrait. Worked on her in the morning and after lunch on the wig till it got too dark. Ross went down to the Library to get some pictures of garden Shrubbery etc. to use in the portrait. Read and wrote letters in the evening. Wise called me up at the studio at 1.30 to tell me the result of his talk with Mr. Stratton of M.I.T. who was coming to his office at 10. Wise had suggested naming him here but Mr. S. was to be in N.Y. to-day so would be named as W. then. He is much pleased with the portrait collection idea, has not put it before his Trustee officials but has talked it over with them about it individually and they are all to accept it. So I am to start and the first sitter will be Elihu Thompson, the famous electrical inventor, now living in Swampscott. He is abroad just now but gets back the last of May and I suppose I shall paint him in June from Squam. Wise got Mallory to go to him at once to get the measurements of his laboratory and he is too old to come for the sitting to Nick. I am also to do 2 from photographs, Samuel (T3.T.) Nunez and one other. So it really seems encouraging and I am thrilled. Wise told Mr. S. that he would be on in Boston again in about 2 weeks and would bring me out to Tech so that I could see the library where the first two will hang. Heard from Miss Bronson to-day about the copy she wants me to make of a T3 Bacon portrait of her father and am to meet her at her apartment to-morrow and see the photo. If it will where the copy will hang.

Saturday, April 13.

Went to Miss Hatch's [illegible] T1 & T3 and I think I have to do about the portrait of her father, before I went up to the Tech's. It seems that the T3 Bacon portrait in Salem was not done from life but from photos. After he died no one seemed sure of an advantage in copying it particularly as the family is not altogether satisfied with it. The photos. Miss Hatch has to show me were not of the best and that of him [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

them, during my last day's conception of her features as given me by her description of them, that I have no right to keep the Bacon as it is. The right would be to take a chance for this additional and what a picture I would have to copy exactly and would not change a line to it. The main thing that I did not like in the composition. I told her I would rather have to make an exact copy of me. But now is a case of my own interpretation from material she would give me and she decided in the latter. Though I am to go to Boston & see the Bacon portrait before we decide definitely. She can only pay me $300 for it but I suppose that is better than nothing and I can do it in odd minutes next summer. I got up to the studio a little late but my model was waiting for me and I finished the hands in the Sanders portrait. I got lunch at the studio and painted some more on the portrait after lunch and finally got it so. we decided to leave it and she gave me some very helpful suggestions on the expression, etc. and let me have another sitting to get my fine lines and the big work down in better. I stood up & it was not a bit after she left and my word it ached. It was for hours and hours in the morning - the "Adirondack" Katzoff sky. Quite worked but very amusing to me - such a lot of crazy Russians!

Sunday, April 14.

I stayed at home all the morning, reading the papers, writing letters and washing some things. After lunch Bessy & I went over and called on the Perkins, 116 Marlboro, and had a very pleasant time reminiscing about Mexico. Then we went to Mrs. Agar for tea. A lot of people there. Stayed pretty late. Mr. & Mrs. Bowditch. He is the institution of Harvard Court, Mrs. Agar's palace, and Mrs. Carter asked me to come to tea some Monday when it is their day at home. In the evening I listened to the radio and stuck newspapers clippings in my scrap-book. Wire telephoned about 6. Said everything was going well. The Press and the new automatic autoplate at the Times running splendidly. E. is still at Virginia Hot Springs, comes home on Friday. Called gladly & after and asked if she wanted me to run out and visit her

Monday, April 15

I went up to the studio early. Miss Morse was there and I made the sketch for the Sanders picture. It is quite a different type and pose and I think it will be good. It will be fun to paint. She is wearing black velvet pajamas with a net top, bare arms & cape for a black ruffle at the shoulders, a turquoise blue necklace. She is sitting on a stool before an easel painting, with one foot up on a chair beside her. She has a cigarette in her left hand and is of course silly French

bells is sitting on the seat leaning against the lower part of the easel. Her palette on a table behind her just shows a little bit and of course I should have to make the canvas on the easel very indefinite. ~~The light~~ She is in profile with her head tipped up on one side and the light falls on her back and the top of her head, ~~but~~ and on her head with the gold hair. ~~is~~ is simply reflected into her face from a mirror outside the picture so her profile is lighter than the background. The big canvas will be 36 x 46 and after lunch I went down to Hartfield's and ordered it and it will be ready to start work on Wednesday. Nina came for lunch. Looked very well and seemed happy and in good spirits though she is behind in her work and had to borrow the car fare to come to the studio. She made $13 the first week at the barber shop which isn't so bad and I hope to goodness it keeps on. I struggled in at the guild on the way home and kept on. Jo Swift's (opposite P.) exhibition of water colors. Quite nice though his water isn't very good. Read the Christ in the evening. To-day I made the first figure of a nude B and to have pink flowers in front of her. The picture is the best I've started at 10 and I stopped at 1 p.m. & 45 minutes to each p.m. I began about 10 and kept on all day. Had a good lunch at the usual hours and have a few things doing at the Paris $35 on $25 if I get round trip tickets etc.

Tuesday, April 16.

I went up to the studio and painted on the background in the Camden portrait. Had lunch there and took the train for Salem at 3 o'clock. Pouring rain and high N. E. wind. I walked from the station in Salem to the Court House and in the Law Library there saw Mr. Benson's portrait of Mr. Moulton. The head is very nicely painted but the body is a bit stiff. Of course he probably didn't have much to work from for that as it was done from a head and shoulders photograph I think. I was much interested to see it. Now he is too big for the Trustee's apartment so that settles the matter of making a copy of it and I would much rather do an original one of my own. I got a train back at 4.16 and went straight home. Still pouring but I took a taxi to the Folk-10 minutes' ride in the evening. Alex and the others that went to N.Y. last Friday for the big Folk Dancing Convention there never got there until too late for the party. They were very late and it was such a stormy night that the ferry went down the harbor a way and dropped anchor and didn't start for N. Y. till 4 in the morning and they never got there until 7 the next morning and the party was in the afternoon. Of course they were disgusted and it was hard luck.

Wednesday, April 17.

I went up to the studio early and painted on the

Expression. Struggling at Hatfield's to get the canvas and take it up in a taxi. I got the composition well planned out & the canvas partly covered. Had lunch there and after lunch went to the library to return the pictures I had borrowed and to the Copley Print to look up pictures of portraits of certain men that I may have to copy for the N. P. G. collection. If there are portraits in existence. The names Wise gave me to look up as having been mentioned by Dr. Stratton as portrait he would like in the collection are S. F. B. Morse, Alex. Graham Bell, Henry & Joseph Priestley. They had no print of portrait of these men at the Copley Print. Will try the Perry pictures and Dr. Stratton is going to see if there is a portrait of Bell in existence when he is in Washington soon. Were home quite early thinking I would plan out my task for the Prof. We were to -morrow to Mexico but C. D. had wire tickets for the theatre. The Silver Swan, "a romance" operetta music by Jaquet and we went to that in the evening. It wasn't very good. Quite dull and not enough vitality in the performing. When we got home I read over my diary of Mexico before I went to bed but didn't do anything about planning out my task as it was too late. I may have to speak for 10 minutes tomorrow and think I can manage.

Thursday, April 18.

As soon as I awoke up, before I got up, I planned out the general lines of my talk and later on, in the studio, jotted down the topics. I thought of two or three different openings but didn't see any of them when the time came. I planned all the morning, from 9 until 12 on Sally Pleasants and it is coming out. The kid is a good model and got the type I wanted. Got about in intelligent enough to pose well and take it seriously as a matter of course all the "models" seem up about her. She works unusually [illegible] I [illegible] in shaping things and finding a composition with so many [illegible] but I [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] hasn't much to express any way. She is conscientious about the posing however [illegible] I [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] and talks no little. The luncheon at the Hotel Statler for the [illegible] at which I was one of the guests [illegible] in the Hotel ball room. Over 450 people there all of whom we, in the receiving line had to make bows with and hear the names of as they passed in to the dining-room. I stood between John Oats, the musician and composer and Dr. Harry [illegible] N. J. who later sat on my left at the Speaker's table. He was interested in medical research for the benefit of public hygiene and in his talk later urged support of a bill for Federal appropriation for such research which bill is to come up before the next Congress. At the table I sat within two of the President of the [illegible], Mrs. Harris and on my right was Joe Tumulty, Wilson's secretary, politician and wrangler. I remembered him right away as the author of a book on Ireland.

Sacred Spain", which we read on our way to Spain two years ago and which we didn't like because of the vulgar, overdrawn gaudiness of the writer. Hood knew particularly interested in his account of his audience with Alfonso in it and immediately we got on the subject of Alfonso and I told him about the portrait and we exchanged opinions and impressions about the king. He's a vulgar man but an able one and is known as a very [illegible] sentimental old boy. Hood must have known how to treat a king as he is in getting himself and his publication in. He talks in a rather boastful way and told me he had the most wonderful [illegible] of private [illegible] of his autographs. He also told me what good stories his latest book "Sighed and Sank" had received, how much Alfonso liked him, and what complimentary [illegible] he had got in his [illegible] from the Metropolitan Museum etc. Apart from the [illegible] his [illegible] I found him quite amusing and interesting when I could get him to talk on other subjects beside himself. It is amazing how much of the [illegible] many people. He had a [illegible] this time in his speech both in the [illegible] his whole life it seemed to me. There was anything too unrelated in his attitude about himself. He accepted him as his own publication and I heard the president [illegible] him "he" "at made" his [illegible]. He did however have a little [illegible] when we [illegible] appearance of the [illegible] feeling he was in such royalty (how true the whole world was "just folks") that he and I had just been discussing Alfonso as a mutual friend, which he was. Having finished [illegible] etc. [illegible] you me a little [illegible] though of course I did not get to Alfonso when I got up to speak. [illegible] Hood introduced me [illegible] as a naturally known. But also internationally known portrait painter, [illegible] Alfonso etc. and now just started from Europe to paint a second [illegible] about. Did I know [illegible] etc. [illegible] Hood knew a [illegible] number and used to be me into [illegible] had been to many of the meetings because my work had [illegible] me many times. It was much and that brought me to this [illegible]. I said a few words [illegible] subject from my [illegible] point of view and my own personal impression - "Mexican question" too big etc. described climate, [illegible] people, painting as object and that brought me to [illegible] and my [illegible] painting the [illegible] in Mexico". That brought me to the [illegible] possibilities of the people, ambassador Morrow's understanding and sympathy [illegible] in. then to [illegible] the morrow meeting Lindbergh. [illegible] impressions of L. & Mrs. Morrow, and what I felt that he was [illegible] [illegible] that they had both been so patient and then I made a point [illegible] I thought that I should not let this [illegible] public would do to [illegible] him and his [illegible] office alone. I [illegible] and I hope it may be a little [illegible]

for [illegible] [illegible] it did not mean simply bandits, firing squads etc but was perfectly safe in ordinary times for travel. It seemed to go pretty well and though I was nervous beforehand and my voice showed it a little when I first got up I very quickly didn't mind it at all in fact quite enjoyed it and think I held the attention of my audience all the time. Several people spoke to me afterward, of course, to the other speakers too. They were, besides Dr. [illegible] and Mr. [illegible], Miss M. [illegible] head of the [illegible] Dept. of [illegible], ~~Mr. Smith~~ Mrs. [illegible] who told about the collection of musical [illegible] to be used here in [illegible]. Mr. [illegible] played the piano, [illegible] and MacDowell's To a Wild Rose, [illegible] a bit startlingly sometimes as he is [illegible] quietly and (he is blind and had to be led up on to the stage) [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] several songs about spring, she has a lovely fresh voice. [illegible] wasn't over till 4 o'clock when I went up to the studio, washed my brushes and rested a little. Wise [illegible] in the evening. [illegible] going [illegible] with him and [illegible] to-[illegible] morning. After dinner I wrote out to [illegible] to get a [illegible] I thought might be better in my picture than the one I have belonging to my model. It was a pretty rough [illegible] and the color [illegible]. Changed and [illegible] [illegible]. She [illegible] and [illegible] though she has [illegible] this week and to-morrow is a holiday she [illegible] not go to [illegible]. I [illegible] a [illegible] for $15 after I got [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] up to [illegible] Tuesday. I told her I had better [illegible] and she just said "yes" and seemed to take it [illegible] for granted that [illegible] wasn't [illegible] on it and I can't keep it up indefinitely [illegible]. She [illegible] me a book "[illegible]" and [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] "book" [illegible]" [illegible]. I don't [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] under the circumstances, I [illegible] public [illegible] in a [illegible] would be much better for her from every point of view and it is [illegible] attitude of [illegible] that makes me feel I can't keep on [illegible] her requests.

Friday, April 19.

I went up to the studio and worked all day - Self Expression in the morning and Mrs. [illegible] and the [illegible] picture in Self Expression in the P. M. [illegible] home and read in the evening. [illegible] Wise [illegible] - [illegible] O.K. [illegible] that [illegible] has an [illegible] place, [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] however and she and Wise will come on to Boston next Friday and we will go down to Squam for the day on Saturday, and I will go back to N.Y. with them [illegible] Sunday. [illegible], the [illegible], is going to be married.

[illegible] E. in a good many ways. She was so capable that E. could leave a lot to her while we will have to oversee probably into a new mood, to say nothing of the trouble of breaking a new one in to their ways. Miss into the marathon race.

Saturday, April 20. (raining again)

Painted on Self Expression all the morning and after lunch [illegible] for Miss Morse to wear in the picture. Hers are embroidered in colored wool and are very effective. Mrs. got me enrolled at a rate of $1 a year. Home and read in the evening. Sent Mr. Cropley a photograph of self and his portrait. Very nice letter from Mr. Cropley in return. Miss Morse's portrait appeared in color as a frontispiece and Mr. Ellis's article about my painting it. He wants to use the picture in an article he is writing of Mary in connection with the Squibb Fair in his magazine. The National Magazine, and asked me [illegible] at the luncheon the other day.

Sunday, April 21

[illegible] about 5 o'clock when I went out for a walk in the rain. Came back and read and studied in photographs and listened to the radio in the evening. Heard Mr. Cropley in the air at 3 o'clock. Perfect setting up with something about when the Lone Eagle takes his note to above next in Maine" while a chorus sang "O promise me". Poor Lindbergh. I don't wonder he got disgusted. The magnolias, jonquils, hyacinths etc. are in bloom in Commonwealth Ave and it was lovely in the [illegible]

Monday, April 22.

I painted on Self Expression until lunch time. Then went out and got a few roses and painted on those in Mrs. Candelo's hair and practically finished it. Tried to get Mr. Morelle to come in to see it again but she was out. Walked home and in the evening Bonny & I had a bridge party and Mamma & C.D. went to the theatre. We had Phil & Edmund Quincy for dinner and Jack & Mary Heard and Charlie & Mrs. Bonny came afterwards. We played until 10.30 then had ice-cream and cake and ginger ale. A successful party on the whole.

Tuesday, April 23.

I went out to Sally Wolfe's to critique the work of the painting class. Four of them there, Sally, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Brooks. They don't seem to me to have improved very much in the three winters they have been working with Mrs. Sutton but of course they give very little time to it, only 4 hrs. a week at best and often have to give up the class for one reason or another. Whilst Sally has improved, her technique seems surer and more finished but none of them have good

enjoyed teaching again and would like to do it if it didn't cut into my painting time. I told Sally I would come out next winter whenever I am here if they want me. She sent me back to the studio in her car but it was too late to do any painting so I swept and dusted the place. Had lunch and went down to Macy's for a shampoo and treatment. Then went down and did some errands including a tennis racquett for K. for her birthday. Home and to the Folk Dancing class in the evening.

Wednesday. April 24.

Painted on Self Expression all the morning and on Mrs. Candee's portrait in the P.M. Got Mrs. Nordell in to see it again and she made some suggestions about the design of the background. Would like to ask Mrs. Tarbell to see it but Mrs. W. says he is awfully busy just now so I don't like to bother him. Wrote letters and painted both in the evening.

Thursday. April 25

Painted on Self Expression. She poses well and it is coming nicely but is a lot of work. After lunch I went to the Ritz for a wave then to Cheris to buy an organdie blouse they have been noting for me at downtown to get one about to wear with light dresses in Atlanta. Have written the Biltmore for rooms one of which I can use as a studio, and plan to arrive there the 4th or 5th of May. Wire to E. can not come on until 8 or. on the 8 or 10th as E. has a Roosevelt Memorial meeting that. makes it go to. So we will go down to Queens for the day Sunday and Wire has asked Lon. & Mrs. Hatton to dinner Sunday night and we go back to N.Y. Monday. Rained most of the day and heavy flurries with high wind in the evening but I took a walk up to the Folk Dancing Party.

Friday. April 26.

A busy day. I painted on Self Expression. Got Mrs. Hodges in to see it and Mrs. Candee and he seemed to like them both. Thought E. E. was improving and the head really painted and not Mrs. Candee ought to bring me more orders of the sort. I have arranged for Miss Bliss to make the trip to Atlanta and she will keep the picture at the studio over Sunday until E. & Wire come and [illegible] & L. C. & Lo. till we go up Sat. P.M. to see them both. Left them at the studio I did a few more little things to Mrs. Candee's picture from [illegible] for S.E. and then went down to the Plaza & got a manicure and my hair done. She was out when I got there. At the State House as it developed, as I did an errand and then came back and waited and waited finally came in and did my nails. Business very fair and I think Mrs

makes a mistake not to get in a beautiful garden & daylight. Write home
myself have chosen — There are so many more chances to make
mistakes than not. She ought to do something to get a job — even
at least makes enough to pay her living expenses and I suppose
she will do it eventually but it takes a lot to discourage her entirely.
Head and wrote letters in the evening. Wire & E. telephoned and I
will meet them at the station tomorrow afternoon and go to the hotel
with them while they unpack. Doubled up with the letters yesterday
and I seem to go ahead with the portrait of Mr Gatchell now I get back
from the South. C.D. went up to town to-day & spent a night with us
Tuesday April 27.

I painted on Self Expression and got it finished all
except for a few little things that I want to do to it when I see it in
the frame. Will call up Nancy Morse when I get back and she will sit
again. She is a nice kind and has been very faithful about posing. I went
home for lunch. C.D. had got back from Amherst and said Dick was in pretty
poor shape, had aged terribly, but was going to sell his furniture and
come to Boston to live, leaving the farm to be sold too. Much better for him
than bringing up Dave where it is so lonely. After lunch I went to Curtis's
to see about my hats. Did various errands and met Norma & C.D. and
Bonny at the studio when they wanted to see the sailor portrait and
Self Expression. They liked them both. Home for dinner. Frankie and
Bonny and I went over to the esplanade first to see the Princeton-Tech
boat race. P. won. Not very thrilling as the sun was right in our eyes
all we could see of the crews very well as they came down the river. Quite
a crowd out to see them. Frankie stopped home in the evening and
went with me over to the Back Bay Station at 10 o'clock when I went
to meet E. & Wise. They arrived on time, looking very well, though E. has had
trouble with boils on her side since she got back from Hot Springs. I went
to the hotel with them but didn't stay long as it was late and we had to go
to bed in order to get up right as daylight saving begins to-morrow again. Wise
brought me home in a taxi.

Sunday, April 28.

I went down to the Ritz-Carlton before 9 o'clock for
breakfast with E. & W. taking sandwiches for lunch, thermos bottle of coffee
etc. Had ordered the car for yesterday from the livery. We had breakfast
in C.'s room and went to the station for the 10.15 for Plymouth. It was very
pleasant in the first part of the day but it clouded over and a
wind sprang up. We took [illegible] taxi from the station
and drove over to Jones, [illegible] to see Plymouth Rock. There is

[illegible] is [illegible] for [illegible] fixed [illegible] on the [illegible] and [illegible] wrote a letter to the [illegible] a few [illegible] in that situation [illegible] because of the [illegible] and because of the [illegible] to [illegible]. [illegible] by [illegible] for a long time at least by a few men who are interested in [illegible]. Young [illegible], the son of the real estate man, [illegible] being the prime mover in the project and trying to [illegible] off to [illegible] with appeals to their imagination without their realizing the practical aspects of the plan. We drove straight up to [illegible]. Tony was there and we went all over the place, seeing how things in the garden had stood the winter. There were a few jonquils out and some tulips in bud and Tony had started a lot of seedlings in the cold frame but as a whole the country seemed pretty bleak and far behind. Then we went and looked at the ruins of the hotels even going inside what was left of the [illegible]. It hasn't been torn down yet and is a sight but they say the fire department will get after Mr. [illegible] and have it cleared up. Then we went to [illegible] House and ate our lunch there in front of the studio fireplace. We went off with Mrs. [illegible] to look for a place for [illegible] to [illegible] and practise this summer and saw a little house on the hill [illegible] that he thought would do. She has been [illegible] and [illegible] of course they want to help her [illegible] in [illegible]. She [illegible] a lot better and more [illegible] this winter. When we came back we talked to the [illegible] who had come down for the day a [illegible], then walked over to the [illegible] to see the [illegible] ready. We saw the [illegible] for a minute as they drove by Cove House and talked to them about [illegible] + [illegible]. Then [illegible] came for us and we went [illegible] for the train. They took me straight to 259 and I rested a little then [illegible] and went down to the [illegible] for dinner. [illegible] had [illegible] of [illegible] and we had a very interesting evening. He was head of the [illegible] in [illegible] and is an [illegible] and interesting man. He talked about his work there and at [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of them to praise him. Dr. S. said he was a [illegible] and that there would be no trouble about getting him to sit as he loved to have his picture made. We also talked about the laboratory of the [illegible] arts that Dr. [illegible]

want to establish at Tech. Wise is going to help him by appealing to various men he knows in the newspaper industry. Mr. Ochs of the Times, Mr. Cutler and others for support. Just now the International Paper Company which controls the is the largest manufacturers of newsprint paper in the country has invested largely in newspaper companies all over the country with the purpose, as they maintain at a congressional investigation of their increase of power, of supplying new markets for their paper and not for control of editorial or news policies. Being a Canadian company they are outside the Sherman anti-Trust laws and also, as they have large timber holdings in Ontario they can maintain a high price for newsprint and control the market. So it is of interest to newspaper interests here to discover a new source of newsprint and the Tech laboratory might work out a new process of manufacture, perhaps from wasting kinds wood, which would make a supply possible ~~in this~~ apart from the International Paper company. This would make men like Mr. Ochs interested in the laboratory and of course Wise because of his position in newspaper circles and with the Times is a valuable help in its organization. Mr. Stratton seemed quite thrilled in his mind about the portrait collection. There has been no question at all of my standing as an artist to paint the portrait and so he is a very cautious man he must have looked into that and considered it thoroughly. I think he will be very satisfactory to work with and the whole plan has almost unlimited possibilities for me and my work. Mr. Stratton took me home in his car as it was pouring and I am to see him when I get back from Atlanta and the great library at Tech where the first of the portraits will hang. Wise told me going down in the train to Squam of the development in regard to his press and automatic autoplate in the past week during the Publishers Convention in New York. Three more newspapers, the N.Y. Herald-Tribune, the Chicago News, Detroit and one other are seriously considering Wise's presses and the orders for the new autoplates are coming in all the time. The company now has $2,220,000 worth of orders in its books whereas last year at this time it had only about $200,000. So that shows how wonderfully the new machines are succeeding.

Monday, April. 29.

I packed my bags, did some errands and got down to the Hotel about 9:1. Wise & I went right up to the studio where E. met us in about 15 minutes. They both liked my Carlos portrait very much and were especially struck with Self Expression. Wise thinks I have branched out into a new phase with that and that it will be talked about etc. I'm so glad they feel that way about it and I do think it's quite interesting. It is original but I don't know how it will strike the jury at the Ac. I love for instance. It seems to me strong that it is a presentation of modern life by means of technical

methods that have always most successfully expressed the artist idea. That the thing to do now and in fact in all time is to use those technical methods, which are really the language of the visual impression in art, to mirror or express the individual artist re-action to the life around him. I.e. life. inspired ideas that originate with my
also words to employ academic technique but not academic ideas. And things
Keep in harmony with the times in which the artist works. We had lunch at the Hotel, where mama + Bossy and Joyce joined us. Took the 3 o'clock N.Y. Called up Brookside from 194 soon after we got there and arranged to go to Princeton to-morrow on the 11.10. Looked over mexican photographs before we went to bed, selecting negatives to be enlarged for E.'s exhibition next summer.

Tuesday. April 30.

Wise took me down to the train, in fact went on for a newark with me as I had to change trains there and he thought I couldn't manage my baggage. Luckily there was a porter there who carried them up the platform as I didn't want Wise to. Brookside not Jim met me and we got out to the house in time for lunch. After lunch we drove over to Trenton to get a new car that J. + B. are getting. another Reo all fitted up with blue damask upholstery and gold plated handles etc. inside. Generally like an automobile more tailor-made, and not so fancy but it is a fine car. We stopped at the Merediths on the way home to see how the little boy is. He had his tonsils out and didn't recover well and had complications and St. Vitus dance have set in. They had just had another Dr. come and see him and a trained nurse come and the Drs. say that he will be absolutely all right if kept in bed and absolutely quiet. We came home for dinner and read in the evening. B. + J. seem very well and are planning a real portable garage and additions and improvements on the house this summer. 2 cars

Wednesday. May 1.

The Mexican Revolution is over. The rebel generals have been gradually joined into Diaz during the last few weeks and finally yesterday surrendered their headquarters at Nogales. The generals, all except 3, headed across the border into the U.S. The real cause of their defeat was lack of funds (the men hadn't been paid since Nov. 15) and food and the aeroplanes of the Fed. forces. Who Jim says were in reality being financed by the U.S. Mr. Norvell and the girls have left Mexico and are now in Cleveland visiting his family and the latest report is that the wedding will be in June at New Haven. B. + J. went in to Princeton and did some errands, brought the car back at 11 (we didn't take the new Reo because it was raining) for Jim to take Lois, the latter over to Trenton to get his test for a driver's license. B. + J. stayed at home, J reading and she balancing check books. Jim and Lois got back a little late for lunch and we all got in... All the afternoon two

except for a walk up to the ram in the brook above the farm where the water supply tank is. The ram had stopped for some reason and during the morning the tank stopped running so B. tried to pump the water up into the tank with the gasoline pump but the engine wouldn't start. She sent for the electrician and he just thought water in the tank is left so overnight but putting the pump down on the stairs, the compress having got into the magneto or something. Meanwhile Jim got the ram going again and that will have the tank filled by morning anyway. It was lovely up in the woods by the brook. Lot of violets and everything very green and again very with all the rain. We got caught in a heavy shower on the way back to the house and I enjoyed it. I didn't have any hat on luckily, and a rain coat and the rain was so warm and soft. The Screderers came out for dinner and we went in to P's station afterwards to see some amateur theatricals. Quite amusing. B always was in the play.

Thursday. May 2.

Still showery. Jim went up to town and B. & I were in to P. to help at the rummage sale for the P. Hospital. We left at 11 to drive over to K.'s for lunch and for B. to leave me there for a visit. Sat round sewing and talking after lunch while the children were having their naps. K. had a long letter from "little" K. about an examination of her inside she had just had. She has been taking a treatment for ulcers of the stomach for about a year now but this new examination reveals a chronic appendix and she will have it out, probably the last of this month. She will have it done in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins by the best surgeon and we will help her with the expense. Also K. has decided to try a new test through examination to find out the cause of her sterility. E. has been examined and found to be 60% normal, not enough of a lack to account for this not having had children, and now the Drs. advise her going through with this examination. It sounds very unpleasant and as if it would be a good deal of a nervous strain and consists of filling the uterus with a liquid full of some mineral, even forcing it up in to the tubes from the ovaries, and then taking an X ray of her. The mineral will show up the exact position and size of the reproductive organs and the Drs. then can tell whether there is any thing wrong with her structurally or whether it is a gland deficiency in which case they can do something with ovarian extract. I advised trying that but B. & I thought she might not have to go through with the other which sounds as if it would be a good deal of a nervous strain. B. seemed a bit doubtful of the advisability of K.'s having a baby now. Now I do not like the

could have a Caesarean and it would be so wonderful for K. to have one of her own at last to add to her adopted family. The children are certainly unusually bright and interesting kids though it is too bad they have to go through these years of being so noisy and disobedient. I can see an improvement in Peter though and Judy has always been easier to handle in those ways. B enjoys however is yelling very uncontrollable and noisy and the mild punishments that K. gives him after long coaxing and beseeching him to be quiet, to eat his dinner, to stop saying "Shut up" etc. don't seem to have any lasting effect. When B. left to drive back to P. K. + I and Peter + Judy set out some plants that B. had brought over and burned up some rubbish. Dan Elliot came home. In the evening we went over the plans for a concrete swimming pool they are going to build for the neighborhood, the Porters and others chipping in, and the plans of a boat, a skip-jack. K. + E. are thinking of building. K. wrote a lot of letters while I hemmed napkins and we didn't get to bed till nearly 12. As the children were everybody by 6 it makes a short night and I don't think K. gets nearly enough sleep, I be gets the worse of it as she is often up in the night with B enjoy.

Friday, May 3.

Elliot was to be in N.Y. to-night and I moved into his room with K. because Mr. + Mrs. Lo Grand arrived and are occupying the spare-room. K. + I did marketing and errands in the morning taking B enjoy along. Had an early lunch and left at 1.30 for Philadelphia to take Peter + Judy to see Peter Pan. Anna Porter brought Mark and Mrs. Gott her little girl, I forgot name, so we had quite a theatre party. The house was all sold out so K. got an admission for me but I sat with them and K. held Judy on her lap and (she wouldn't let me hold her) and had way through the woman next K. left, so there was a ... which was a great piece of luck. The house was full of children and the whole thing was charming. I don't know when I've enjoyed an afternoon so much. Eva le Gallienne was Peter Pan and she was wonderful, so light and boyish with a sort of recklessness about her and yet human enough to be appealing. The play is delightful, I'd forgotten how nice it is, and the children in the audience were thrilled. Judy was almost beside herself with delight and both K. and Peter responded with great enthusiasm to Peter Pan's appeal for a clap in the audience who believed in fairies so that Tinker Bell's life might be saved, when her light was getting fainter and fainter because she had drunk Peter's medicine with the poison in it the pirate captain had put in to kill Peter. When Peter Pan turned to

the audience and said that "Tink" said she would get well if there was a child there who believed in fairies the children shouted out from all over the house and there was great enthusiasm and clapping as Tink's light got stronger. All through there were the loveliest sudden laughs from some child or other who especially enjoyed a joke and excited exclamations of "Peter Pater" when Peter Pans crow was heard in the hold of the Pirate Ship etc. It must have been an inspiring audience to play to, all right. Judy seemed especially taken with the building of Wendy's house and Peter lifted when Peter Pan first came in at the windows and his teaching the children to fly. Jack Porter was so excited and asked such a string of questions that he hardly could listen to what they were saying on the stage. The children + I drove home with Anne Porter + Jas. Tillie + K. went for meal m. + Mrs. Boland at the train. Benjy had finished his supper when we got home and he and I played and sang motley goose songs at the piano while P. + J. ate their supper until the Bolands arrived. They both look very well and sun-burned. Mr. B. is a wonder for 87. The Porters came over in the evening and we sat around and talked. Wire + E. called me up to wish me luck in Atlanta. K. took up my reservations for me and I take the train to-morrow at 6.33 from Mt. Philadelphia. When she went for the Bolands We find it stops at both stations and we need not have had the dash for W. Phila when I went down in the autumn.

Saturday, May 4.

Fooled around the place, cutting out paper dolls and making a paper house for Judy and going with her over to see them clearing a place for the foundations of a new house and with K. to see about the mowing. pool is going. Rested for a little while after lunch and then we all went to hear Peter's play in a puppet recital given by his music teacher, Miss Fox in a hall in Frankford. Peter + Jack and another little boy, Donald somebody, were first on the program and they played an arrangement for 6 hands called Circus Days with great earnestness if not complete accuracy. Peter played the middle part and as nearly as I could see didn't make a mistake. He said he did but it was so soft he didn't think people noticed it. Jack who had the upper part got a bit balled up in one part but on the whole it went very well. It was quite a long programme, gradually increasing in skill and age of players as it went along and some of the children did remarkably well. K. + E. are studying with Miss Fox too and Peter enjoys very much that they will play in the recital next year. When we got back to the house we had only about half an hour before it was time to go for my train. Katharine + Elliot, who had arrived from N. Y. only in time to hear the

last number in the concert, and Mr. & Mrs. D aland drove over with me and left me on the platform at the Pa. Phila. station. I got on board all right, had supper and turned in early.

Sunday. May 5.

A comfortable trip down though it began to get pretty warm as we went south. Read Joseph and His Brethren that Nina lent me by H. W. Freeman. Liked it very much though think there are some inconsistencies in the characters drawing in order to carry out the main idea of the book. It is a story of Israel ... ations of a family on a Russian farm. Found it very summery in atlanta, Roses and iris out and fields covered with daisies. Are home they come the first week in June in time for my birthday. Have got two rooms at the hotel, adjoining, on the west side so I can use one for a studio as sure will be so busy in the morning. The portrait has arrived, also found a telegram from W. & L. and a letter from Nina and some forwarded mail, bills, bank statements etc. Jim Hamm & I got unpacked and took a bath. Then went down for supper in the coffee shop and came back to my room to write letters and call up various people. I got Judge Candler and arranged to go to his office in the morning to get the pin that Mrs. C. is wearing in the portrait to paint it in and he will come to see the portrait early in the afternoon. Also talked to Mr. Bush-Brown who asked me to tea at the Studio Club Wed. P.M. and to Mr. McKinney who asked me up to the Art museum to-morrow to the pupils exhibition tea. He thinks I may get a portrait of Asa Candler, the "Coca Cola King" who died awhile ago & does they want one of him. Why don't people have them done while they are alive? Also talked to Mrs. Tom Inman Mrs. Frank is away on a trip to Texas.

Monday. May 6.

I went down to Judge Candler's office right after breakfast to get the pin to paint in the portrait. He has moved to the Coca Cola Bldg. at the corner of Spring and Marietta streets. He had three old family pins there but we decided on the one that Mrs. Candler is wearing in the photograph, an oval setting of photos. of Mrs. on one side & a little boy and his father on the other, set in a frame so that the pictures could turn either side out. We arranged for him to come to the hotel this P.M. to see the portrait and he talked quite a while about his mother's forbears & his etc. and various family history anecdotes. He said they were to sell quite a lot of the unveiling etc. at the college and he called up Mr. Hentz the architect and arranged for him to stop and see the portrait to-morrow morning early between 8.30 and 9. As I was painting he suddenly

grabbed me and kissed me and said he wanted me to be his girl "while I was here. I got away as soon as I could after that. On the way back to the hotel I dropped in at Mr. Haverty's office and got such a warm reception there that, after my experience with the judge, I began to think Atlanta was a pretty hot place.. Mr. Haverty asked me to lunch with him to-morrow and is coming to see the portrait. Later when I saw him at the art museum he changed the date to Wed. as something had turned up to prevent it to-morrow. I left Mr. Haverty's in a heavy shower. So he put me in a taxi and I went straight back to the hotel and started in painting. I got the lips all in and did quite a lot of other things before lunch, when I had in the hotel coffee shop. After lunch paid bills and waited for the judge. The canvas about 4 Seems to like the portrait but thinks I have made her too young-looking, the nose a little too big at the end and the eyes not bright enough. Also the lady not short and fat enough. I can fix that things that bother him I know and will get at it to-morrow and he will come again Wednesday bringing his daughter, and if he can his brother, Bishop Candler, who remembers his mother and may be a help with the likeness. I haven't yet been able to get him to say whether he will let for his portrait but will show his daughter my album on Wed. and try then though I'm not at all sure that I want to do it after all as he got much worse this afternoon than at his office this morning. I could hardly keep his attention on the portrait and several times he lagged me and kissed me all over my neck, before I could get away and nearly was the limit and kept asking me to be his sweetheart and be true while I was here. I can't quite make out how he can be such a fool. What does he think I am.? and what conceit to think that it would be a pleasure to me to have him hug me and kiss me, the fat old thing! I'm a little bit bothered about it because I can't be actually rude and refuse to let him even touch me, which I would like to do, because for all I know he may be unbalanced somehow and get furious with me and refuse to accept the portrait. Perhaps I can manage so as not to see him alone again and that means that of course I can't paint his portrait. I'm afraid Mrs. Robinson's is off too as Mrs. R- is away on a visit but she gets back next Sunday and I shall see her then and possibly something will come of it. The judge came to lunch and stayed so long that I had almost given up going to the art museum when the telegram came (a very welcome interruption as it happened, just at that minute) and it was Mr. Haverty from the museum wanting to know if I wasn't coming. I [illegible]

his car for me and brought me home afterwards. The museum looked fine and the new gallery they have built on is very nice. The exhibition was very interesting and creditable considering how short a time the school has been going. Mr. Forman, now the president of the Art Assn was there and spoke of my portrait of Bobby Jones saying that everyone liked it as much, thought it was the only person he painted of him etc. It cleared warm and muggy after the shower. Roses, peonies and iris are out in the gardens, trees in full leaf and men in straw hats. Had supper in the coffee shop and wrote letters in the evening.

Tuesday, May 7.

Mr. Hentz came to see the portrait about 9.30 and liked it. His only criticism was that I might have to tone it down, "antique" it a little, when I get it in place and of course that is just what I want to see it there for. He thought it was too bad that the judge wouldn't let me idealize the head and the hands a little but I think I can get the likeness and character he wants without making him too ugly and bull dog looking as he is in the photographs. When he left he took his coat along in his car, as I wanted to get some tracing papers to work on the head. I came right back to the hotel and painted up to lunch time and after lunch until about three when I went out and made some calls - Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Dan Draper and Mrs. Macdonald. No one at home. Came back to the hotel for supper and went to the movies alone in the evening. Mary Pickford in Coquette, "a talkie." I didn't like it very much. The talkies are inartistic in my mind and the voice and picture seem too dissociated and the picture loses illusion. Coquette may have been good as a play with Helen Hayes but it is deepened and overdrawn a good deal in the picture. Lovely warm day.

Wednesday, May 8.

Judge and Mrs. Cobbs, and their daughter came early to see the portrait and liked it very much. The judge said I had done just what he wanted except that the mouth was still a little bit idealized. As they left I painted in it all the morning and made everything just like the photographs and think it is all done at last. The judge will telegraph Mrs Carmen, the librarian at Macon, that it is ready for a lady to call for and ask her to notify me as soon as it arrives and then I will go right out to Macon. Nothing more has been said about my painting the judge and I am glad the subject has not come up as I have decided definitely not to do it. I know I would not get properly at the conditions would be impossible for me to work in so may nothing of that - the-

ing willing to subject myself to such behavior. The awful fool! It makes one mad to lose a good and important commission like that but nothing doing! I had lunch at the hotel and afterwards wrote letters to K. + TB. and Miss Amy Sacker. She has invited me to be one of the guests at the ~~graduation~~ annual school luncheon at the Copley Plaza on May 27th. Seeing the girls assembled so warmly my last two years ago at the lunch when I spoke on Alfonso and wished me as a guest this year. Charles Bittinger, Mr. + Mrs. Paxton, Mr. Maginnis and several other prominent artists and architects are to be guests too. I have accepted as I will surely be back in Boston by then. About 4 I went down to the F.+d. photo service to see about having the portrait photographed. Mr. Lee will come up to the hotel to-morrow at 9.30 and do it. Then went to tea at the Studio club. Saw Mr. + Harold Bush-Brown and several of their friends that I had met last year. Back to the hotel and wrote letters and read in the evening. Called up Elsie (Whitemore) King and she asked me out to tea to-morrow and to see her new born, a month ago. A complete surprise to me as there was no evidence of its arrival when I saw her last November. Her sister Elsie Whitemore is staying with her and will call for me to-morrow to take me out.

Thursday, May 9.

A telegram from W. + E. this morning, in fact two as one came later suggesting I call them up to-night if I wished to consult them. They had got my Monday letter telling of the judges' performances and said "under no circumstances to touch unfinished work" etc. I'm afraid they were worried and I'm sorry I told them about it though it would have been hard to explain otherwise why I wasn't following up the portrait matter. However I wired them immediately that I had already come to the same decision and that there was absolutely nothing to worry about. Their next telegram said that Mr. Stratton had been in to see him and that everything was fine in the quarter and Mr. S. liked me very much. I hope not in the way the judge does. Mr. Haverty came about 9 to see the portrait and was very enthusiastic, said I had done a fine job etc. and the likeness was splendid. He will call up Mr. Walter Candler to tell him about it and try and have the portrait photographed. Anyway, I called up Mrs. Walter Candler about it and asked her to come and see it but she had an engagement that prevented. Will see it in Macon, Mr. Lee came about 10 and photographed it and about 11 Mrs. Atkinson + Mrs. Dick came to call and I asked them up and showed it to them. They invited me to a lecture on Gardens this P.M. at the Women's club so I called up Elsie W. to call for me there at 4.30. I worked around writing letters etc. expecting to hear about Mrs. Candler from Mr. Haverty and he finally telephoned that he had been

unable to reach him on the telephone but expected to later. So I went down to lunch and dressed to go to the Garden Club ~~meeting~~ lecture. Mrs. Atkinson and Mrs. Dickerson for me, a young Mrs. Phillips (?) with them. The lecture was fairly interesting a Mrs. Shipman from N.Y. who I heard talk at the Garden Club at Gloucester. Saw Mrs. Campbell there, Miss Berry's sister. Very genial. Elsie Whittemore called for me and we drove out to the Kings and had a very nice time. The baby is simply adorable, a perfect one and so healthy and good, and little but plump and perfectly proportioned. Eleanor King looked lovely. Her sister having studied nursing is staying with her to start her with baby and everything is fine. Mrs. Van Eyk Brown and her daughter Frances were there. Sister Thorn. They know Gertrude H. and Ann Bradley very well in Washington. Want me to call them up when I come back from Macon. Alec King took me home and I was just going down to supper and when the telephone rang and it was Mrs. Candler asking if we and Mr. Candler could come right in and see the portrait, that he was very much interested etc. Evidently Mr. Waverly got hold of him at last but Mrs. C. wanted me to know that we had spoken to him about it first etc which was a good sign. I think Mr. H.'s recommendation settled the matter though. Anyway they stayed a long time, till nearly 9 o'clock, liked the portrait very much, looked at photographs in my album and when I come back from Macon want me to come out to the house to see where the portraits of his father and mother will hang, to go with him to see the portraits of his father in the City Hall here etc. and to go over various photographs with him. In fact I am to do the frames anyway and I said $1000 which will make up a little for all the work I had to put into Mrs. Candler at that same price and will sum up as Ida's will only be about a 25 x 30 canvas. I know they have loads of money and would really feel better about the portrait if they found something with which to fix it. After they left I went down and got something to eat, wrote letters and took a hot bath and read in bed. Telegram from K. saying he is home again safely from the Hospital examination and will write when he gets the full report next week. The Candlers are killing. The kind who think it is much nicer to have framed colored photographs of views in their place (the same views in Spring with the dogwood and again with the autumn coloring) than just going out and buying a fancy picture to hang up $$. They had some friends in Baltimore who it developed live in Atlantic which indicates their type.

Friday, May 14

I saw about having the portrait packed to go to Macon wrote letters etc. and about 11 went down town to do some errands

and get the photo – of the portrait. They came out finely and I took them round to the newspapers. I went first to the society section of the Journal – Angus Parkerson, editor – and he was glad to use the picture but said he wouldn't want it if it was going out in the Constitution society section. I think that is a mistake in policy in the case of a thing like this that has such strong local interest. He was the same about the Bobby Jones portrait and as it was apparently a choice of which paper we preferred to have it in I called up the Judge & told him which he preferred and to send me the names of his sisters and all who are to take part in the unveiling so that I could have the material for the papers. He said he'd rather have it in the Journal and wanted to bring the names to "758" the usual sanctum of the room I had for a studio, but nothing doing! I said that is theirs, just to mail them. That I was going to be out all the afternoon anyway. Then I went to the Georgian office as they have to any rate and might use it in the same section. I saw Mrs. Saydell there, at first she was a bit cool, didn't care about the Berry portrait story which Mrs. Dorsey balled up but I plunged right in and spoke about that the first thing, saying I hoped she had forgiven me, that I was powerless in the matter, etc. and she thawed out and was very nice. They jumped at the story and the picture and I left this photographer take a photo of me. Will run it the day of the unveiling with the portrait and possibly pictures of the little girls who are to unveil it. Then I went to the Constitution hoping I could get them to use the picture with their news story the same day as the Georgian. They wanted it in the rotogravure and at first were inclined not to use it because they didn't want to if it was going out in the other papers first but I called up Mr. Parkerson and asked him not to use it till Sunday the 26th which will surely be after the unveiling and the Constitution will use it the day and bring a morning paper will get it before the Georgian which is an evening paper. I hope that won't make the Georgian sore again but I don't see how I can do more than make the day of release and they can't get it out minutes Of course the Georgian being an evening paper will get the worst end of it but I don't think they would expect me to regulate that & can't appear until after the unveiling which would force the Constitution to wait till the next day. Then there is the Macon Telegraph to consider but I said nothing about a feature article & the Atlanta papers rarely use pictures of Macon unless it is for the regular section of the Telegraph. Had lunch at 12 o'clock. Papers came home, wrote to Wizard, went to get a shampoo and waved at Earle's on Peachtree street, ran into Mrs. Mc

Baltimore. Got into bed early and read in the evening. Telegraphed to the Hotel Dempsey in Macon to reserve a room and will go to-morrow on the bus at 1 o'clock.

Saturday. May 11.

Packed my bags, wrote letters etc. and called up Mrs. Guy, Judge Candler's daughter, to find out what day would be convenient for her to have the unveiling in Macon or rather what days she can't do it, so that I can go prepared with some information and not decide on a date there only to find that it is impossible for her. She said she could do it any day except the 24. 25 or 28th. Just as I was leaving there was a long distance call for me and it was Miss Carnes from Macon saying the portrait had arrived, as I had let her I was coming right along and she said she would get in touch with me when I arrived. Took a taxi with my luggage down to the bus terminal, leaving my easel and a roll of canvas checked at the hotel. The bus was very crowded, so many people that about half of them had to be left behind to take the extra bus they had to put on. We started late and got to Macon almost an hour late. I ate lunch of sandwiches etc. on the way. Arrived at Macon, took a taxi to Hotel Dempsey, found a note there from Miss Carnes asking me to have supper with her at a tea-room. She came for me at 7 and after supper we drove out to the College for me to see the library again. The picture is still at the express office but Miss C. will have it brought up Monday and it won't take long to get it out of the box but I shall have to have some help and advice about fastening it up. The moulding around the panel is plaster and wood and I don't see how we can fasten it up with a strip of moulding over the edges as we had planned and I'm not sure that I think it best to cement it flat to the wall right off particularly as they have been having so much trouble with dampness and "sweating" in the building. Miss Carnes is terribly distressed about it and it does seem a very serious condition. The dampness is apparently in the bricks and is not caused by atmospheric conditions. There is no air space behind the plaster of the walls that any wood construction is covered with mould and rotting away and there are big patches of discoloration on the plaster walls. They had to take out the whole wood work of the vestibule it was warping and cracking so and exuding an awful smelling moisture and inside the cupboards and back of the book shelves is the same thing. It is a serious condition and Mr. Hertz spoke to me about it and said he didn't know what to do about putting up the portrait permanently under the circumstances. Bought wicked belts but, even though it goes in on inside wall that is perfectly dry. They are hoping that the summer sun may dry it out. This will be the building's first summer. The only way they can explain it is that the

women it was built there was a terrible lot of rain and that the bricks had absorbed a lot of moisture that is working its way out. Even if it does dry out it looks as if they would have to put in new wood work and paint throughout. Miss Carnes says they would like the unveiling on the 23rd late in the afternoon which means that Mrs. Guy and the Chadron women have to spend the night and I don't know whether she will want to do that. There is to be some kind of directors meeting that afternoon and a dinner for the Board in Macon and they would like to combine the unveiling between the two events so as to have it when this audience or a large part of it is already assembled. If it is as late in the season as that I don't think I'll stay for it and I'd rather not be here then. I'd rather let my work speak for me and not have everyone feel they have to come up and tell me they like it whether they do or not. I showed the photo. to Miss Carnes and she was really thrilled with it looks promising. She left me at the hotel about 9.30 and I got some magazines and read and went to bed. My room is rather noisy as it is right on the main street. Macon is much hotter than Atlanta and about 2 weeks ahead as regards the season. Really summery clothes everywhere.

Sunday, May 12. *

I read newspapers and wrote letters in my room in the morning. Called up Mrs. Loveridge and she asked me to come to lunch at 2 and Miss Carnes telephoned back and me to go to drive with her and a friend of hers Mrs. Norvell Ross at 4.30. I walked up to Mrs. Loveridge's very hot in the sun. A Miss Wylie was there, an intelligent woman from an old Virginia family. Mr. L. came home late from playing golf. The three children at the table so conversation was a bit interrupted though they were not bad considering how absolutely apparently Mrs. L. runs them. I looked after the little girl next to me and the little one beyond till her mother came and we got on beautifully. Got back to the hotel at 4.30 and Miss Carnes and her friend came. We drove out to the Country Club and had orangeade and sandwiches then all around the suburbs of Macon. Had supper alone and was reading Coolidge's autobiography in my room when the telephone rang and it was Mr. Shotter, a Macon boy who studied with me at the time years ago in Rome, and he had seen my arrival in the papers and had brought Mrs. Borden the vice-pres. of the Art Assn and her sister Miss Collins to see me. I went downstairs and had a nice talk with them. They asked to see my album so I went up for it and they want me to show some pictures here at the Art Assn rooms here sometime, perhaps when I have a show again in Atlanta. I might do it when I finish Mrs. Candler's portrait. They asked me to go with them to-morrow to see the Art Assn rooms & Shotter is painting portraits here. He was one of the boys we used to tease and was a terrible sissy.

Sunday, May 13.

Miss Carnes came for me at 8.30 and we drove out to the college. The picture had arrived and the janitor had it all unpacked and we had it up in place and it goes very well in color and value. I don't think it will have to be changed at all, not even "antiqued" as Mr. Hawley suggested. We were up against a bit of a snag however because the panel designed for it is plaster and we were afraid the nails holding on the strip of moulding that will hold the canvas to the wall would not be secure in the plaster. So I called up Mr. Hawley in Atlanta and he told us to get the architect here and have their plaster workers put in lag screws which would hold in the plaster all right. I wanted him to come down and see it but he was afraid he would not be able to. So we did some tidying and finally got in Miss Carnes car and rowed up the plaster workers and he agreed to come out at 3.30. Miss C. wanted to go in town any way to take some material to the papers, a notice that had just gone saying that she had been awarded a $1500 scholarship to study library work at the University of Chicago by the Carnegie Foundation. She is a nice girl but has too much of an inferiority complex to suit me. It is always so boring to have people knocking people up when they are degrecating about themselves and I haven't much patience with lazying back and timidity. When we got back to the library I put some re-touching varnish on the picture. Had lunch in the girls dining room. Met Mr. Quillian the Pres. of the college. Did not impress me as a broad minded man but I may be wrong. The man came at 3.30 and I waited him work for a while as it was time to go in town as Mrs. Borden and Mr. Starke were waiting for me at 5.30 to take me to see the art ass'n rooms and to meet Mr. Boardman the Pres. of the ass'n. The rooms are quite nice, good sized and nice gray walls. A good place to show pictures. Afterwards we all went over to the library to see the decorations of the niche for the Sidney Lanier bust by Gutzon Borglum. The niche has just been decorated by an Italian who is doing some painting for Mr. Haverty's new building in Atlanta and was recommended to him. He has the bust by Mr. Haverty. I thought it was awful, to be frank, and I think Borglum will have a fit when he sees it, though it will improve the whole effect to get the bust on a higher pedestal which they intend to do. When we left the library they took me back to the hotel but Mr. Starke came for me at 7.30 and he and a cousin of his Mrs. — and I went to a tea room for supper and then spent the evening driving around the outskirts of Macon. Mr. S. is very anxious for me to see a portrait he is working on of an old man Mr. Newman and am glad to of course but must get the portrait first at the library first.

Tuesday, May 14.

I got a lot of bronze powder and bronze ink and white paint at

to be prepared for whatever we decided to do to the frame and took the college bus out to Wesleyan at 9.20. Found the men still working on getting it in place but almost finished and we decided that the thing to do was simply to get the moulding strips that they had put on next to the canvas and leave the plaster moulding white. Mrs. Clark the janitress did it for me, and it looks fine and I am much pleased. It really was the best way as gilding the whole moulding would have made too much gold and would have spoiled its harmony with the white plaster decoration of the rest of the room. I signed the picture and now it is all done and harmonizes beautifully with the walls. I didn't have to change a thing or take it down at all. Everyone is delighted with it. I took the bus back to town. Got some lunch at the Hotel Coffee Shop and spent the afternoon at the movies. The Show is out. It don't like it much. So I napped and the retinue laid on no tea. Went back to the Hotel and dressed and Miss Carnes came for me at 5.45 to take me to a tea for the faculty of Wesleyan at the home of one of the trustees, Mrs. Coleman. Quite a crowd there. All light summer dresses and very hot. I have worn the thinnest clothes I have since I got here and can't bear the thought of anything woolen. Real summer heat. Miss Carnes introduced me to a lot of people at the tea, among them a Bishop Ainsworth who spoke of having his portrait painted. A Mr. Shaw from the University of Oregon is here now at Mississippi alumnus rec. of Wesleyan, is giving him a luncheon tomorrow and has asked me. I shall take the bus back to Atlanta after that. Came back to the hotel after the tea. Mr. Shorter came for me at 8 and took me to see the collection of pictures of a Prof. Robinson of Brown College. Very nice things, Emile Carlsons, Ryders, Metcalfs, Bruce Crane etc. Miss Carnes called for me then and we went out to the library where we had an appointment with an electrician and architect to arrange about the lighting of the portrait at night. The electrician a very nice, intelligent young man and we worked out a plan that will light it finely and I was quite thrilled with the way it looked. Mrs. Peabody, the architect, local representative of Mr. Hartz' firm was crazy about it and it really harmonizes beautifully. Miss Carnes drove me home and we stopped and got a soda as I hadn't eaten anything since the tea.

Wednesday. May 15.

Very warm. I went out right after breakfast and got some white cheese cloth and brass ring to make the curtains for veiling the portrait. Sewed on them in my room until about 11, then dressed for Mississippi luncheon. Mrs. Robinson came for me at 11.30 and we went to Brown college to see Mrs. Shorter's portrait of Dr. Newman that he is working on. He is painting in a small room in one of the college buildings and has Dr. Newman

in his academic robes sitting at a table in front of some book shelves. I think he has an interesting composition and has got a good likeness of Dr. Newman but the books in his background were much too prominent and overpowered the head. I gave him a criticism while Prof. & Mrs. Rothrock stood by and he seemed very grateful and I hope I was able to help him. He needs to see the big relations of the values more simply. Afterwards Prof. R took me into another building to see a portrait of an ex-pres. Dr. Weaver by Newman, a very good piece of work. Then Mr. Shortt drove me out to the Wesleyan Library and I had farm. The janitor put up the curtain over the portrait, so now it is all ready for the unveiling which will be on the 23rd at 4 o'clock. Mr. Shortt liked the portrait very much. He said he thought it harmonized beautifully with the walls and that it had just the right mid-Victorian feeling for the college and English feeling for the Georgian architecture of the building. It really looks very well and I am so pleased. At 6 o'clock Miss Barnes drove me to lunch at Miss Loy's where were also Mr. Coleridge of the telegraph, a Jew Aaron Bernd, a writer on the telegraphs, and Mr. Shaw from the University of Michigan. When Mr. Coleridge arrived he handed me a clipping which he said was on the front page of the color section of the N.Y. World last Sunday and it was a brief color reproduction of The Old Farmer's almanac with my name etc. saying it was from the Spring academy. A fine ad and I am delighted. Am surprised that they selected it when it was so badly hung but it shows that someone must have liked it. The luncheon was quite interesting. The men were all exceptionally intelligent and active and able in their respective lines. Mr. Shaw has been all over the world and was seeing college presidents to discuss with them a more extensive co-operation between colleges and their alumni for mutual benefit in all lines. He is carrying out a plan of Pres. Little's in doing this and is an interesting man and a nice personality. He talked quite a bit about Pres. Little's resignation and the reasons for his not having made a success of the college presidency job, largely temperamental. He will carry on his cancer research laboratory at Bar Harbor when he leaves Michigan. After the luncheon Miss Barnes left me at the hotel where I packed my bags and took the 4.30 bus to Atlanta. Arrived about 7.30 Atlanta time. Got a nice room at the Biltmore, found a bottle of wine, had supper and turned in early. Tried to get Mr. Candler on the telephone but will have to call him in the morning. Seems very nice to be back at the Biltmore. Such a pleasant, home-like atmosphere. Just a word to the Humphreys when you feel they take an interest in their guests personal comfort and it is all run like a machine.

Thursday, May 26.

I got Mr. Candler on the telephone at 8.30 and arranged to go

to his office at 1.30 and get a print of the group of Mr. Asa Candler from the photographer, Mc Crary & Co. 1132 Peachtree St. N.E. to take to show him (Mr. Lee of the F.W.D. Photo service had told me that they had a very good one) So I worked up there, saw the print which is very good and after a good deal of persuading the man let me take it along. He didn't want to let it go because the plate had been lost or destroyed but he has no other print and he finally let me take it for the day. Then I went on to the art museum. had a talk with Mr. Mc Kinney and examined Bobby's portrait. Mr. Mc K. is thinking of leaving Atlanta, seemed quite discouraged with various aspects of his work here — the lack of vision among the trustees of the museum, the lack of interest in the public and some dastardly gossip that had gotten around about him. He may get the job of director of the Baltimore museum and said if he did I must have a show there which would be fine. I talked to him about the show in Atlanta and macon in the fall and he was all for it though of course he may not be here. He said to tell Mr. Haverty that he was waiting for it. I had been trying to get Mr. Haverty on the telephone & called him up then and he asked me to lunch with him at the Atletic Club at 12.30 and I arranged to go over first to varnish Mr. Hudson's portrait; which I did. I saw Mr. Hudson for a moment. The clerk at the desk etc. bell boys etc. all very cordial and helpful and said everyone loved the portrait so much. We had just got it back on the wall when Mr. H. arrived and we had lunch and a nice talk. I asked him if he would take it Mr. B arrive about my being a member of the Grand Central Galleries and told him the whole story about my not being taken in at the last moment when I was sure from Mr. Barrie's manner and also from what I heard in B's office that I had gotten in. He said he would find out what was at the bottom of it and would tell Mr. B. that I ought to be in and as he has a good deal of influence there something may come of it. After lunch he took me over to Mr. Candler's office. Mr. C. showed me the various groups of his pictures but none of them were possible — the one I had brought is by far the best and we will wait for the portrait. A thunder shower came up and a telegram Mrs. C. as he had an open car and we came in for us and drove us out to their "lovely home" in Druid Hills. The grounds are very extensive and they have entirely ignored the woods yet, though they have made a laudably artificial lake over a rustic bridge etc. The house is "English country style" of native field stone with towers and turrets and is tastefully and wonderfully furnished inside. Not so terribly but pretty ostrich-decorated consciously. The room where the portrait will hang (there will eventually be two Mr. & Mrs. C.) is panelled in oak with an elaborate mantel and the portrait will hang either side of the fireplace. We discussed every aspect of the hanging, color scheme etc. and Mrs. C. drove me home stopping for a moment at the Wesley memorial

Hospital of Emory University to see a full length portrait of Mrs. Asa G. Candler done here by Nagley. The man who does so much work from photos. Love. The head was done from my photo and carefully & colourlessly made but the figure was weak and too small for the head. After Mrs. C. left me at the hotel I walked up to the photographers again to see what arrangement he would make about letting me have the print. He finally let me have it for $5 on condition that if he needed it in an emergency I would send it to him to make a negative from. Then I went back to the hotel had nuggets wrote some letters and got to bed early as I was awfully tired.

Friday, May 17.

I woke up early wrote letters, paid bills and packed my bags. Made several telephone calls to my good-bye etc. and left about 9.30 to go to the judge's office to return the photos of his mother he had given me to work from. He saw me almost immediately was rather rude and said but only made me have desperate attempt to get me to kiss him before I left. As he was writing out my cheque he said rudely "And you wouldn't let me steal you!". I said "You didn't really mean you could, did you?" and he said "No, but that didn't make me want to anyless." He also (apparently recinded) (this was before he tried to kiss me as I was going) that I ever talked to him about his portrait but he said that if he gave me any commission it would be his brother Bishop Candler. So Standing I was coming back in the F car and wearing away some of it that stings I doubt it. He had had a letter from miss Carnes saying how delighted she was with the portrait so I really think that is a success. After I left his office I went to Dodd Mead & Co. to get a book to read on the train then back to the hotel, paid my bill etc. and got off all right and took the train at 12.10 from the Peachtree station. Very comfortable journey I read. Read my books, Early Autumn, a novel by Louis Bromfield which I don't care for, treasure and Jake, and an awfully interesting biography of Thomas Edison by a man named Bryan, written very simply and with full accounts of his inventions and experiments in language that is not too technical and therefore easily understood by anyone. It is really a thrilling book and I am so glad I got it.

Saturday, May 18.

Arrived on time in N.Y. and E. & Wise met me. We drove up to 194 to leave my bags, then went to the Savoy Plaza for lunch and after lunch went across into Central Park and strolled around E. taking photographs. There was a policemen's parade on and as the way down we passed the grand stand just as al Smith was getting out of his automobile, and had a chance to see him as he took his place acknowledging the applause

of the crowd. He was awful, much worse than his pictures as his face was red and he looked absolutely drunken looked. Thank goodness he is not in the White House but what a disgrace that a man like that could ever have been nominated. We had a siesta in the park, watching the children sailing their boats at the yacht pond. Then took a taxi home and rested a while before dinner. Scalled up Mamma and Brookie in the evening and arranged to go down to Princeton monday afternoon. Will come back Wed. evening and go on to Boston Thurs. with E. + Wire when they go to Squam. A lovely, warm spring day.

Sunday, May 19.

A thunderstorm in the night but clear again this morning. We drove up into the Bronx Park way for E. to get some photos. Back for lunch. After lunch read the Gaspero etc. and lay down before dinner. Mr. + Mrs. Curran. He is one of the academy came to dinner. Not very interesting but of course I was glad to meet him as it may be a help in my being a member some day. Wire has had several talks with him and is trying to evolve a plan by which the academy can be made more significant and better off financially. Possibly by selling their present site and building a new building part of which could be rented for offices. The difficulties lie in the lack of co-operation of the Art Students League which jointly with the acad. and the Architectural Society own the building at 215 W. 57th. They don't want to move and have blocked every effort so far. Mr. Cass Gilbert is the Pres. of the acad. and Wire will talk with him and see what can be done.

Monday, May 20.

Wire took me and my bag to the Penn. station where we checked the bag and then went on to the office and I to Ogelvie's for a treatment and manicure. Was then until after one, when met E. + Co. for lunch at the Belmont. After lunch I went up to the Newhouse Galleries, E. 57th Street and talked to Mr. Bart Newhouse. Mr. Grace Mr. Kinney in Atlanta had suggested my going to him as they might get me some orders for portraits. He seemed interested in my work. I had my album along, and suggested my coming in again and seeing Mrs. Fraser who has charge of that end of their business. So I will go in Thursday a.m. before we take the train to Squam if I can. After. went took a bus to Stern's, for were seeing for mamma and looked at summer dresses and took the 4.50 to P. Jim not in the train. B. met us at the junction. Jim at the house. Everything lovely though cold in the country. We dressed immediately and went in to dinner at a Mrs. Griswold's where there was a meeting of a "discussion club" P. + J. belong to. About 16 people there, men and women and after dinner we sat around and discussed the question of the evening

which was whether the trend of modern civilization was in the way of improvement or the reverse. In spite of everyone giving that there were certain conditions, such as disregard of law (especially in the case of prohibition) that were very bad, the general consensus of opinion was that we wouldn't have things as they were in the former generation. On a showing of hands as to whether we individually would prefer to go back 30 years, only two men said they would rather have conditions as they were then, because of the quieter less distracting life, and that was really only a temperamental preference and did not prove anything in a general way. It was quite amusing at times, though I don't think we really got anywhere.

Tuesday, May 21.

Cold and rainy. I read Lindbergh's "We", B. drove into P. for some singing with he accompanist, coming out about 11 when Jim took the car and drove in to take the train to N.Y. Katharine came for lunch about 1. She looked well but a little tired. Had not got the report from her X-ray examination yet. Little K. is to be operated on, by appendix taken out I understand. The 28th and 1st will go to Baltimore to be with her and send word to Uncle Carleton & Aunt Caroline. K. left about 2.30 as B. & I were going to a Garden Club meeting at a Mrs. Howe's. B. being president presided and I heard the first part of it but then went with other guests who were non-members to wait in a cottage near the house until the business meeting was over, when we had tea and Mrs. Howe gave a little talk on the flowers of Porto Rico illustrated with water colour drawings she had made of the different flowers. They are all so enthusiastic about B. and she makes a fine president. A executive and fair minded. Home for dinner when Jim came downand to bed early.

Wednesday, May 22.

We went into Princeton after breakfast. B. to do marketing and other errands and Jim and I to go to the Art Museum and Nassau Hall. I wanted to see a portrait of Joseph Henry that Wise had been told was somewhere at P. as that did probably be one of the "first" readers" I shall have to paint for the Henry collection. We couldn't find it however in Nassau Hall and the art museum was closed for repairs. Home for lunch and afterwards I helped B. & Ellen make sandwiches and arrange flowers etc. for the tea. About 12 people came. Very pleasant and nice and the last one left just in time for us to make a quick get-away and catch the 6.16 for N.Y. Jim had to go to the opening of a play by a friend of his and B. wanted to see Nelly Rogers who is in the hospital for an operation on her knee and I was glad to take an earlier train than the 8.12 so that I would get to 194 earlier in the evening as we decided to try for it and made it all right. Mrs. Trowbridge

wife of the Dean of the Graduate College who is interested in having me make a drawing of her husband was coming to the tea but didn't. B. thinks undoubtedly because of the death of the wife of Dean Ward a great friend of theirs. She came out to call yesterday (we found her card when we got home from the Garden Club) and when B. called her up to say how sorry we were to miss her, she said she got the wrong day for the tea and would come again tomorrow, as she evidently meant to come and it must have been this sudden illness that prevented her. Anyway B. had written her I would do a drawing for $200 so if she wants it she can follow it up, though it might have rather a flavor. If I had been able to talk to her about it. We reached town at 4.40 and I drove straight to the Savoy Plaza where I thought I might find E. + Wise still at dinner and they were still there and Jack with them. We went on up to 194 where E. + W. had a message that they had early. I found letters for me forwarded by Norman from Boston, among them one from Mrs. Gould about Miss Arnold's portrait and I am to get the commission after all $1000 and to call up Miss Arnold and arrange about sitting. It is over two years since Mrs. Gould first wrote me about it and I had given up doing it thinking they must have given the commission to some one else. Will get right at it as soon as I get back to Boston. Also a letter from Mrs. Robbins of Atlanta from Petersburg where she is still visiting her mother, saying that she was sorry not to have seen me in Atlanta and that she thought her husband was hopeless about the portrait which really means that they can't afford it just now. Also a letter from a man in Brooklyn who had seen the O. F. A. in the World color reproductions and who very enthusiastic about it, knowing the type etc.

Thursday, May 23.

I stopped at the Newhouse Gallery on the way to the train, Wise taking my bags etc. down to the station for me. Mr. Frazier was not in and I waited as long as I could. Saw Mr. Newhouse for a minute, very pleasant, and a Mr. Chapman who started to argue before I left showing him some of my photos. etc. He said as I left that he could say now that Mr Frazier would be glad to handle my work so nothing may come of the connection. Will write Mr. F. about it. Met E. + Wise at the station, had an easy journey, got into different taxis at the Back Bay station (the new station is open) Wise and E. having to make close connections with their train for Squam. Found Mrs Tinkham all well, unpacked my bags in the evening, called up Nina and arranged for lunch tomorrow, tried to get Miss Arnold on the telephone with no success. Miss Ida Hartshorn of the Cantabrigia Club

of Cambridge called me up and asked me to speak on aeroplanes etc. my experiences with German killers, before the club at some outing next week. We decided on Jan. 3. and they will pay me £40. I seem funny to have a date so far ahead and I am not crazy to do it any way but suppose it is all good publicity.

Friday, May 24.

I got Miss Arnold on the telephone finally, after trying her house in Lincoln where they did not answer, at Russbank Court where she has an apartment. She was just leaving with a friend for the New England Sanitarium in Melrose (I think on the friend's account) and asked me to call her up there which I will do Monday and arrange about the sittings. Also talked to Mrs. Quick and she will find out exactly when the portrait is to hang so that I can see the place before I start the picture. Then went up to the studio. Found everything O.K. Nice except that one of my ivy plants Leo died. Mr. Wilson said he thought it had been a mealy bug that he tried to save it etc. and he had watered the others all right so they were pretty dry when I came. I unpacked the frame for self expression and will have to find the black paper as it looks too pretty on the picture. I swept up the studio a little and then went down town and met Nina for lunch at Filenes. She was looking very well but Lesbianism is no better. She had a note from Leo. Bryant about a possible job in Jordan Marsh's Beauty Parlor as we were right around there after lunch and talked to the manager and she took Nina's name and address and will keep my eye on it. Think Leo she ought to take a little time each day to go to places like that and apply for jobs as she can't keep on saving so little, only $10 last week. After I left Leo I went and got some sleeveless summer dresses at Chandler's Court Shop then to Steffs to look at pianos for E. Wheeler. She had written asking me to test the instrument they had picked out was no good. me as too old and thin. Actually, no. I had that I knew she couldn't want it when absolved me of the responsibility of choosing one for her as it was the very finest they have and Lord and they will probably come to rent her one of their new ones any strings advise her picking it out herself as of course I do. Stopped at the Library to look up pictures of Joseph Henry, Priestley etc. for the Tie & collection and at the Berlitz School to arrange about Italian lessons. E. & W. are talking of going to Italy next winter and think I had better study some Italian so I am beginning reading though I am afraid I shall get awfully mixed up with my Spanish. Home & dress for dinner and some kinds of Bonny 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Mr. Donnelly came for dinner, also Jack Wheeler afterwards. They are a very attractive young couple. Jack at the Harvard Medical School and Bonny has been riding with Ross a good deal. Wrote to E. Wheeler about her piano and got to bed late.

Saturday, May 25th.

Packed my bag and took the 9.45 to Squam. E. met Wire and we drove over to Squam stopping at Rogers nursery to get some plants, geraias, Lobelias type and a bleeding heart plant to set out at Love House. We went in and Wire talked to a man who came to see him about the job of nigger in Sea Lady while E. + I set out the new plants. The man is Capt. Perry, a Nova Scotian and a very nice type and Wire engaged him. Love House looks sweet. Alan has got it all cleaned the Bishop in place and all I have to do when I move down is to unpack my trunk to be refilled. The narcissus along the bank by the wall are lovely and the frost got me not have needed thinning so that there are several plants and we got to move and filled in with the rose and with the grape hyacinths they are awfully pretty. The tulips in the bed by the lodge and the first beds are coming out finely and E. got me a bleeding heart plant that we put in the first bed at the right and it is a great addition. The roses are going to be lovely this year. I decided not to plant nasturtiums but to sow over that strip at the bottom of the lawn and have more pots on the wall over the water. We went up to Skeaprocks for lunch and after lunch we just pooled around there, looking at the garden etc. Then came down to Love House again and I planted some annual hollyhock seeds along the hedge and Tony came down and put in some grass seed. We looked over E.'s zenias plants. in the evening and the asparagus are fine.

Sunday, May 26.

Another lovely, warm day. Wire + I drove over to Gloucester to call on Capt. Blackburn. He seemed very well and cheerful except that he is having some trouble with his feet and can't walk much. Still he manages to get down to the wharf where they are building his new boat. He will sail in the Fishing Club of America and said that as I know when she is ready for the launching so that we can be over for it. He says he will take me out for a sail in the meantime. He is excited about all the attention he has got since we painted the portrait. His wife is appearing wildly in painting and of course he will be the central figure of the presentation of the portrait which will take place July 21. There is a long story about him in the May's 13 Clues, I'll tell you. When we came home to Squam we stayed a while practicing golf strokes then went over home and drove over to West Gloucester and in the road from there we saw they were making a flying field. It is impossible place for one and would be the ruin of Squam but Wire's [illegible] Gloucester Times got a good publicity eye to the enormous expense [illegible] of it and if anything is done now it will be in Gloucester

Harbor & up in 15 minutes from N.Y. We found a nice place in a house down near the wharf and ate lunch. Stayed a while and then drove back to Squam where I looked for rooms for mamma and L.L. when they come down in August and found some at a house the Stacy's leave this summer that I think will do nicely. Came back to Sleepy Hollow and sat on the terrace and Mrs. Adams came over to call and gave us all the gossip of Squam. Mr. Tifft has bought the property where the two hotels were, will have the ruins of the Wonsequem torn down immediately and build a fine two story house for themselves. Every one delighted as that will do away with the possibility of anything unsightly as two tall being built in the hill. In the evening we went over plans for my reception, Exhibition etc - this summer. Will have mine on July 5 and will see if Mrs. Lodge won't have a story about Blackburn and reproduce the portrait in his issue of June 28, a special number. E. will have her tea and photo exhibit about July 20.

Monday, May 27.

I took the 10.39 to town. Wire drove me over. Before we had breakfast Mr. Shipman, who runs Keewaydin Lodge at Keewaydin Bay in the summer time and works with affairs co. in Boston in the winter, turned up with a nice Skeet, who he took us he is to marry in Sept. Pretty soon after his wife died but he evidently couldn't bear being alone. I got up to town at 11.30, went straight to the Gilmore to dress for the luncheon at the Copley. Plaza of nice days I took elevator. I went up to Miss W. room at Red Cross Division before I left and had a talk with her and we decided that we had better not ask Mr. portrait at present as she can't make any plans & tell where she will be because of the illness of the friend she is with at the Sanitarium. She will let me know as soon as she can what she can do about the outing. I had a letter from Mr. McKinney in Atlanta enclosing me from a Mrs. [illegible] of Shelbyville, Ky. She wants a portrait of a former President of Kentucky State College for Women who was killed in an automobile accident last year. I wrote her this morning as I would like to get a photograph it is worth, besides I would like this woman and [illegible] down with me when I take Miss Candler's in Oct. Had luncheon was quite interesting and Mrs. Goodrich & didn't have to speak. I met Mrs. Charles Billings and Mr. Benjamin of Benjamin and Welch, [illegible]. He and Mrs. Stickland were the speakers. After I went to [illegible] studio and filled the blank parts of the frame for Self Expression, [illegible] and improvement. Home for dinner and wrote letters in the evening. Wire telephoned and he has to go to N.Y.C. tomorrow night for the funeral of a man - an old friend who has been with the Co. for years and was Wire

head erector. He will come back Wed. night.

Tues. days, may 28.

I went up to the studio early. Miss Morse was there and I painted on Self-Expression till 12.30, unclipping it and making the effect of light and shade better. Had lunch at the studio and at 2.30 went out to see Mr. Thalon. Had a fine talk with him. Showed him the engraving of Priestley Wise borrowed from Mr. Catlin and he took me over the building and up to the library so that I could see where the portraits would hang temporarily. Then he got a man named Jackson to take me over to the Walker Memorial Bldg. so that I could see a portrait of Thomas Hill by Thomas. The head is good but the body is wholly thought for the head and back. There are mural [illegible] by Thomas in the building and the Thomas mural is also - a Hyperion a copy of one, probably early; one by Miss Thayer, weak and poor, a Dea Chapman Watson, two Churchills etc. They are all former professors or presidents and will have no meeting in any group of portraits. Mr. Jackson drove me in town to the Boston Herald and I had my first State in hours at 4 o'clock. I got no call after but am afraid it will be hard losing as like Agassiz. We walked home through the Common and the Public Garden, stopping for a while to watch the children in the wading pool in the former. A really hot day, even as it is 80 blue. Called up E. & Wire in the evening to let E. know what train I am coming down in to-morrow. Will stay over the holiday and the week end and come up to-Tues. for a few days next week before coming down for good. Mr. Thalon expects to see Mr. Thomas soon and will try and arrange for him to sit for his portrait before sailing. I wrote letters and paid bills in the evening and as I went out in the hall to give them to the elevator man to mail I smelled smoke and heard the people below talking excitedly with the elevator man. I went in and told Mamma & C.D. & Bonny (they were all in their night things having got ready for bed early as it was so hot) and just then the fire-engines came. Most of the smoke seemed to be in two apartments on the opposite side of the house from us and on the floor below. The firemen immediately filled the hall, going up and down carrying the fire, all the occupants of the different apartments came out and stood in the hallway - in various stages of dress and undress and it was quite amusing. They broke open the door of Mrs. Craig's apartment which was closed for the summer, when they had put it out, by a line of chairs from up the stairs and up a ladder outside the window for another house and it was quite interesting. The [illegible] [illegible] when they got it out. The

cause of the fire was not very clear but the fire chief thought it came from a short circuit in the radio as it started in the corner of the room. All the smaller front room was burned out and a lot of Dr. Craig's valuable old books and furniture were destroyed and the heat was so intense that it cracked mirrors and blistered paint in the rest of the apartment. The firemen were working, clearing up the rubbish until one o'clock.

Wednesday, May 29.

I went out right after breakfast and spent the whole morning doing odd jobs, errands etc. all over town. Took the [illegible] of Mr. Candler and Mr. Knowles to be enlarged so that [illegible] to start right in on "in Square". Went to the studio and got my [illegible]. Home for lunch, packed my bag and took the 3.40 for Squam. E. met me and it was so hot that I went in for a swim. She thought she had better not as she has been laid low since she got back from Mexico and Dr. Fraser says she is run down for some reason and must take things easy. The water was cold but the air and sun was so warm that it was fine. Several children in on the beach but Squam still lovely and quiet as few of the houses are occupied yet. Wire is in N.Y. for Mr. Leslie's funeral but gets back Saturday. Do the writing & I went over my Christian negatives for her to pick out the ones she wanted to enlarge. Finished and [illegible] quietly in the evening. [illegible]

Thursday, May 30.

E. & I drove over to G. to meet Wire right after breakfast, getting a bit held up by the Memorial Day parade. Wire arrived well though a little tired after his two hot nights on the sleeper. It is hotter than ever to-day, above 90. We came back and I went down to Lowe Haven to get out my way and wire other plants E. had given me. They came down later and I planted flower boxes while Wire interviewed a steward for the boat who left. Perry, the new skipper brought over another Scotsman, named Stanley, and Wire signed him. The work on the boat is going well at Bristo and they may have her next week. After lunch we sat around and read on the piazza and then E. & I went in bathing. The water was a little warmer than yesterday but still cold though the sun was so hot you didn't mind it. We talked to Polly (Bartlett) Phelps on the beach. Stabled most [illegible] gardens and read aloud stories from the Sat. Eve. Post in the [illegible]. I engaged the rooms for Nancy at 15 a day. My portrait of Mr. Stimpson is [illegible] in Wed. Eve Post in connection with a story about Forbes Lobis being given a Memorial Day but my name was not given. Probably Mr. Forbes does not [illegible] as we knew I [illegible] it. Beautiful [illegible] being [illegible]

from the postal, some are original work, and not from a photo. Though I did everything in it except the face from life.

Friday, May 31.

Lisa and I went over to Lowestoft and did a lot of errands. When we got back we all went down to Cove House and I tried to spray my rose bushes with a new sprayer we got but it was too good to use but we had a fire one of Tom's and I gave them a good soaking after lunch and Lisa finished the lily. They are white and sweet. After I finished the spraying and did a little watering we came up to Sharpes and had tea and then played tennis. The score got 1 to 1. It clouded over and began to rain. We had about a dozen in to tea at the Hem in the evening. Elizabeth Wigram from Saltwell Park Villa had a cough and they were afraid it was whooping cough and might send up Hope right away. Her arrival closed to-day and it would be great if she could come right off. We will see this afternoon, but it looks likely. Sunny morning.

Saturday, June 1.

We took all the plants to be set out down to Cove House and worked there all the morning. E. & I set out zinnias, petit, cosmos, mesembryanthemum, petunias and ageratum in the beds and filled the flower boxes and pots with geraniums, ivy and petunias which Wise needed one of my Spanish pots that got broken somehow during the winter and used in the pergola. A lovely blue day with a N.W. wind. After lunch we looked around up at Sharpes and Grayhurst together. Ethel with Edie and William who had wandered over and was keeping the boys around by himself. Then we went down to Cove House again and finished up there and did a lot of watering. The place looks lovely. The narcissus and grape hyacinths have done fine. But the tulips are still left and the lupins is coming out and a few came out yesterday. The Tollets came for dinner. They will be here three weeks.

Sunday, June 2.

We were going on a picnic but it was cold and windy so we stayed at home around the place and sitting by the fire reading the newspapers etc. Royce Adams came over just before lunch to tell Wise what he and Mr. Tifft had agreed about the Adams right of way through the hotel property that Mr. Tifft has bought. Mr. Adams was willing to give up the big right away but will have a foot path along the edge of the property and everything is settled and they will begin soon to tear down the remains of the old orangerie and to build the Tifft house which will undoubtedly be very good looking and not high and probably be back further than the hotel was so that the view from Sharpes will be considerably improved.

and of course every one is delighted to leave the top of the hill developed in such a way. After lunch we walked over to the little park that Wise has asked for a studio for $2.50 a day to leave his piano in and it is in a fine place, on the top of the hill on the other side of the cove, just far enough to be quiet and not too inaccessible. Hope he will like it. Then we walked back by way of the House and the Point property which is to be the Tifts'. Saw Henry and his wife and baby in their car making a call on Mrs. Hennessy in Spuyten Duyvil. Home for tea and read about the Whitlock-Billings affair. The Whitlock-Billings affair looked from the Times of course is rum,- very interesting. Wish I got back into the swing more and kept all the ends up above, particularly writing, and I will next year in 12 minutes instead of 3 hours. Head in the morning. Wire Ned to go for him in the N. Y. Wire Ida Wed. a. m.

Monday, June 3.

Up to town on the 10.32. Saw Mrs. Fuller about dress. Bills which are still coming. Mail was. and I went down to the studio and waited and the goods a little before we started. Lunch at the Biltmore Station to Grand Central and the Bay Ridge and they left me at the apartment where I unpacked, arranged flowers and had an early dinner and then at 3 o'clock. After my lesson, which went pretty well though I feel I could learn more when I get to the point where I can leave the book to study. I went down town to try on a chiffon dress at Mme Cradelle's shop and to do some other errands. Called for the enlargement of Mrs. Cadle and Mr. Bowerman but got there just too late and the place had closed. Home and read the papers and wrote letters in the evening.

Tuesday, June 4.

Went up to the studio early and practised in daylight session all the morning and getting quite thrilled about it. Will do a few more things to-morrow and then it is done. Ate lunch at the studio then went down to Price's to get the photo enlargements. All ready except that they had not got the whole of Mrs. Cadle's leg there head as they were uncertain if the top was right. Thought it looked as big. However he was a very large man with a big head so I told them to go on with it and I will call for them both Thursday. Then walked up town doing a few errands including stopping in at Steck's to see a piano $2.50 a day more about an upright. It is a very nice piano and I decided that it would be all right and will let it night about. I still think we ought to get the one we have all but as she seems to be determined not to it will not be my fault if we don't like this one. Wrote letters in the evening. Stopped at the Library on the way home and looked up a lot of phrases about tiresome and forsooth. Henry. Debussy

portrait of Priestley seems the best material for his portrait so far.

Wednesday, June 5. *

Was telephoned at 8 o'clock just in from N.Y. and on his way to Squam. Had a busy two days in N.Y. but very big going well. Has arrived Fri. at 8 to the Bankside and I met him

I went up to the studio right after breakfast and painted on Self Expression and finished it. Am quite pleased with it though as usual there are parts of it that I wish were better painted. Miss Rowley came at 12.30 and we went out to lunch and I gave her the material for the TS Blackburn article that she will write for the Mo. Show TS says. She will bring the story for me to see to 25 Q on Friday evening next week as I expect to be up in Town for a day or two then as we learned to-day from Uncle Edwin that he is coming Mon. and it is my only chance to see him before we go off on the cruise. Mrs. Dazell came soon after we got back to the studio and I finished Self Expression and the two Mexican pictures and I expect the rest of the afternoon cleaning the studio up for the summer and getting ready for Mr. TS Blackburn to call for Squam early in the a.m. Will have sent portrait of Miss C. to Portland Friday, also in N.Y. and have written TS about it. One of the pictures is in Chicago. Took a taxi home with my pictures and a bundle of studio things for Squam and left one to dinner and we went to the Plaza afterwards. Had a very fine time. It [illegible] Ellen [illegible] if it is all right". [illegible] a note in the studio like the Hartmans [illegible]

June 6.

Spaded all the morning, mythick and the radios. Went out about 12.30 and met Nina down town for lunch, doing some errands on the way. She is not looking awfully well and said she had a terrible soreness in her chest and not much appetite. Business has been a little better but she has done nothing about looking for another job. She just agrees with me that she ought to but does nothing about it and her clothes are looking shabby and she has absolutely nothing for summer clothes and would not have had a single thing to wear this Spring if E. had not given her a coat and suit. I don't feel that I can get her the silk dress she needs to wear in town every day when it gets hotter as all the other [illegible] I could spend a little money on her of course and I would except that I think she is too much disposed to wait for things to come to her and the more that is done for her, the less she will do for herself. I gave her a talking to about [illegible] and taking a little time [illegible] and get a job because "nobody is crazy" but if she would do

these things which he cannot sense against to make him do any way the really would be better off in the end than in every way than if I gave in to him & a pair of silk stockings and the best lighting & not making any effort physical or mental. After I left her I went to Paris and got the readymade of the question for the politics, then had an Italian lunch with Helen & Walter, and had tea with Liz Lee. Packed and read some things I had to read all the evening.

Friday, June 7.

My birthday, 45 years old. Can't say I feel with the idea of being so old but as long as I feel as well and don't look as if I were a day over 35 - yet C.D. gives me this year to live right out at the latest time. I got up early & went on to the bank & by station to meet Hope who was coming in the Edinburgh Express. She got off the train, very bedraggled and escorted by two nice-looking men, friends of Jack's who happened to be in the train, and carrying a rabbit in a cardboard box. She seemed very self-possessed and apparently was well looked after on the train as the conductor was on the look out for me and Hope and had told her to look out for kinds on the train before we got off to Boston. We took a taxi over to 259, had breakfast and got there 9.45 to Gloucester. Nat. met us (Wise was at his studio painting a lady down) We got unpacked, changed our clothes. and Hope and I went down to Rose House, Nine Elms, to station for Sea Lady. She didn't arrive till just as we were finishing lunch and make the landing just as a heavy shower broke. We stayed aboard & had a most delightful afternoon. My friends and relations. arrived from 15 on. I think they were bowled over and went off absolutely to be married to Wise. She is a fine type and Wise is very pleased with the two men. Capt. Pike and Stanley. We met Mrs Hopkins & had tea with her & she fed in the studio. So nice to have the summer with us.

Saturday, June 8.

Hope and I and Wise went over to Gloucester and did a lot of errands mostly things that Stanley needed for Sea Lady's galley. We also went to see about Hopes boat Sandpiper which is being painted and put in commission at Wheeler's yard and she will be ready Monday. Back in time for lunch and after lunch we all sat around in the sun with Hopes rabbit and Pan who very friendly. Pan especially being much taken with the rabbit. Afterwards Hope & I & Wise went down to Rose House and I unpacked my things and the radio. The wind was rather cold down there so I didn't care down. She is not feeling very lively these days as her boils still rage on. Dr. Fleming is to give her an antitoxin with them and is sure that will fix her up. We read the book on Attila in the evening. Very interesting account. I didn't realize that was so much organization and so many years of preparation behind

article's advance and the passing of his Lordship. To-morrow I will get my canvases stretched for Mr. Rowlands and Mr. Corbett's portrait as I want to get to work on them.

Sunday, June 9.

a lovely day and the first big Sea Lady of the summer. Hyde and I cleared out the rabbit's box and let him out in the lawn for a while, then went down to Love House and I cultivated my garden, cut more white lupins to put in water and fixed up the house generally whilst Hyde read in the Leamington. Wire brought down E. about 12 and we started for Marblehead. We had lunch on board, the new Thermos is very good and we in the steerage a lovely run home, quite a lot of yachts out. I saw some of the new Q. class boats and I only suppose Hyde's Dragon will be smart boat as we saw we were back in a race. We got back about 4 or 5. E. had 20 min. flying. I stayed down at Love House a while to water my garden. Then went up and sat on the terrace at Shepheards. We read aloud. The rabbit's back in the evening.

Monday, June 10.

Hyde + Wire + I went over to Gloucester and did some more errands. I saw Ernest Cook over there at the hardware store. Got some dog sailor trousers for Hyde to wear in the canoe to keep his legs warm. Home to lunch and afterwards sat around in the sun with the rabbit for a while then I went down to Love House and started Mr. Rowlands portrait and got a lot done. Wire have me a lead pencil drawing of a boat in it and I am going to give it to him when he gets back from New York. He goes on to-night and got back Thursday morning. After dinner we read some articles and finished it before Wire went for his bath. E. is getting much better. The new arm seems to be working. Mr. Fenner's the kids vet. a local operation from biting both ends of the rabbit's nose from rats possibly and died as a result of an infection.

Tuesday, June 11.

Hyde and E. went over to play golf (Hyde had his first golf lesson and liked it a good deal better than we expected to). I got started all the morning on Mr. Rowlands portrait. Think it is coming O.K. and that they will be pleased with it. In the afternoon we took Woodlark and went to Gloucester and towed home Sculpin and the tender. We took Capt. Perry into us and when we got back he sent us the bird and took Hyde for a sail while I watered my garden and worked my borders. In the evening I went over to a meeting of the Women's Club at Mrs. Smith's. Quite a very many people there and we passed [illegible]

Hibbard presided and there was just general discussion chiefly about taking in new members as there are a lot of applications this year and we are getting a bit cramped for space. E. was setting up for me. She is feeling much better. The Dr. had been and had given her penicillin injections for the boils and they are almost gone. He thinks now that it was a skin infection perhaps from the hair towels in the Bermuda swimming pool. [illegible] June 12

Hope and E. went down to Rockefeller to try on a coat she is having made there, while I did odd jobs around the studio and stretched the canvas for Mrs. Candler's portrait. In the afternoon I helped Hope paint her white box. Then we went down to Cove House and ate watercress more plants E. gave me. Mrs. Bartlett came over to call in the morning and talked mostly about [illegible] in a way I [illegible]

[illegible]

We [illegible] I left after lunch. He is looking very well and had a satisfactory time in N.Y. All his new machines are going very well and orders keep coming in for the auto- [illegible]. After he had had his bath and dressed he came down to Cove House to see the men on the boat and to give Jo a go for the [illegible] in Mrs. Candler's portrait. Jo had not been working when E. [illegible] pianos arrived and we had to go over in the truck to [illegible] them from the house and have it put in the right place. I was delighted to find that the left pedal does not work at all and the tuner in the shop had assured me that all the pedals were in good condition, while I was driving for it and another piano as of course she can't do any work without a soft pedal. I decided this afternoon not to go up to Cove House on Sunday. Instead I shall [illegible] and I brought up and sent off my F. Hergesheimer, Steinbeck, and Faulkner books. I finished the Bermudian article, as I could not bear to be away from it even all this long week-end. Mrs. Cabell's coming is [illegible] to Mrs. Hastings [illegible]. and will take me on there and we will have back the same [illegible] that we can stop at the Walker Art Museum and see the portrait of C.F.B. [illegible] Hope & E. [illegible] for a motor [illegible] W.T.W. [illegible] and [illegible] lunch. When she left we went down to Cove House and [illegible] had two hops of [illegible] from Mrs. Hastings and I [illegible] [illegible] and Mrs. F. [illegible] to see E. and stayed a long time afterwards talking [illegible] addicts etc. E. is much better.

Friday June 14.

Did odd jobs and gardening at Cove House all day. Hope & Wise and I went to Gloucester in the morning to [illegible] and took away my negative still life to the [illegible]. [illegible] Hope and Wise and I [illegible]. After lunch Hope & E. went over to [illegible] for a [illegible] and Wise and I stayed around Cove House. Dr. Fr[illegible] came in the evening and stayed after [illegible] talking about the war and telling us [illegible] at the beginning of the war — all Wilson's fault because of his lack of preparedness.

Saturday June 15.

Hope & E. went over for a golf lesson while Wise & I stayed around Cove House doing odd jobs (I set out our ageratum and marigolds). About 1 when E. & Hope came back we had lunch on Sea Lady and went out in the bay to watch the out-board motor race. The course was 8 times around Cape Ann through the Annisquam River and there were about 16 entries. They were to have started early in the morning but there was a heavy fog and they didn't get off till noon. The first one came tearing through the river about 12.30. It was quite a sporting event as thundershowers came up in the afternoon. A boat named the TAX won and Fred Wigglesworth was a close second. They put me ashore from Sea Lady at 2 as I was to meet Muriel Dallersay who drove me over to No. Andover to Morses' [illegible] dancing party. It was a beautiful drive [illegible]. We went to Andover first for me to see a portrait of [illegible] F. B. Morse that Mr. Bayley had told me was at Phillips Academy. We found it in a new building with auditorium and stage. It is not a very interesting portrait, painted by Thomas Hicks N.A. of Morse as an old man, long beard and whiskers and medal on his chest. It looks as if it had been done from a photograph. The Folk dancing party was very nice. We danced in the sort of casino with its piazza built out over the lake until about 6 o'clock. It was pretty hot. Then went up to the house in our various cars, got fixed up for supper, saw the garden and a guest house that is building for [illegible]. The roses were just coming out and the white peonies in full bloom and they were beautiful. Then we had supper and afterwards danced some more on the [illegible] until some of the [illegible] came to watch us. We drove home in about two hours getting back to Squam about 11.30.

Sunday. June 16.

We went round the cape and down to marblehead on Sea Lady. When we got back I had a telegram and wave at 10 o'clock. In the evening went over and we tried miss crowley's violin in Beethoven for the sixth time & we succeeded. It will come out in their special issue on June 28 with a full page reproduction of my portrait of Mrs. Crowley.

Monday. June 17.

E. & Hope and Wise got off in Sea Lady at 9 o'clock, a beautiful warm day. I did a few jobs and got the 10.39 train. Saw Nancy Flagg before I left and got her to take a couple of photographs of the picture, & finally got off. Arrived at Boston and rode with the luggage. Got home & found Mamma & Papa well & glad to see me. Had a nice lunch & then went to the studio & worked on the picture. Mamma called me up last night & said she was coming to Boston & would like to come & see my picture. She would wait for me to finish & wanted to meet me in town to talk things over. I called her up on the telephone at Lincoln and we arranged to meet in town at the studio the next day. So after lunch at the apartment today with Mamma & Nancy & C.P. who was home because of the holiday I went up to the studio and miss arnold and Mamma came about 3 and we had a nice talk. I am to go up to Pittsfield, N.H. where miss arnold has a little house about July 22 & we will paint the portrait there. She is much pleased with the arrangement and though she is not a striking subject in many ways she is a good sitter and is an interesting woman. She knows a good deal about many men & women of literary & artistic interest & has photographs of them all of which she left me to pick things among and I selected over the week for the summer and took a taxi home as I was bringing my upper berth and one or two things to go to Lyman. Before I went up to the studio I called up Dr. Thaxter and he said he had seen Miss Norton the day before and that it would be quite easy for me to go and see the portrait. So as soon as I got back to Lyman I did go and we had a good talk. It is fine to have them both coming to Mass. I also called up F. H. Lyman Russell of Boston University to ask him about his collection of pictures of Joseph Priestley whom I am to paint for the Tuck collection. He will show me his pictures in the autumn and meanwhile told me about a book on Priestley with 100 pictures of him by a man named Bolton which will look up in the library. Uncle Edwin came to dinner Monday night. Found all at home well & glad to see me back. The weather looking well through Aug. Says Mamma must come to Santa Barbara sometime & paint it,

He was granted a [illegible] chance for the [illegible] to get with the other men going but doesn't like the [illegible] interesting part is [illegible] and was a great [illegible] and to be stationed [illegible] at work. All of this was in spite of [illegible] who had under his command overseas mostly younger men and not the best minds among the generals and who recommended for decorations the officers who had been ordered to France and not the men who had been kept at home to train the troops. Though Uncle Edwin was finally given a command at the front and his record more than justified his being decorated he got them finally through French recommendation only Tuesday, June 18.

I got started early and did a whole [illegible] I stole [illegible] in to see Sissa but she was out. Left a note for her telling her of a dance in a Beverly Parlor that night. They had told me that they were home for lunch, and every day, and took a 2.30 train to Newport to join Sissa today. I took a taxi to the new yacht club [illegible] and met Wise, Hope & [illegible] all sun-burned and cheerful. Sissa had gone to the dock getting provisions, so we did some shopping first and then went on board and out to our anchorage. We went ashore for lunch at the Sailing Hotel. Still very hot and looks like thunderstorms. Wise is delighted that my two next portraits are planned for.

Wednesday, June 19.

We left Newport Harbor about 10 o'clock and had a lovely run across to Block Island, where we anchored in Big Salt Pond which 20 years ago was a fresh water pond. The Gov. cut through the road dunes and made an entrance for the sea & now in making a harbor which is used by yachts and workfishermen and has a dock where the boat from New London lands. We went in swimming before lunch and the water was about 70 and the sun hot. A thunderstorm came up after lunch and after that [illegible], and after Capt. Perry and Stanley had got through cleaning the hull which was coated with oil and black tar all along the waterline from the dark water in Newport Harbor, Hope and Wise and I went ashore and took a motor drive around the island. Their Buick driver, who was very instructive but hard to understand as he had no soft palate, said that there were about 400 all the year round residents on the island and 5000 persons in summer. The island is all open rolling country, treeless and off in the sea with the gulls, dotted with little houses and fresh water ponds, about 300, and nearly [illegible] and big [illegible]. It all reminded us most with daisies and bayberry and as we went by our drivers home he got out and picked us a bunch of sweet williams and bachelor's buttons like those in the light house on the outside of the island, an ugly but well built brick structure on [illegible] rocky cliffs [illegible] the shore. We showed on [illegible]

submarine

which direction 12 miles off shore the S.51 went down and said on clear days they could see them working to raise her. We drove back through the "town" in the main harbor, where most of the summer hotels are and to the dock where we landed and where Lindbergh got gas and oil a few days ago on his honeymoon in the little power cruiser schooner. He and his bride have managed to lose themselves by cruising during the worst fogs Long Island has had in years. We went back on board Sea Lady because it looked as if a thunderstorm was coming up. We had dinner on board and read about the book on Suleyman the magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, in the evening. We are having a lovely, peaceful cruise as the engine is going finely and both the new men are splendid, so quiet and efficient.

Thursday, June 20.

We left Block Island about 9 and had a lovely run to New London. We passed a submarine on the way and her officer called out to us that they were going to dive in a few minutes. So we circled around and got a lot of pictures of her submerging. It was quite wonderful to see her sink slowly and steadily beneath the surface as we went along, until only a little of her superstructure with her periscope like an eye on the end of a tall thick turret towered up. We reached New London about 12, and had fun landing in Perry's Cove. Had lunch and went ashore for supplies. Then moved down to another anchorage off the Hotel Griswold. Lots of yachts were in and they kept coming all the afternoon and late into the night. We saw the Atlantic, the Pantie in her new stepping, Clayton's barge and lots of other boats we knew. Also we were forgiven more to the yacht for wise to telephone Plainfield and the office we saw Sandy Parfait was aboard the small boat. We moved alongside and talked to Sandy who was out on deck. Sally was below changing her clothes, having just come down by train. Ashore at the hotel Wise got in touch with Plainfield and found out everything was going finely, that his new automatics were going as well as they had ever worked the second installment of the order after many. We went back to Sea Lady to dress and later came on shore for dinner at the Griswold at 8 o'clock and a perfect hold-up as it was only a good dinner. We visited the jungle in the hotel lobby for a while after dinner, quite amusing, but there did not seem as being a crowd as in other years, perhaps because we left about 9 to get Hope to bed. We saw no signs of drinking at the hotel and heard there was to be no celebrating of the end of prohibition.

Friday, June 21.

We were moving about 7:30 while we were dressing we had an interesting discussion of the evils of prohibition among the young. Wise is very much against it as much as a young [illegible] could be. [illegible]

boy dead drunk in the boat. The girl was leaning with her eyes shut against [illegible] and a boy, [illegible] was walking with the oar. They called out to Wise and asked for an oar but of course he knew he would never see it again if he lent them one [illegible] watching them from the cabin window. The girl raised her head and looked at us with such a dazed expression that it was pathetic. [illegible] was only about 17 and very pretty and nice-looking and the boys were too. They went on their wobbly way and finally went on board a black schooner yacht not far from us and it was evidently theirs as we saw the girl go below and several of the boys went in swimming and long afterwards which I hope absent them. It was a distressing sight, not good and it does seem as if the girl's family could have followed her up somehow and not have let her make even a sight of it. And they are probably strong anti-prohibitionists too and then talk about prohibition and support of the bootleggers has encouraged the youngsters to drink. Of course they would blame a sight like that on prohibition but it wouldn't happen if everyone did his part to enforce the amendment instead of breaking the law as a protest against it. Right after breakfast we went up above the bridge and anchored in a good position to see the Freshman and Junior Varsity races. The yachts were wonderful [illegible] about 800 of them in of all sorts and sizes and all decorated with flags and Harvard + Yale flags and balloons. Yale won both races to Hope's delight. She is for Yale and Wise got her a big Yale flag to hang from Sea Lady's spreader. I had one Harvard balloon and wore a red hat of Hope's. After the first two races we moved up stream to the finish line, 4 miles above the railroad bridge. Got a fine place there and settled down to spend the day waiting for the Varsity race which was scheduled for 7 o'clock. We had a very entertaining day watching the boats around us and the people in them. The Cleary's from Greenwich came, a little black whooper, big right near us with a crowd of youngsters. All nice-looking youngsters and no drinking, except ginger ale. The day weather was mighty perfect and about noon we went in for a swim off the boat as almost everyone else did, and at intervals during the day anchor ropes would get fouled, boats would have to move to let them through. The channel is wooded and we carried down against each other, so that there was always something going on, and that part of the day was really more fun than the race itself, which of course was exciting but was a bit distressing to be sure that your Harvard boys were all well in when they passed the line. Forrester Clark, (Cornelia Andrew's oldest boy) is captain of the crew, a big swan weighing over 200 lb. and an all round athlete

and he seemed in pain from cramps or something and about to collapse and several of the others flopped way forward almost as if they had fainted. It doesn't seem right to have them go through with such a strain and it must be faulty technique in rowing in some way that makes them so behind Yale in speed. The Harvard crew averaged about 5 lbs. heavier but the Yale crew in spite of their lighter physique seemed perfectly fresh at the finish and kept right on rowing to their quarters at Yale Ferry. Yale won by 6 lengths and it was a bad walkout though Harvard got a good start and led the boat for awhile during the first half of the 4 mile course. When the race was over we went up the river a little and took a crowd of Yale boys who called out to us from a wharf over to the Yale quarters. They were very nice boys and I hope was thrilled to have Mr. Baldwin Ladies bridge full of them and to talk to them. which he did with perfect ordinary calm and assurance. After that we went on down the river and anchored above the railroad bridge in sight of the Helicopters which were ordered to be so as to have a chance to study her at a distance as he may buy her for next summer. We had passed her on the way up and had called out to Mrs. Peters who was on board with several guests.

Saturday June 22.

We woke this morning in a thick fog. after a rather noisy night because so many boats came near us and whistled for the draw bridge and railroad train went by quite often. Hope & Wise slept all through it and I was only half conscious of it but it kept E. awake as he stayed in bed late and had brought to him. After breakfast we went down the river to the town for supplies. as the fog had lifted a little. A very busy scene at the landing and market with all the boats coming up for supplies. Hope and I went ashore for a newspaper and had to take about a two-mile walk to get it as the landing where we went was in Perry's Cove below the centre of the town. When we got back we waited around on the boat beside the wharf and on the way Mr. Swan came on board and chatted for a while. He was going out in the committee boat for the start of the cruising club race from New London to Gibson Island, in Chesapeake Bay this year, instead of to Bermuda and he said he was coming to Gloucester in July for the presentation of Mr. Cadwalader's portrait. We went out to the starting line about 12. The fog had lifted a good deal and there were lots of boats out there (off Mr. Cadwalader's ledge) I am sure 40 entries but I don't believe as many as that started. They evidently went in three classes but the starting line was so long that they were far away from us and we couldn't make out the names of any of them. After the start of this race we headed for home

through Tinker's Island Sound, but the fog got so thick that we ran into the harbor of Refuge at Point Judith for the night. We went a little beyond our mark. The bell buoy off the breakwater, because we allowed a little too much for the current. E. & I. took turns steering and in a 16 mile course came out only ¼ of a mile outside our mark, which we thought was not bad. We anchored and all the rest of the afternoon and evening other boats kept coming in in the fog.

Sunday, June 23.

It was still foggy this morning, but we decided to start for Squam just the same and got along all right even though our engine went down off and on (broken wiring) and we had to drift in the fog for about 20 minutes, while a tug with two barges in tow passed quite near us. Of course we heard her signal, one long and two short blasts, for a long time before we could see her. In spite of that delay and loss of our position by drifting we picked up the Hen and Chickens lightship without any trouble and soon after that as we got further up into Buzzards Bay the fog burned off and it came out a hot clear day. We went through the canal about 2 o'clock, stopped for gas and had a beautiful run across Buzzards Bay, reaching Squam at 8.30 in a 12 hrs. run. and one of the nicest cruises we have ever had. The men on the boat are so nice and thoroughly satisfactory in every way. They are so quiet you would hardly know they are on board and yet all the work is well and easily done and it made such a peaceful restful atmosphere. As soon as we got back we had to inspect the gardens and Hope's rabbit of course and everything has come ahead fast, — the grass too much so but they will have quite a while longer. It has been such a warm June that everything is way ahead but it has been lovely having it so summer like and yet so few people in Squam.

Monday, June 24.

Hope called up Bea who is over at the Hawthorne Inn for a visit with her grandmother, before we go to camp, and asked her to come over and spend the night and we came about 11 o'clock. I went down to Love House and did odd jobs in the garden, cutting off dead iris etc. and unpacked my trunk and got settled. Went up to Chaseworks for lunch and in the afternoon we went in swimming off Woodbank in the river. E. & Bill Talbot and Bea and Hope rowed while I sat in the bow and Jerry paddled. Jerry goes back to camp and I am very glad to see that it is all right, am afraid we don't get it as neat as usual when we have so many things but perhaps we can fix that. I'll love my Hazel, the first time, but

it it would be nice to have one and we'd be sure to use it in every way. I went up to sleep with Gordon.

Tuesday, June 25.

Foggy this morning. It cleared [illegible] and we left the [illegible] about 2.30 with a fine breeze. [illegible] Fisher's Island [illegible] to Watch Hill. Saw the yachts from New London, the Lowestoft entered [illegible] Fishers Island and another, the Gundrift in from London harbor. So we were lucky to get through. I worked in the galley, wrote letters etc. and planned to have sandwiches for lunch. Hope and Tea turned up and wanted to make fudge and I had to help them, so much that I gave up the idea of working on work. We all went on a picnic over to the rocks and dunes on Fishers Island [illegible] at Woodlark at the Watch Hill beach. The [illegible] was out bright and it was a lovely day. When we started home from the picnic the engine of Woodlark wouldn't start so E. and Wife got in the dingy and towed Woodlark with Hope + Tea and me, E. rowing. It was quite a job as the tide was against us and a stong breeze came up with thunder clouds, so we finally anchored Woodlark off the Boat and landed in the dingy there and Capt. Perry came out later and took the boat home when the wind had gone down a little. At five Hope & I drove over to the Hawthorne Inn in one of Harvey's cars to take tea with Mrs. Lowe, I wanted to call on her granddaughter and namesake, Phoebe Lowe Poor, who I knew years ago as Phoebe Tod Heard. Mrs. Lowe is almost blind, but they were glad to see us. We had tea and did some errands in Y. on the way home. She is a cute little thing but is going, particularly as there is no one here of her own age for her to play with! Had dinner at Sleepwood and Wife went to N. Y. to-night to be gone until Friday.

Wednesday, June 26.

Took the 9.08 train up to Boston to-day. Left my yellow jungle coat to have the sleeves mothered at the woolen shop and went up to Dr. Lee's to get a permanent wave. Was there from 11 until 2.30 but they did a good job and I like the wave. I had to stay and read a book about it and also watch them on the rollers. I had 27 curlers and it was very hot, I nearly died. Dr. Lee's office was so crowded that he had to [illegible] me out the window to get [illegible]. I got [illegible] Toxic to 25 [illegible] and I got something to eat and went on to my History lesson with

...o. at once. Norma had a lot of samples of wool paper for the living room and dining room and wanted my opinion of them. She and C.D. go out to Mitcham on Friday and I'm sorry you upset Robin. After my Italian bacon which I'm afraid I didn't get much out of as I was awfully tired with the long siege at the hair dressers (the pulling hurts a good deal and it's on my nerves and the heat is tiring). I slacked up to Lloyd's to leave the negative of our and Jointing Capt. Blackburn that E. took to have some prints made. Mrs. Pringle, Gloucester correspondent of the Globe wants one, also a photo of the portrait. Mrs. Blackburn thought that ought to suit Mrs. Boot as to be framed to-day. We were so disappointed that we couldn't be there but E. & Hope ready for it and E. got a photo. Ken dropped in when we were there again to get my yellow parasol and we left the train. The 4.58 P.M. extra was very slow and we got to Court House at 6.50, not untired. Got into my thin suit and felt a dear is the love of women will to Hope's head before I started to go up to Blackburns for dinner. Found E. & Hope ... E. ... Hope ... P.M. ... got a photo of Blackburn & the boat. He was much disappointed that Jinks couldn't be there and had wanted me to drive him. She ... "It is in the ... Hope ... I'm afraid when Dr. Fearn tells him that because of his dizzy spells he ought not to go out in his alone. His niece came to Dr. Fearn about his having his boat and Dr. F. wanted wise to break it to Blackburn that he would have to have someone along with him, but he was his Drs. job but suggested that Dr. F. wait a few days until he had got his boat launched and rigged as it would be too discouraging otherwise. I addressed envelopes for my tea which will be in early 5 to all the evening. Among mail was Norma's card for me at 2.59 to-day there was a letter from the Chicago Art Institute inviting Miss Dennison to the autumn show, which of course pleased me a lot as it means a good deal and is the first time I have been invited to one of the Fine Arts. Also there, from Dr. Hoadley, the Director, was addressed to me care of the Bishop but clearly it must have been through seeing the picture I left there. It's funny as I'm sure I left the letter ... I'm sure I'm due for a letter from ... Magnificent trip to ... good time. Good trip ... Dear ... Squam I found ... from Mrs. Dodd. Love ... Hope

they were not going to [illegible] Self Expression. I'm afraid Wise will be [illegible] his opposed but I will show it at the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] they [illegible] they had [illegible] [illegible]. They are [illegible] my two Still Lifes anyway and though of course I wanted to have a figure one in and [illegible] particularly it doesn't do any good to let these things get at you.

Thursday, June 27.

I did a lot of odd jobs round Cove House, called up Mr. Thomson and arranged with Mrs. T. to go over to Swampscott Monday afternoon to talk over plans for the portrait, addressed envelopes etc. At about 11 Nancie Morse, my model for Self Expression, and her mother turned up, having come down to Gloucester for the day to look the ground over and see if she could get anything to do. I gave her several names to go to etc. and hope she gets [illegible]. I keep her here a few weeks so she is crazy to come. I went up to Sleepy Hollow for lunch with E. and [illegible]. [illegible] (Hotel Hawthorne) Hope [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for lunch and I [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] club, a lecture on English gardens, illustrated with autochrome lantern slides [illegible] [illegible]. The old English manor house gardens were lovely. I poured tea after [illegible]. She may rent my studio if I go away next winter. When we got back we met Margaret [illegible] and her sister, a Mrs. [illegible] who is here for a few days and they came up into the studio to see some of my things. She comes from St. Louis and paints a little. I went up to Sleepy Hollow for dinner and afterwards Hope and I went to a play in the [illegible] Hall. "The Country Honeymoon". [illegible] [illegible].

Friday, June 28.

I went over to G. with E. + Hope to meet Wise. He looked tired but said everything was going finely. They left me at Cove House and I addressed envelopes for my "at Home", all the morning, Hope having [illegible] trying to help and wanting me to get through so that we could play tennis. I went up to Sleepy Hollow for lunch and afterwards played a set of tennis with Hope, then drove to Manchester in one of Harvey's cars to leave the envelopes at the North Shore Breeze so that they could check them off from their list. The magazine is out with the Blackburn article and Mr. Lodge gave me a copy of it. The portrait came out very well and my [illegible]

mentioned in two other places, one of them calling it an unbearable
racial exhibition. All the people from all over the world. Of
course that will influence some people who may see a crowd. We up
to Sheepwicks for dinner. Finished writing titles on E.'s negatives of
the Exhibition and read about Suleyman. The magnificent
Saturday, June 29.

I got up early this morning and got a lot of
letters written that had been in my mind, and were bothering
me. Worked in the garden, weeding and putting in bone meal until about
12 when we went down to Marblehead to see Lady. Also the
Grosvenors came and after they had seen my piano we took him
over to look at E.'s pictures and he liked it and raved about it and we
put a rug under it and hung pictures over the bare wall where it
is and it looks so much better with it. We had
lunch on Sea Lady in Marblehead Harbor then came back to
Gloucester and ran in near the wharf where Shattuck's boat is
lying. They were working on rigging but the old man was there him-
self and was thrilled to have Mike run in in Sea Lady. He had the
running lights for flying as well as the stern and bow lights and is so
proud as he can be of her. After that we went and picked up 2 cats
and the house and then back to Squam. I hope we
left Squam a trifle more fragrant for me and it was the first night of
the week I had 50 Americans and 5 Canadians by the fire I
had ordered to buy. The house is very well aired up and looks
fine, though the process of unpreparation of the guest-up unit
necessitates a lot of fussing. It always takes out a little too much,
leaving one after a while in the dark. However soon everything
should be in it and then it will be a great help. I
realize that lots of more established people than I, such as Mrs.
Fiske, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Place etc. exist in it and ought to be. There
is very one page of text in each book and I think it might have been
of more value as a record if that had been longer in each case. I
went up to Sheepwicks for dinner.

Sunday, June 30.

I tackled up the bushes (my Mr. Van Fleet bushes
are in full bloom and are lovely) unpacked pictures, did up lawn gate,
until about 12 when we went in for a swim at Woodbank. Jack and
Elizabeth and Hattie Wise arrived and Hyzer & C. & Wise went over to meet
them. The whole family seems overjoyed in spite of a bad night in Bar
Harbor. C. of course asked me about her piano immediately and I'm pleased
to [illegible] seem disposed to expect too much of it yet and hope

went in swimming and Wise took us over to the dunes in Woodlark but the water was so cold that we didn't swim ashore. Had lunch at Mrs. Publicover's, addressed envelops afterward and about 3 we went out in Sea Lady around to Rockport and back. Before we went Wise took E. Wallis up to see his house and she thinks it will do for this kind of painting she wants to do this summer. When we got back from Rockport we went in Woodlark to the Tufts new boat, the Ranger, a blackpainted one. and Mrs. T. asked us on board. She is nicely planned though I think the galley will be difficult to work in and is a nice boat. Afterwards they all went up to Sheffrocks to see little Wise and I went on called on Mrs. Murray who has Mrs. Mitchell's cottage this year (poor little Mrs. Mitchell died last winter) and came home under sail. Hardwicks' umbrella as a drawer came up. She suggested to be jersey and when we got to Cove House she came in and made quite a call. Wise came down for me to go up to Sheffrocks for dinner.

Monday. July 1.

I worked all the morning on Mr. Carder's portrait and got quite a lot done as everyone was away and there were no interruptions. E. Wallis was at his "music studio" practicing, Hope went for a golf lesson; E. for a garden club meeting + Wise + Jack to buy fireworks. Had lunch at Mrs. Publicover's and afterwards went up to Constance Whitemore's for a visit and saw the chest of some sea beach rocking for Christmas books - awfully nice. Ben came back and waited one more. We all went in swimming about 4 off Woodlark. As soon as I got dressed Wise drove me over to the Mr. I was late as in to get Staff Expression and take it up to the Provincial Society of Artists. We had a little difficulty getting in to the building the front door was locked but finally found the caretaker, a young and intelligent negro who made and let us in. My two still lifes were well hung, both in the main gallery and look well. Sorry I didn't get a figure thing this year but I can't complain. The exhibition rooms were crowded up in a studio next door to me [illegible] and he came and we finally got in and got our pictures (Mrs. Brown, I mean Kitchen) was there for the reception too. We took Ted Parsons [illegible] and I got supper at the Rendale. Ben went over to the Stadium and called on Mrs. Woodhead and Esther (Woodhead) Connor, [illegible]. Then I went to the meeting of the G.S. of A. I was the first [illegible] to arrive in the hall, unfortunately but we soon [illegible] Swamps with the motor to see Prof. Thurman, I had to [illegible] - Will go over tomorrow morning to go over the pictures with the

east of the Exhibition for awhile. Mrs. Barrison asked me to join a Pic Nic party on Thursday. We are to bring a picture of yours. 13 instead of (as I did last winter) as each of the ladies this year in her memory. Mr. Anderson and Lloyd Crosby drove here with me and stayed for a while last night. Lloyd was delighted the book that was lying on the table and seemed much interested.

Tuesday, July 2.

I got up early and was out of the house by 8.20. Had some hot biscuits for supper and the Pic Nic party at the P.O. and sent off the pictures of Miss Lucas to Earl Crosby. Worked at the galley all the morning, going over the pictures with the list of names of the committee. Got through it and got back. Had a letter from Mr. Stuart and the 2.45 train to Lynn. Prof. Norris met me and drove me to their house in Swampscott, a large brick, quite imposing looking place and beautifully situated on the ocean shore. I went all over the house with Prof. & Mrs. N. Expect to find a [illegible] to paint him in. Am afraid there is no place that is good. Has a room with a splendid background and lighting and two small ones filled up and the 2nd too dark. Would like it if it could be better so that it in his office at the works (Thos. Lynn. electric Co.) and I am to come again on Sunday afternoon and make the sketch. He looks rather feeble and not very well, to my mind, with dark around the eyes and moves heavily and slowly. Mrs. Norris says his expression changes a great deal and that I must talk to him and get him face lighted up. That Barrison who painted him a year or two ago, did not get a picture they like because it wasn't his best expression. He has a good head to paint, good features though his coloring is rather yellow and muddy. Must stop & get him in a strong, simple light so that the modelling will be brought out and get a suggestion of a way I must work, & it will be all right. He has an appealing, gentle [illegible] and seems entirely devoted to his wife. He knows a great deal of the accumulation of years in the way of fine rugs, pictures and various things he and Mrs. Norris have been interested in. She is a broad soul and he must be a [illegible] man to whom she was interested in. They have taken a lot of [illegible] of which they showed me. On the second floor in the wide hall way around the square stairs opening is a pipe organ that Prof. Norris started & finished when he was a boy, and across the stairs a [illegible] in the wall [illegible] lantern slides with the projecting apparatus appeals across the [illegible] well, [illegible] of the house and connected to it by a covered and [illegible] arcade is the [illegible] and [illegible] laboratory, a series of small rooms for [illegible]

machinery and apparatus. Had thought of painting him there but it was too crowded and the windows too small and the walls an ugly gray with brown wood work. Jas. T. is younger than the Prof. and seems very practical and capable and will be a great help I think with this fitting and especially as he said he meant to leave no stone unturned after we got started and would not rest the portrait until it was done. They rest me to the skin & I go in again and I got back to Low House about 6:30. Wife came down for me for dinner; all cheerful at Shaw's. Baby looks and seems so well and E. 2.0 talks, is much more tempered and laughier. She is working hard at her music and feels she is accomplishing something which of course has a great deal to do with her more normal state of mind.

Wednesday, July 3.

Alma came to clean this morning and I did odd jobs around the house and garden all the morning until 12 o'clock when we all went down to Marblehead in Sea Lady. We had lunch on the way down and when we got to Marblehead Harbor we saw a tug with a scow and derrick alongside right where the two masts of the 50 ft. Ketch that blew up and sank the other day was lying, and lots of people in row boats were all around to watch her raised. So we anchored and had a wonderful view of the whole proceedings. We saw the divers go down several times and adjust the slings under her and in about an hour they got her up. She was a sight. All blown out from bow to stern. The lattice and decks were blown off the cabins. There was not a sign of fire anywhere and they say the whole thing sank in 30 secs. There were people on board, the owner Phillip Wadsworth and two women he was getting a divorce from his wife & one of the engines was sucked into the water and badly hurt. The engineer got it up & as we were back [illegible] flying wedge and his [illegible] engine. There were two more bodies found and they are all in the Salem hospital. The name of the yacht in memo to be painted gold lettered and filled the whole stern. She was a beautiful boat and fine. We brought the lady on board for the first time. As they went into the cabin which was closed & locked one remarked on the queer smell and he said it was [illegible] and lit a match for a cigarette and then went off. If it had been gasoline or some liquid, as the certain people claim, the contrary would have ignited the smell. We got back to Squam about 5 and I went to tea at the Skipper's. Then watered my garden, then up to Skaggrocks for dinner. Looked titles in the back of E.'s photographs for the press in the evening. A good deal of "sighing before celebration" during the night and a big bonfire at Riverdale went off at midnight. I could see it from my bed.

Thursday. July 4. *

Quite cool and high. S.W. wind. I was awakened quite early with all the children getting up presents and fire-crackers. Wise came down and helped me [illegible] downstairs and in the midst of my tea to-morrow. About noon we all went down to [illegible] Lady, including E. O'Brien who took a day off from her practising and came along. She and Hope and I all took sixpence and we all went under at the [illegible] E. first and only at the third and it was quite enough. It is a [illegible] awful stuff and I am glad Hope and I are through with the days of discomfort and worse, in her part, on ruins. We had a very good lunch and all enjoyed it thoroughly in spite of eating it in the cabin with the [illegible] rolling. We [illegible] and then we crept [illegible] and I [illegible] for sitting there and [illegible] some smaller dresses again. Then went back to [illegible] and I've got me a [illegible] Hawthorne's [illegible] Private [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]. I took my other clothes off by and changed in Sea Lady. I see in a big crowd at the [illegible] and people seemed to like Self Expression. Several people spoke to me about it and there was a little group of people in front of it discussing most of the time. I was crazy to hang around and listen to what they said but of course didn't like to much. I did overhear one conversation though and it was quite amusing. The woman was saying "It is very well painted. I know the girl. She goes in swimming here a lot and it is just like her. But I wish she hadn't put in the doll. Just cover up that corner with your hand and see how much better it is without the doll". Miss Lawton of the Boston Post was there was there and I had a talk with her and she is going to the studio in Oct. morning and took a photo. of me of my mexican pictures then and took a photo. of Self Expression with her. She also took some snap shots of a group of artists connected with the Society. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Emerson, Mrs. Gross and me! I served tea for a while and got the quarter of six dives. Back to Squam. Wise came down for me for dinner and after dinner we all came down to Love House and had fireworks in front of the high wind. Wise, Lyle, Percy & Stanley put them off on the float and the people [illegible] and [illegible] from the [illegible] and [illegible] fireworks. It was unbearable to sit up and [illegible] but I was interested and not sure whether he liked it all or not, as he was always a little [illegible] for fear [illegible] would make it "big boy". I a

finally persuaded him to head a "squatter" and he was thrilled when he got out [illegible] it, though he did burn his fingers a little when he burned the hat and after it [illegible]. We had tea-dinner afterwards inside the house and I lit the fire there because it was so chilly after being out in the wind, which blew almost a gale all day.

Friday, July 5.

I worked all the morning preparing for my tea. Made sandwiches (lettuce and cucumber) E. [illegible] ordered a dozen from Mrs. Adams, mixed punch & tried out the proportions and got a very good drink following Mrs. Adams' suggestion as to ingredients (ginger ale, tea, grape juice, lemon & sugar). Margaret Murray stopped in and helped with the sandwiches and punch. We came down and we hung the rest of the pictures and I arranged flowers and got the table set and everything ready. It looked awfully nice. I had Blackburn over the fireplace, Harrow Rice and [illegible] on the left wall, the old Mexican woman opposite the door, the [illegible] in the middle of the end wall opposite. Blackburn and [illegible] at the foot of the stairs. Etchings in the stairs [illegible] Bailey. The [illegible] and the [illegible] had a lot of the [illegible]. People began to come a little before 4 and the place filled up very soon. Alma and Lilly took charge of things in the kitchen and Stacey from the boat passed the tray fulls of punch and the sandwiches and cakes. It all went beautifully and crowds of people came. Alma counted more than 300 glasses used but there must have been some who didn't take punch. River Road was lined with cars for some distance both ways and everyone seemed to like the pictures very much. A lot of artists came which pleased me and Prof. & Mrs. Thomson came all the way from [illegible]. They stayed until the very last and had a fine talk with [illegible] and Jack & E. It gave me a good chance to study Prof. Thomson's face as he talked and I know just the expression I want to get in the portrait. There is something very sweet about his expression and his face lights up so when he is interested but [illegible] is entirely different when he is bored and relaxed and tired. Hope went over to Mrs. [illegible]'s in Ipswich for a big [illegible] luncheon and [illegible] "the [illegible] Friday and didn't get to the tea until it was almost time. [illegible] played [illegible] and had a wonderful time. About 80 children at lunch and 60 of them divided into classes according to their ages played ball afterwards. I went up to Shagrocks for dinner and afterwards went to a [illegible] in the village with Jack and Hope

I left when it was half over however as Wise came for me then and we went down to Tower House and had a dance to look over the afternoon. He is immensely pleased with the crowds who came. Two people talked to me about portraits and one wanted to buy one of the Spanish sketches. So very nervous and E. O. didn't get down from Nahant. I had tapped many Tabes and Mrs. White might drive them down. Bessie's friend Dr. & Mrs. Burnett came and Mrs. Ladd brought Eleanor Tudor.

Saturday, July 6.

I did odd jobs around the house clearing up after the tea until about 11 when Miss Alden, reporter from the South Shore Breeze came to get information about the tea and any other news items I would give her. She stayed until about 12 when Wise & I drove her over to Gloucester where we did some errands and went to the Master Mariners' ass'n rooms to see where the portrait would hang. We got back after one and Miss Alice Hanton, the art critic on the Boston Post arrived about quarter of two from Boston and I took her up to Mrs. Adams' for lunch. Then we came back to the studio and she took some snapshots of me to use in the papers. She is also going to use the King model, which apparently they had photographed over at the art ass'n and Self Expression and she took the Indian flower vase to use later on. She left about 4 to go over to the Dr. I have Private Views and Wise & E. and I went over there later. A lot of people there and lots of people said nice things about my tea yesterday but I feel this is rather an off year for me at the Dr. Have been. I have only two still lifes there and they aren't nearly so interesting to people in general as figure paintings are. However Self Expression seems to be getting a lot of the Gloucester & society and I have all the Blackburn publicity so can't kick. When we got back we were straight up to Sleepyhead and I had dinner there and addressed envelopes for E.'s tea after. A peaceful evening which we all needed badly. Jack and E. O. [illegible] and though E. is much sweeter and more congenial this year she is [illegible] I was [illegible] to Jack & I had an inexcusably E. in [illegible] I don't [illegible] it is not so well to be here this afternoon for Thaxter. Little Wise and Hope are darlings and I am [illegible] to start the portrait of Little Wise this morning [illegible] when I get back from doing Miss Arnold.

Sunday, July 7.

We were going down to Little Harbor for the day in Sea

Lady but E. has some more boils and feels rotten and stayed in bed most of the day. I went up and got the Sunday papers with the write-ups of them as above Show in the Post and Globe. Am mentioned favorably in both. Wise + Jack + Hope came down about 12.30 and we went round to Tolly Cove a Sea Lady and had lunch. Came back and I went up to see E. and get ready for having some people to tea. Mrs. Ridgely Mrs. Bradstreet and Ethel came and later the Hutchinsons and Mr. + Mrs. Quincy. I went to the Bartlett's for supper with everyone from Sleepy-woods except E. who didn't feel well enough to go. Very good buffet supper served on the piazza. Mrs. B. asked to call me by my first name. We left early as Wise was going to N.Y. and I drove down with him to see Hope on his way to the train.

Sunday July 8.
Played tennis with Hope [illegible]
Went up to see E. She was not better but still feeling rotten and the Dr. has to keep the place open. We sat in bathing with Hope undressing at Sleepwoods. Mrs. P. is for lunch. C. Wheelwright came down with me for a while. Took the 2.45 to Lynn to make two sketches for Prof Thomson's portrait. Mrs. T. met me with auto and full of sensation, went etc. in the car and we drove to the Lynn works of the Gen. Electric Company. I got him posed in his office where after having some electrical apparatus and a big table moved around. The walls are light gray and the light good. He is wearing dark blue suit + vest + tie and is sitting beside the big glass topped table, one arm and hand resting on it and his head turned 3/4 away from me as if he is talking to someone outside the picture on the right. On the table beside him is a small model of his famous electric [illegible] in a glass case, which he said was made at the Paris Exposition. He is short and stout with a rather slow moving body and neat arms and all indication of his mental activity is in the expression of his face and in the formation of his fine head. His is the kind of mind that is chiefly stimulated by ideas that have to do with the physical and chemical world and not by human contacts. I found that when I had him look at me he immediately looked right and self-conscious or bored and allergy and if I was talking to him about things he was interested in did not remember him forget that he was sitting for his portrait. So I decided that the best way was to have his secretary Miss Thomson sit across the table from him and read letters to him as I talked to him and it worked in very well. So that maybe I forgot I was painting him and I could watch him and get the expression I wanted and as a third person might, in watching him in conversation with some one else. And still that gives a better idea of his genius, [illegible] and type of mind that if I was painting him when he was working. I was strained, because his great interest in ideas

and not human contacts. That is probably the characteristic of all inventors unless, like Wise, they combine and interest advertising in regard to many phases of life. He has a very quiet smile and a humble gentle personality and Mrs. Thomson says she is a practical, capable little woman looks after him and fusses over him like a little toy boat pushing around an ocean liner. She is most anxious for me to get his best expression and was in despair when Besson was painting him because he was so unlike himself while sitting. I think I can get it all right but of course, as I told her, at first I have to get the anatomical facts of his head and then change the expression at the last with a few touches around the eyes and mouth. I left in a hurry to catch my train taking the sketch with me so as to figure out the size of the big canvas and just missed the train but got one at 9.45 which I took. Had a little time to paint it and then went up to Shaughnessy for dinner. I addressed envelopes for C.'s tea and then Mrs. Shaughnessy came to get photographs and interview C. for an article in the Mo. Show Breeze about Lord Strathcona. Also Dr. Fessler to dress his boils and he thinks she may not be able to get off for the [illegible] on Saturday. Had to work my brains out figuring out my canvas when I got home.

Tuesday, July 11.

I must now try to get busy to get the station for Mrs. Thomson's portrait. Decided on 32 X 86 as the size. Got the sketches and hurried to the R.P. station as Wise's train was just in and I wanted to meet him and get a ride over to Squamish. But I just missed him and had to come back on the Mo. So I was waiting for the Rivers Road to Cove Home he appeared in the car and picked me up. Found Dr. Fessler had said C. could not go to Norvan and that Dr. Stratton was coming in to-day and we would take him out in Sea Lady for lunch and they would drop me at Monashee with my canvas and I could get the train there and go on to Lynn for my sitting. So I shifted my canvas and got it down in my bag from the station and was going up to see Elizabeth when a Mrs. Moore-Jones passed from Nanaimo to pay me [illegible]. She came with two of her children, a boy of about 20 and a girl of 17. They are all interesting and paintable and I hope something comes of it. She said what we really wanted was portrait of the little children, 4 + 6, and we wanted her husband to come over and see my work. When they left in their big Pierce Arrow I started up to see C. but met Wise & Dr. Stratton coming down to go out in Sea Lady so we had glasses all round so I turned back with them and got my canvas unpacked up and we started off. We had lunch while we were running. Dr. Stratton told me about [illegible]

experiments that are being conducted with navigating in fog at the Tach flying field at So. D attended. Col. Green, the son of Hetty Green, has given $100,000 a year and the Goodyear people have given a blimp and crew for conducting the experiments and with the blimp they can lie above the fog and make other kinds of observations as to visibility and type of apparatus, lights etc. as beacons. Lt. Arnold has also been made chairman of Edison's board to decide on the best boy of 47 sent from the different states to whom to give Edison's prize of a free college education. He was interested in my plans for Prof. Thomson's portrait and will arrange for Sunday to sit late in the summer. He is a bit austere and has a not particularly ingratiating manner but is a very interesting old man and I like him. I think he is a little scary to talk to because he knows so much and has held such important positions and evidently will not suffer fools in small talk. They got no where at noon time and I took Mr Crain to lunch. Had a good sitting with Prof. Thomson and got a good start. Mrs. T. turned up about halfway through the sitting with a good assortment of mind boggling beauties for Prof. had a ticket in his throat and he and Mrs. Mc Manes talked to him while I painted. I got the head and some of the background and coat in and they thought I had done a lot and worked very fast. During the sitting Mr. Mc Manes read aloud to Prof. Thomson the application for patents on some of his inventions in regard to fusing quartz. He is working on reflecting telescope for Mt. Wilson observatory in Cal. which will have a lens of fused quartz 100 inches in diameter, using quartz instead of glass because glass expands with change of temp. and quartz doesn't and so would not distort the image. Then they talked about comets and he remembered as a boy of 6 seeing the comet of '59 that was visible for almost 3 months and had a tail of fire that spread out like a broom and made a tremendous impression on him. And that during the last eclipse of the sun in Jan. 1928 he had gone out West to the region of totality and scanned the skies among the scientists and astronomers and by chance after an undetected part of the journey in his automobile. As it was cloudy they moved from the point where they had put up their telescopes etc. and Mr. T. got the best view. They took me to the station and when I got to Gloucester I took a bus up to the Rudder and got supper. Percy Martin was there just starting his supper and he asked me to join him. He is going to take Carl Engel's place as head of the music department of the Congressional Library in Washington at least for a while as Carl E. has been made president of Schirmer's publishing Co. in N.Y. After supper I went over to the Dolphins to see Miss Oliver as she has asked to a tea time in the afternoon and wanted a photo of me of my painting for the pages of the Advertiser. I took La Self Expression but she already had it so I brought it home again which was lucky because I found a telegram there from Mrs Lawton asking for another picture as she had mislaid hers and had to have it

to-morrow. So I sent it off special delivery & rather put it on top of the letter-box by the Fish market before I went to bed which was late, almost 12 o'clock as the Ms. I have waiting wasn't over till half past ten. We elected new members for the board of trustees, among them Mrs. Edwards & Mrs. Peyton and voted on the recommendation of the Board that the privilege of exhibiting one painting of small size amongst fine gallery artists should be done away with. The vote was in favour 35 to 10 and I voted with the majority, to do away with the privilege, because I felt that as long as there was one non-jury society in Glasgow it was better to keep their work to a jury standard and that would enable the assistants gradually to weed out the work of poorer members who had been taken in when the society was formed and needed members and as there is now such a demand for membership on the part of first class painters were not needed for support and the space their pictures took up was needed, to say nothing of wishing to keep the shows up to a high standard. I know that some of those who were protesting with doing away with the privilege would argue that they had joined with the idea that they were going to be sure of having at least one picture shown and would object to having the rule changed so, just to have the answer to that objection made clear I said I suppose we ought to consider their point of view and make sure we were not doing anything that could be criticized in changing the rule and Mr. Bean who was presiding said that the Constitution provided for changing the rules in the annual meeting, that due notice had been given and that if the people who were adjacent the change were in the majority they may had to vote to this meeting and vote. I came home in the bus with Mrs. Hardwick both of us very tired.

Wednesday, July 10.

I went up to see C. and she is somewhat better, my Dr. Fiddes thinks we can go on the Saturday to-morrow. I stayed up there and then came down to Cove House and wrote letters etc. Went to Y... Publicowris for lunch and took along some notes of the house & the shore etc. in and a bridge party at the Glenarm Dining Rooms and [illegible] up in the two hours. After lunch E. & W. set came down in wh- is washed. Dan took it again, having to go over to [illegible] to have a root [illegible]. E. sat on the piazza and read and talked to Alice Clark. I went in bathing over at the bathing beach with Hope & the other kids and came back and was writing my garden in my bathing suit when Miss Moseley came with her article about E.'s Dickens photos. We went over it on the piazza and then I got dressed and wrote some more letters while E. & W. went up to Mrs. Adams for tea. I went up to C's nursing's for dinner and we filled and stamped E.'s invitations afterwards. We are off on the cruise to-morrow and C. Dibbles seems quite delighted to be left behind because she has her practising which she is working hard at and is giving a [illegible] to-morrow afternoon. Mrs. Keen of the Transcript came down to see us [illegible]

Shore and telegraphed for a copy photo. of Self Expression.

Thursday, July 11.

I got up early, about 7, and got packed and ready to go on the cruise. We got off about 9.45. E. seems pretty wobbly and Wise will have to dress the place that Dr. Fraser cut open yesterday. We had a lovely run across to the Isles of Shoals, then to the whistle YL 24 off York Harbor, then to old anchorage off Portland and up Casco Bay to Potts Harbor where we anchored at 5 o'clock. Wise + Hope and I went ashore and Wise telegraphed to Mrs. Sam Brown and she arranged to come down late to see us. So we went back to the Boat and waited and just as we were sitting down to dinner she appeared on the wharf. There were some people just starting off in a motor boat and they brought her along to Sea Lady and as they got near we saw that they were ... Alford (Marie Peary) the daughter of Ad. Peary and her mother Mrs Peary. ... stayed alongside for a little while for a chat and then went on to Eagle ... Island. When Charlotte Brown left we had dinner & Hope's great relief as we had been dying of hunger. Dr. B. was expected from N. Y. in the evening and was coming out to see E.'s boils but the draughtsman rowed out with to tell us that he didn't arrive. We read about the Grand Turks after supper. A lovely day. warm in the sun but a bit cool in shade.

Friday July 12.

We got off about 9 o'clock and on our way East, round Small Point, across the mouth of the Kennebec mile of Seguin &c., across Jericho Bay and across Penobscot Bay and through the George's Thoroughfare, passed Tenants Harbor on the Silly Ledges, through the muscle ridge channel and round Owl's Head light and up the Penobscot passed Rockland and Rockport to Camden. Got there about 5 and tied up at the yacht club for gas. I wrote to Mrs Arnold while I was waiting at the 2nd ... and had read the cases and temporary fence are ahead. Also sent a postal to Mamma + Nina. I forgot to say that in our way we ran up into Thomaston Harbor and went ashore for supplies, a bath, paint for Hope as we had forgotten ours etc. We anchored in Camden Harbor for the night. A lovely day and everything going well except E.'s incision's not any more. It seems to be healing with Norman and Dr. Woodhead will see it to-morrow when we get up to Mount Desert Bay. In Rockland Harbor we saw the remains of a whole ... fleet, being 5 Banc[illegible] Boats of 3 Brixham with two of Stanley's brothers aboard. One of them came over to talk to Stanley while we were ashore ... Read about the Grand Turks in the evening. Lucidly written and I don't ... but suppose we shall finish it. Sang reading a life of ... Lady Francis Hackett. Very interesting if a little strong in its point of view of the wife.

Saturday, July 13.

We went up to the dock to get ice and supplies and got off about 10. A lovely sunny day with a brisk W. & N.W. breeze. We ran across Penobscot Bay back of Islesboro to the Eggemoggin Reach. Before we started down the Reach we ran through a pretty little place called Buck Harbor to take a look at it. We had lunch while we were running down the Reach. Then crossed Jericho Bay and up Blue Hill Bay to the Moorheads'. Before we got to their place we saw a ~~boat~~ Penguin lying at anchor and ran over to look at her. She was about 15'0 ft. long, black with a long clipper bow, a good deal of sugar-scuttle and smoke stack and tall spars with square yard arms forward. She was the Norseman and we discovered later belonged to Mr. Louis de Coppet, a cousin of Mrs. Moorhead. They had built a dock and bulkhead and a pretty house under the pine trees at the edge of the water. A nice little place. We got to the Moorheads at the head of Blue Hill Bay about 4.20 and rowed out to meet us all in Otter, Paddling his boat very well and took Hope across where they were immediately joined by Anne (13) and a young girl, Parkman Webster, a Radcliffe graduate, who is spending the summer with them, to have an eye to the children. Wise + E. + I went ashore very often, ~~and~~ rowing out again to take Wise and Mrs. Moorhead out to the dock. Immediately we all separated & do different things. I sat and talked with Mrs. Moorhead in the little garden terrace and later went to lie down in one of the cabins, Wise went off with Mr. Moorhead in their new little cabin cruiser power boat and I went in bathing with the kids and Parkman Webster. The water was fine and warm and they have an awfully nice raft and spring-board. The rest of the afternoon was taken up with seeing the rabbits and the horses one of which Hope immediately road around bare-back and while E. was lying down Mrs. M. drove me over to the neighbors to leave a message. ~~Mr~~ They own the Thistle, a big white yawl which belonged to Mr. Todd. When we came back we all had tea, then Wise and Hope and I went out to Sea Lady to change for supper and for Hope to get her things for spending the night ashore. They insisted of simply staying with the kids but both Wise and I were glad to get back to the boat. They are planning to ride before breakfast to-morrow morning and Hope is thrilled. E. stayed ashore to leave 10 p. m. look at her birds which she did and said she was using so nicely and to talk the while out. and why does it make a dog sick to eat? ~~but~~ The salt water was good for it so we can go in swimming all of which is very encouraging and if it is the last we are well be all right now. We came out on board quite early after supper, having sat around the fire until while the kids played ~~and~~ & I read a little & we had a nice talk before supper. Splendid day.

Sunday, July 14

David rowed out early to ask us to come ashore for breakfast but we had already had ours, being on daylight saving time while they are on standard. It was foggy and a brisk S.W. wind and looked like rain but Wise thought we could go in and anchor in Bartlett's Island narrows if the fog got too thick. So he went ashore in about half an hour to get Hope and say good-by. I asked David when he came out if Hope had got back from her ride and he said not yet. Wise was gone or more quite a long time and finally I saw them all coming down to the float. Hope was walking ahead with Mrs. Moore. Head and I felt something was wrong. She came down the run very slowly and carefully. I looked through the glasses but couldn't see anything. As they got out near I saw Lady Lawrence I saw her hand was bandaged and in a sling. She had been thrown while riding and the horse had stepped on her hand. Luckily there were no bones broken and Mrs. Moorhead had found it all up and bandaged it and she was an awfully good sport. The two little girls had gone off alone and while they were gallopping their horses, Hope lost a stirrup and fell off and that excited Anna's horse and she was thrown. The two horses got away and they found them later in a potato field where Hope said they "looked very much ashamed of themselves". Anna caught hers and rode her home as Mrs. Moore was not hurt much and got the chauffeur and they went for Hope in the car. She was a little stunned by it all but as she said now could that hurt? The dressing of the bruised and torn fingers must have been awfully painful & ran after we got under weigh she went and lay down and was quite ill right over. She woke up. Thank goodness it wasn't worse as it might so easily have been, but Hope had a good lesson and never was she less grandmotherly than yesterday but she was more ambitious than experienced, a combination which disconcerted at the time. We kept in down Blue Hill Bay until the fog and rain got so thick and the wind blew so hard that we made for Northeast in a little Harbor back of Northeast Pt. on the entrance to the Eggemoggin Reach. We got comfortably anchored just in time before the worst of the storm broke. It poured but stopped but about 5 the wind shifted and it cleared and we went on our way through this narrow channel, across Jericho Bay, through the Fox Islands Thoroughfare & South Haven where we anchored for the night alongside the Paladin a big powered cruiser belonging to R.T. Morse of Boston. Pretty soon the Thistle came along on her way East and anchored near. We read aloud while we were in the Northeast Harbor during the storm. I missed the Grand Turke and started a translation by Bedford Jones of a Chinese classic called the Breeze in the Moonlight and written sometime in the 15th or 16th century it has been

translated several times into different languages and is charming and most interesting. Poetic and full of philosophical wisdom and yet amusing in its naivete. We had to stop reading it aloud however because of Hope. Too many sex situations. Friendly and simply treated but of course too likely to arouse speculation and question in her mind. Mrs. Moorhead said that in this household they were at present much interested in breeding rabbits eugenically and that the children were conversant with it all as a matter of course and that she considered that a good way to start their understanding of things before they were old enough to have emotion come into it, and of course it is and Hope doubtless got wise illustrating ideas on the subject while there which is enough for the present. I can remember though when we were children and had rabbits and goats that we knew all about breeding animals and that I at least never connected it with human beings until I was much older. Sunday. In the evening we read Lieut. Commander Ellsberg's account of the raising of the S-51, the submarine that sank 15 miles off Block Island and was towed in by the steamer City of Rome. It is intensely interesting, detailed description of the problems solved and the work of the divers.

Monday, July 15

A lovely brilliant blue rainy day with a cold N.W. breeze. We ran up to the dock in South Haven got gas and went ashore for supplies. I got a Sun. Transcript and my Self Expression is reproduced and favorably mentioned in Miss Kelsey's write-up of the Gls. Society of Artists Show. She said it was "perhaps not perfectly faultless in execution" but she described it at length and mentioned me as one of the prominent artists of the show. We left So. Haven about 10 and went round to the north side of the Island to Pulpit Harbor to see the famous lighthouse. We couldn't decide which was the best harbor but it was an awfully pretty little harbor with Pulpit Rock, a jagged rock in the entrance with a fish-hawk's nest with two young in it and the old bird standing beside it, right on the pinnacle of the rock, silhouetted against the sky. After leaving Pulpit Harbor we ran across Penobscot Bay through Muscle Ridge Channel, past Allen Island, through Merchants Channel, passed Pumpkin Point, across Johns Bay, past the Cuckolds and the entrance to Boothbay Harbor, inside of Squirrel, around Small Point and up the Sasanoa River to the Basin where we anchored about 5 o'clock. Hope & I went ashore in the diggy to walk around a little through the woods and along the rocks. I marvel at the ease of the rose bush which doesn't seem to hurt the rough and wiry to E. stayed on board. They are cutting down a lot of the trees for lumber and it is spoiling the views of the basin on that side.

The water was so cold, 56°, that we didn't go in swimming. When we got back to the boat we had supper and turned in quite early after reading "On the Bottom". Lieut. Com. Ellsberg took us in to the U.S.S. 51.

Tuesday, July 16.

A lovely still sunny morning. Some breeze outside S.W. We left the Basin about 9 and ran down the new road to Piers Pond, ~~across Portsmouth Harbor~~ through the ledges, around Bailey's Island so we were a little afraid to try going under the new bridge that connects Bailey and Orr's Island, and up the Merrimac River and Harpswell Sound as far as Harpswell Neck. The little village that Henry and Homer came from. There we turned and went down the Sound again, visiting very nice yachts in Harpswell Harbor and got a swim. We ran in there but the water was too cold, 59°, fortunately as we knew we would be running in the cold wind after words, as we gave up the idea of a swim and went on out into the Bay where we took an outside course to Seal and Wood Islands, Cape Porpoise Bunker, past Cape Neddick and on down the coast to Little Harbor where we anchored at quarter of five. ~~Everyone~~ The fleet in Portland Harbor were having target practice, firing at two targets towed by a tug far out in the bay off Halfway Rock and we saw the white spray shoot way up into the air, it must have gone 50 or 100 ft. as the shots landed in the water and then quite a while afterwards the boom of the guns. The run down the coast was lovely but uneventful. I steered a good deal. E. lay down part of the time as she still is not feeling really well and Hope not. I read Henry VIII in the run on the deck when I wasn't steering. Seasyll has fixed Hope and me so that we are never seasick now. Later take a pill before starting in the morning and one four hours later and it does the trick nicely. We got to Little Harbor about 5. The water was too cold for a swim so we decided to take it to-morrow morning in the Wentworth Pool. We had dinner on board and went ashore afterwards to the Wentworth for wire to telephone Squam and get any telegrams there might be for him. All well and we will get home to-morrow early in the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 17.

We decided the water was too cold for a swim and so left Little Harbor, about 10, ran up to the Navy Yard at Portsmouth [illegible] ing "On the Bottom", then stopped at Kittery Point for gas, a nice little harbor and picturesque old town with the old Lafayette house near the landing. About 11 we left for Squam, laying a course straight for Squam Light from the [illegible]. We had lunch [illegible] under

weigh and arrived here 2 o'clock. got unpacked and looked at my mail. Quite a bunch of it. A letter from mama saying that Ida is probably coming for a visit in August and that I will have to work extra hard to get a room for her. She & C.C. may drive down for the day and stay over in my extra room. I'll be glad to see them. The night I was in Tokyo I went to see H. Matsuyama. Photographs of him. Got a letter from Mrs. Fairbank, dated after the fire. Sympathetic and congratulations to the bride, which is very nice and I will love it I guess. A letter from Judge Candler in Atlanta saying that his wife & mother would write a postcard if she knew where Mrs. Harris was from a photo. To the nurses home of Emory Hospital and asking me if I would do it. A postal from Mrs. Arnold saying that she had got my letter and would meet me all right on Sunday. A letter from Mama. Apparently he is making a little more at the Bank & up and does not need to try anything else. At 3:30 Wise & E. & Hope came down again and we got in our bathing suits and went over to the beach & Woodbrook pulled up there Wise and went in for a good dunk. He liked it. I went up to the woods for an hour but left early because E. CO. is to blow up. She was very tired when we got home, had had a good time and I was glad of it as in my mind I see we are very, perhaps too, [illegible] and everything was apparently [illegible] and we had a fine evening. She began trouble by saying in a very disinterested tone that Wise must have a good piano for her in the house next year. E. irritated by her tone answered anything about it and because she was tired too said there was no room for it and we would not have it. We then E. blew up, left the table & went up to her room and [illegible] I went to see her & tried to make it up but [illegible] and I will probably be a long time before I "drop in" again. Wise left for N.Y. where he has to speak at a convention of the Stereotypers Union.

Thursday, July 18.

[illegible] Hope from Atlanta is [illegible] Mrs. Harris. E. stayed in her room & [illegible] Hope & I went to play tennis. E. and Wise [illegible] I was reading [illegible]

she rowed her mother all the evening. Stood the bus at 11.45 and the 12.21 to Swansea cost for lunch with Prof. & Mrs. Hearn. Had a very nice time. They have a little marmoset, a queer, pathetic little animal which is apparently suffering from consumption in this climate. After lunch we went over to the Gas. Electric Co. works for the rotting and we worked for over two hours. Mr. & Mrs. Hearn, Prof. Hearn's secretary & Mr. Jenkins doing the stirring getting a lot of information about Prof. T.'s early experiments and it was very interesting to us, of course none of it was too technical for me. I asked Prof. T. how ~~he~~ he worked out the gauges and he said he was in such a tiz in some of his experiments and so afraid of his own mathematics that he was very sure of himself that he was right. I took off to bring us a couple of [illegible] and Prof. T. [illegible] in the Bacon's library and there we got [illegible] waiting for passages of Hamlet & Macbeth showing a wonderful memory and a very [illegible]. He also told [illegible] Stanford Ark's University's experiment in connection with [illegible] the moon. His experiment have [illegible] attention in the newspapers because of a tragic explosion which occurred. His idea is to propel [illegible] by means of explosions of [illegible] fired in the vacuum. Prof. T. worked out [illegible] the trouble was that even if the rocket got outside the sphere of the world's attraction and fell on the moon we would never know it. [illegible] there are telescopes now so powerful that looking from the Empire Building of N.Y. city would be visible. We also talked about Wise's idea of an "inside window", an arrangement of electric [illegible] powerful enough and so colored as to give a light like daylight, for use in cellars [illegible] to make them to work by. Prof. T. [illegible] at any time and in any kind of day. Wired me to ask Prof. T. if it was possible and he said gaily & cordially "I should say it was possible" and that the gas-electric [illegible] might be installed in [illegible] of the next [illegible]. Prof. T. [illegible] turns the end of the cutting and I got the 5.22 back to Swansea. [illegible] quite a lot done in the factory. The [illegible] kept the [illegible] but he is a hard [illegible]. He [illegible] his face is tired and old-looking and when he forgets that he is posing and talks and his face lights up he isn't [illegible]. However I'll get him [illegible] tomorrow. I had to wait forever for a bus in Gloucester and finally got a ride home with Mrs. Harvey. Got supper at the Bungalow as I thought [illegible] letter with Mrs. E. Dewitt was disagreeable and worked my garden and read in the evening. Enclosed in that envelope of the missing check [illegible] station of the Isabel was received [illegible] Today.

Friday July 19.

Went over into E.+ I to get to next Wire. Also came to
dress. Wrote letters etc. Then went up to Shepherds and helped Wire finish
[illegible] on this ground. Afterwards finished picture at the studio. Stayed
to lunch. Afterwards took the bus to Gloucester and the 2.45 to Lyme. Had a most
interesting hour with Prof. Thomson. Mrs. T. not there. I decided that I did
not like the picture I had in mind. It was hard to get the expression
I wanted. He was [illegible] very nice, and a great deal of the force of his
personality was lost as I had him turn and look at me and painted the head
in all over again in the new position on top of the other head. It was
more job but I did it in half an hour, that is got the main masses of
light and shade and can now go ahead and finish it in that position. It
is going to be much better and more interesting to paint. I then sized up
the whole head to get a [illegible] on part of the body and the
left side of his head against it which made it stand out more
[illegible] I made [illegible] appointment [illegible]
[illegible] A great improvement in the composition generally. I got
the 5.22 back to Gloucester taking my paint box and easel with me as I go
up to Newton on Monday to paint Miss Arnold. Percy A. and the Tims
met me at the station and drove me over to Ampneum for me to
leave my painting things and get warmer clothes as it had turned cold and
then to wait for Pauline Jones who was going with us to dine at the Windmill
in Rockport. Had a very pleasant evening. P. Jones is bright and good fun.
Odell Mathewson was at the table next ours with the Leonard Kingsbury's who
were in on this boat, the Carmita and we had a talk with them after
supper. Afterwards we drove back to the studio and they played a while and
Percy played the piano. Rec'd a bad accident on the road to Ampneum from the
Gloucester station. Two men killed. A car, going 50 m. an hr. skidded other
car into a curve and on into a bus. Person in the [illegible] presence of mind of
the driver, who lost two fingers and got badly cut.

Saturday, July 20. Had a busy morning. Went first to Mrs. Gokey's for a
manogue and went then over to Gloucester with Wire to have their portrait
of Capt. Blackburn at the Gloucester Master Mariners Assn. While he and me
of the men worked on it I went to Rowe to order a temporary frame for Prof. Thomson's
portrait. Then we went out to the Gloucester Society of Artists to leave my picture
for the next show (the Mexican Fiesta Sale) then back to Sq. Rock for lunch in
Sea Lodge and then we ran over to Gloucester Harbor for the Pageant in honor
of the Discovery. 13 of the living clerk fleet were in, including Blackburn's new boat. [illegible]
[illegible] in the middle of the afternoon I ran over and had a boat
ride to see the [illegible] in the harbor. Then I ran over and had a boat ride
out to the Sea Lure with Mr. Gould, Commodore Haskell there in the
[illegible] Mrs. Tim Woods were the [illegible] the Mayor, [illegible]
[illegible] and others. This is the Sch. boat, designed and built by Gould,
[illegible] 10 men 10 a. She is a 50 ft. [illegible]

out behind for an outbound ~~ca~~ [illegible]. She has a high mast [illegible] on
[illegible] and a signal [illegible] for [illegible] or sailing [illegible].
Wise got into the dinghy and went out and called on Commodore Crabbe and
Lady [illegible] at about 4 or 4.30. [illegible] and Wise and I had a
bathe from the [illegible] steps of the ward and went to the
[illegible] was. It was a nice fine day. Some more [illegible]
arrived and the boats' mariners began to assemble. Blackburn was
[illegible] very nervous and excited and introduced us to some friends of his, a
[illegible] Hole of Gloucester. The Coolidge family were all there.
[illegible] of course [illegible] a lady [illegible] and
[illegible] Mrs. Coolidge Senior and they had brought with them
Mr. Bob Washburn who won a column in the Transcript and who
liked my Brook portrait so much. He spoke first to-day and told Mr.
Coolidge that it was the best likeness there was of Brook. I said he would
mention Mr Blackburn unfeelingly in his column. There were several
reporters there. I shall guess from the Transcript, Mr. Pringle for the Globe
and three or four others. They all took photos. of the festival and Wise
[illegible] and a photographer took photos. of the group associated with the un-
[illegible]. The proceedings
were very simple. Commodore Crabbe spoke first, very badly and lastingly
congratulating Blackburn and wishing the master mariners out to dine
the night afterwards. Then Sandy Swift spoke very well and loud and
clear and at the end of his speech the little girl yanked the string and
pulled out the cloth that had the flag on it and it fell down in
front of the portrait and hung beside it by its upper corners as if it were from
a flag staff — a very good way of fixing it that Wise thought out and me
[illegible] in other [illegible]. Then he applauded and waved to
[illegible] the [illegible] of them spoke to one afterwards. Then Mr
[illegible] Blackburn and he spoke very well but in too low a voice to hear
[illegible]. Wise said he said some very nice things about me but I couldn't
hear them ~~afterwards~~ ~~after~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Boom~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~boats~~. There was general conversation and then we went
back to the boats in the harbor. We rowed around a little looking at
the boats and went on board the Pinta at the invitation of a Mr. Ford
who was sailing on her with his owner a son. Curtis. She was in the Spanish
race and it was very interesting to go over her. Mr. Ford is an artist and
used to live at Gloucester & paints. She had supper on Sea Lady then
came home through a lovely [illegible] passing a group of the Gloucester
[illegible] being [illegible] on board the Bridgeman. The flag
[illegible] of the first [illegible] and [illegible] Wise [illegible]
wise to see the photographs as Wise had bought them. They took fine
and we [illegible] for the end of [illegible].

[illegible] 21.

I got [illegible] on the [illegible] I had word from Miss [illegible] in the morning and my plans were all changed about going up to N. H. She telegraphed that she was [illegible] to Massachusetts and would I give her time to come one else and do her later possibly early in August. I got her immediately on the long distance [illegible] and found that they had [illegible], and I had decided to [illegible] Meredith and come to Boston or possibly to Annisquam or Gloucester for the sitting. So I told her I would find out about rooms at the Hotels in Gloucester and be ready with some information when they arrived in Boston the middle of the week. So that changed my plans about the [illegible]'s boat. I decided to wait and see if they came over to E. [illegible] They did and I arranged with them for another sitting Wed. afternoon. Mamma had decided not to come down for the tea anyway and I [illegible] go up to them some day soon to see the Dean's office at Simmons and do some errands and have lunch with Mamma in Milton. She said that B. is coming on to them the 7th and will come down with them here on the 9th and stay until the 16th and she wants me to see if she can get a room at Mrs. Stacey's. I was going up to help E. with the flowers for this afternoon right after breakfast but she telephoned that E. Whittier was going to help her and would I go out on Sea Lady with Wise and the children and have an eye to little Wise which of course I loved to do and was going to do anyway after we had fixed the flowers. Wise and the kids came down about 10 and we went around to Rockport and back. Little Wise was very good, asking a string of questions all the time and [illegible], bell buoys etc. When we got back I went to the different hotels to [illegible] the [illegible] Bridge and [illegible] in Cambridge [illegible] [illegible] from the beach [illegible]. I was so [illegible] to see her and [illegible] [illegible] and two [illegible] [illegible] and Alec. is [illegible] for his vacation. I [illegible] to the [illegible], Had dinner at Mrs. P's, got dressed for the [illegible] and Wise came for me about 3. People began to come at 4 and there was a large crowd and I was talking to people every minute until 7 o'clock. Capt. Blackburn came with a Dr. & Mrs. Hale from Gloucester and I took them [illegible] and showed them the studios. It was a perfect day [illegible] and the [illegible] with the little [illegible] going out for the [illegible]. [illegible] a little B[illegible] girl who is staying with her, and some [illegible], [illegible] and a friend of hers, [illegible], [illegible]. Little Wise was in the thick of it talking around with the older children

and having a fine time. Prof. Thomson was so sweet with him and he and Mrs. Thomson seemed to have a fine time talking to Wise and Mr. Godfrey Isbel and others. Mrs. Hardcastle from Carlton Point told me he wanted me to paint his little girl to hang in their new house and Mrs. [illegible] told me that she thought there was only room for one picture of the family. I hope it comes to something as it would be nice and quite a change from [illegible] portraits.

Thursday, July 22.

Had a busy morning doing nothing special but a lot of odd jobs. The telephone seemed to ring every other minute – Mrs. Pringle to get some news items for the Upper Ham Show, Percy C. to ask the name of Sarzyll as he is going in the Knight's Road rate, Mr. Shaw came over and photographed the Mexican Beggar, Mrs. Pear at last got to see me for [illegible] for the Village Fair, I tied up my tobacco etc. and about 11.30 Wise & E. arrived. I Hope it stays fine. We were going in Mr. Higgs car at first but it was foggy and cloudy and the air too cold so we didn't start by it. We did however go over in Woodlark and Eleanor Cook and her sister Elsie went with us and Edward Cook took us through the [illegible] and Katherine arrived with the little boy, who's name, before we left. I saw we had been aboard Sea Lady at the landing [illegible] afternoon tea & E. and I were to be invited to call in at the (Holmes). Holmes. We met them out sailing in the Onda and ran alongside and took her off in to Sea Lady. Then we arrived Salem Harbor and transferred to the Higgs launch, where they were staying for tea. Lyndon Gardiner in his new black Alden across the basin picked up a mooring near us and Uncle Holmes who knows him asked him across to join us at tea. He is a member of the Cruising Club and very nice. Said he liked my Blackburn picture very much. We got back at Cove House about quarter of seven and found a yelling mob of kids, Hope Betty, the two Macgregors and their friend Moira. They were going to get their supper in Cove House and had been told they could not light the gas above till I got back and as we were so late they were ravenous. The kitchen was a mess and they each wanted to cook their own steak, or eggs, or ham – buy steak. I managed to oversee things and keep any casualties from happening but it was a wild party. They took their plates and sat down any where to eat and when they got through I washed the dishes and they dried them and put them away and then we all went up to bed. Adam, Mary to get their dessert of ice cream cones etc. and I to get my supper. afterwards I went up to Dove House for a while but didn't stay long as E. didn't seem to like to leave me. and Betty, I don't know why.

Tues day, July 23.

I wrote letters for a while then went in bathing on the Cambridge ave. beach. A lovely warm day but the water was wet. Drove over to the Oceanside at Bayside for lunch with Mrs. Pyne of Atlanta in one of Harvey's cars (am getting more and more certain that I shall have to have a Ford or something next year). Had a letter from Lyons Woodson yesterday asking me what I would charge for portraits of his wife and children so I may get another commission. Mrs. Pyne is Mrs. Woodson's step-daughter and it was she, Mrs. Woodson, apparently, that I was when I was painting Tom Woodson's portrait. She has a house in Beverly Farms and is going to the Mr. Lyons's next week at the Lyons's. She was very pleasant and she asked me to go to the house [illegible] to see the Farm's Permanent [illegible] last week-end. I accepted [illegible] will make it [illegible] day if I can [illegible] Mr. Pyne [illegible] the afternoon and stopping over in Gloucester for the evening. The evening after lunch I got a lot out Mrs. McK. went to try on a dress and [illegible] Mrs. Pyne's charging of Mr. Gaylord's portrait a little so that it got a better light. Home and worked my head off. Heavy rolls for dinner. E. visited at the house so I [illegible] Dr. Freem came to give E. some Alpine ray treatment which is clearing [illegible] Miss Arnold's portrait as I am all set now if I can get a place to stay. Will look at rooms to-morrow.

Wednesday, July 24.

Had a telegram from Miss Arnold this morning early which changed all my plans for the day. She said they were driving down from Newburyport and would arrive Gloucester about noon. So I called up Mrs. McKenna and the Parsons's giving up three engagements and spent the whole day waiting for Miss A. to arrive and seeing what I could do about rooms for them. Win & E. & Hope left for a cruise on Sea Lady about 9.45 taking Hope's friend Betty back to Marion with them. They will have a lovely cruise around Buzzards Bay and the Elizabeth Islands. So sorry to miss it. Had a terrible storm last night just as I was going to sleep about Miss Arnold. Had been no gas. Candles to try and get her a room where she wouldn't have stairs to go over and I had forgotten all about the stairs up to the studio! I thought I might have to rent a studio in Gloucester or somewhere but decided that all I could do was to wait till she arrived and see what she said about it. I waited until 12 then as I thought I might possibly

get down from Swindon as early as we had said I went in hurrying at the Cambridge ave. branch, leaving a note for Le and some mail which had come tucked in the door at Five Horns. Got back and she hadn't come as I went up to Mrs. Adams the room for lunch leaving another note. I saw Mrs. Foxon and Elsie Bird there and had lunch with them and they came back to the studio afterwards. Then worked, starting a sketch of mexican pots which I may finish some day for the little picture in gouache, until 4.30. Then went up to the Village Fair, leaving a note again. As I came out of the fair about 5 I saw Elsie Lee, asking directions at the P.O. and immediately they were filled up with all kinds of luggage, mostly shawls and pillows and bundles. I escorted them to the studio, got a coat and drove over to Gloucester with them to find a garage for them to stay. They decided to take a room in one of the cottages of the Hawthorn Inn for the night only.

I went to my room and went to sleep before I could get to me- ting Lucile as the room was up the hill. So stayed here with Mrs. Hays. We can negotiate the stairs all right. I got supper at the Redden. Looked at room at Cove Villa and at Merrill Hall and went back & report to them. They will look at the Merrill Hall room in the morning. Then went to the meeting at the G.S. of F. Hall expected to serve on the hanging committee this time but don't do it now as I am a member.

Thursday, July 25.

Went over to Gloucester early to do my job on the exhibition committee, checking off pictures etc. and then [illegible] for the catalogue. Got over to Cove Villa and took the two Hare & put ready for room 2. It was very hot but they were [illegible] a portrait, that one head was etc. She was thrilled about it. It took very long for Ray and they arrived at the end we had several arrangements and think it will be nice to have things. I must be sure of the most convenient time tomorrow morning. They left about 4. as they had to move over to Merrill Hall having decided to take those rooms. Miss Ainsworth Mrs. Mary G. Hood is there and has kept trouble to me so I feel a little [illegible] as if I were [illegible] a good [illegible] and a nice [illegible] in a particularly. I went over to Mrs. P.'s for supper after straightening out the studio which was a mess after our various experiments with attempts for the portrait. Received letter from Edgerton, all well. The Hale's [illegible] Exhibition of Resident Members artists at the Community House. All marines and landscapes [illegible] as the best pictures will be. Stevens did [illegible] and very large

especially good canvas. Mrs. Hardwick was wearing it. Said my
wanted one in it but decided I was not really a student, not to be
going to Paris here. So read that first in the Dial and then in the
Nation office. A letter from Mr. Hayes at No. Haven and from Gordon.

Friday, July 26.

A busy day. Miss Arnold got here a little before
10 and we started the portrait and worked until 12. I got lunch at
Mrs. P.'s at 12.30. Harvey came for me a little after one and I
caught the train to Lyme where I had a 2 hrs. sitting with Prof. T.
I am very pleased with the start of miss A.'s. I have her sitting behind
my gate-legged mahogany table. Her hands resting on a book on the
table, a gray-blue bowl of larkspurs beside her on a piece of
Chinese embroidery with blues in it. The light gray wall of the
studio behind her with a gray-blue curtain hanging down one
side of the picture. She has on a black dress with a bit of white set
and fine lace at the throat and gray tulle around her neck and
down the front. The reflection of her hands, the flowers, and everything
on the table makes awfully nice notes for the foreground. The whole
color scheme of black, light gray and blue with the pinks and
yellows of the flesh is awfully nice. She and Mrs. Hood who came
with her are both delighted with the start. Prof. T.'s is coming
well too though I got tired by the end of the sitting. However I have
the canvas all covered now and the head all done but the finishing.
I got supper in my hostess at the Tavern, worked a bit back and listened
to the radio & read part of the report on the appreciation [illegible]
Fiddler Education, It is the first year they have had the appreciation
orchestral concerts and they appear to be a great success. I was glad
indeed I resisted Mrs. Hamilton's invitation to see my picture while I was taking a
bath as she would, [illegible] by Mrs. Hart of Boston and Mrs. Hardy.
They looked at my picture and at things generally. While there
Mr. Hood. He is a great writer, a big [illegible] and emotional but you can
see at once he is a leader, and a force for good. He is very impressive

Saturday, July 27. at Harvill Hall.

Miss Arnold came over for a sitting and I got
ahead a little more. Got the canvas covered but will have to change
the position of the hands a little, bring them further forward in the
table. That will help the composition and make her arms look longer.
She is very nice, full of her portrait and a great talker mostly
on Shakespeare philosophical and psychological lines. She talks
things over intellectually and sentimentally but has a sense of humor
and is a good sport. "Darling" is a favorite word in her vocabulary.

Everything is "darling" from a dial of animal to a convenient time for a sitting even. She has written several books, psychological and philosophical I guess and I wonder if "during" appears often. She has a kind heart and a great interest in humanity and a strong belief in immortality in some form. A really lovable person. Mr. Hand came too and sat in the piazza writing letters during the sitting. He is very busy a bit down in the States. I had lunch at the Publicity. Mr. Hawes, the other, also is apparently a great admirer of my work since I go on some of my pictures. He is deaf and rather difficult to talk to. He thought his wife wanted but it didn't help matters any as he was rather attentive about the latter, and I was left to wonder what I'd said that I must be a re-incarnation of some old master etc. Rather nerve racking about my work in general. [illegible] Because E.10 [illegible] some other [illegible] to us.

Lovely swim & took the bus over to Gloucester for the parade of the G.A.R. of A. I have the worst sunburn I've ever had. It looks fine. Will try to take over another frame for it as I forgot and left it in in a black frame. Stopped at Neville Hall to leave [illegible]

Having supper in her room as she was tired. Hope she will be all right for Monday. Had supper at the Ames. Adams when I got back. Watered my garden and read Henry the VIII in the evening. Dear Lady gets back to-morrow afternoon. I have missed them a lot but have not been really lonely as I have had so much painting to do. Would rather do that than anything. I love it and wish I could have two inches a day right along. It will get too tired though. Sunday 9 July 18.

Had a very peaceful day, reading the papers, writing letters and doing odd jobs around the studio all day, relaxing etc. It was hot with a strong S. wind and I went in swimming in the a.m. Saw Maud Allen and her friend Witter Bynner on the beach and they came around to see me after lunch. Watched for Dear Lady during the afternoon but Wire telephoned about 6 that they had put into Plymouth Harbor for the night as there was such a blow on. Will come on home to-morrow. Mr. Myers and Florida Pier came to see me in the evening and we talked about Spain and Arabia. Last night there was [illegible] The [illegible] was early in the morning, the wind was about [illegible] and the chairs washed over by the people who were in it, mostly children who were up there after their parents were done. I got up [illegible]

coat and went down in the garage and waited for Miss Arnold to [illegible] up the way to the lodge to [illegible]. Heard in the morning that it was an [illegible] burglary to a [illegible]. [illegible] and during the excitement the coast guard boat came into the cove with a strong searchlight & we wondered if they had a reason to suppose that they might have been [illegible] by burglars to land their stuff somewhere. They have done this before, distracting the attention of the police etc. in this way.

Monday, July 29.

Had a sitting with Miss Arnold, changed the position of the hands and book on the table and have now got the composition all right so that I can go ahead and finish things. She is much pleased with it. Dr. Hood sat on the piazza during the sitting and will not look at the portrait now till it is practically finished. When they left I got down at 2 p.m. and took the 1.28 train to Lyme. Had a good [illegible] in the 1st class. Lee found me and the portrait & the way well in it and is waiting to see it when it is finished. He told me [illegible] that he had [illegible] it was going to be very fine. Just before I left Dr. Warren Lee Hadley arrived home from the cruise. Everybody cheerful and sunburned. They went to Edgartown, Nantucket and Hadley's Harbor and had lots of fine swims in the warm water. The last three days of the trip were very stormy though and made them a day late getting back. When I got back from Lyme Wise came down and took me up to Longwoods for dinner. He likes my arrangement in Miss Ai's portrait.

Tuesday, July 30.

I painted on Miss Arnold in the morning. Mrs. Wise Mrs. Crowell and Dr. Hood came too and sat on the piazza but did not see the portrait. Wise & E. & little Wise came down and we went over to Wise and Dunes in bathing. I got lunch at the Wise House, [illegible] and left [illegible] time. They had supper, Wise [illegible] painted on the flowers [illegible] (E. went to [illegible] for lunch. [illegible] Wise and I [illegible] and talked and planned out a night letter to Dr. Stallin who is now at East Orange with Edison having as chairman of the committee asked the boy who for the Edison scholarship. Wise suggested to him that Wise be [illegible]

speak to Edison about having his portrait painted for the Texas collection. I went in running over at the bathing beach about 4, stopping for the Whitmarsh's in the way. They told me about a write-up of the Gloucester Show in last Sunday's N. Y. Times which reproduced my "Self Expression" and spoke of it as the most striking picture in the whole show. They gave me the clipping and I took it back to Wm. Howe where Wise was reading in the garage and he was delighted. Then I motored my family in my bathing suit and Mrs. E. H. Estes Holmes to Woodlawn and we sat in the garage and drank ginger ale. I went up to Sharp's to dress for dinner and after words we came down to the House again and went out in Woodlark. It was a beautiful still evening, high tide and a lovely pink mist. We got back to Wm. Howe about dark and sat and talked and listened to the radio.

Wednesday, July 31.

Miss Arnold came over for a sitting bringing a friend Miss or Mrs. Sidell, who sat on the grass and read. Wise came just before they arrived to be sent them and made a great hit with Miss Arnold who thought he was "darling" and "dear". He went over to Q. and did some errands coming back just as we were taking a rest and Miss A. was drinking a cup of coffee I had made her. So he joined us in the studio for a while. I got along well with the portrait but haven't got the head drawn right yet. I had lunch at Mrs. P.'s and took the 1.28 to Lyons for a sitting with Prof. T. Got along very well and the head is practically done. He is getting thrilled about it and was especially interested in watching me paint in the still life, the little model of his first dynamo in a glass case. He said he would like to paint that himself and I said paint all night with study as to the right idea of how to go about it. He is writing a book about [illegible] and I thought it was wonderful and a Mrs. T. [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] and [illegible] what it is like. On the way to the train Prof. T. had the chauffeur stop and bought me a bag of Spanish peanuts. Very sweet and nice and as many as four in a roll [illegible], a special favorite of his. I got home about 6.30 and found Mrs. Lady had not returned from Marblehead where they had gone to take Estes Holmes home. So I dressed for dinner and when they came in they took me along up to Sharp's. It was a cool evening and we sat in front of the fire and talked chiefly about the weather for Wise [illegible] with Estes. Wise. I went to get it started when I finish this [illegible] I am writing in. Jane is [illegible] in Two Lights and I'm afraid Stephanie is to be doing [illegible] I intend to [illegible] up in the studio [illegible] Wise is [illegible] Quiet as nice a kid as ever.

Thursday, Aug. 1. *

Miss Cornish came over and we had a sitting. It didn't go as well as usual, partly because I wasn't feeling quite up to the mark and because she tries to rush things & gets on my nerves. She gets [illegible] and the bible and gets all [illegible] and I can't concentrate in the midst of her emotional fervor and have it [illegible] before she may "lead a little to God" etc. She means to do anything to help and is devoting herself to this [illegible] starting most of the sitting every day to be in time for the [illegible] next morning etc. and if I can tactfully make her realize that it would help me not to have her there I'm sure she'd do it. I stayed with Cove House all the afternoon talking to E. & Wise who came down and were in for a swim off the float. There was a thunderstorm coming and stood up my belongings etc. to prepare for it. It didn't break until after 6 but was a corker. I never saw anything like the wind. The cove was yellow foam waves with rain and spray like a blizzard over it and pretty soon the boats began to drag and capsize. It lasted about 20 minutes and when it was over I would count from Cove House [illegible] 7 boats capsized and all the little cats and fish boats that are stored up by the yacht club were in a mess around the float and Hodgkins. Miss Lady was out in her [illegible] and rescued & later survived it all right. Hope's boat was capsized and on her side and was rescued by [illegible] up & [illegible] and Violet had dragged some [illegible] but had not capsized. I tried to get Blanche on the telephone but couldn't get [illegible] Soon Hope called me up and I told her about Miss [illegible] and that I was at the rain was over people were gathering in the Cove to see the wreckage and to get their boats righted and pumped out. S. Ne and Wise came down and by that time Albert Hall had got Skelton righted and we let them jump go till the morning but it was quite exciting with all the kids were in bathing with running around their boat and others in motor boats towing them out & their moving back etc. After dinner E. and W. & S came down again and Hope moved with the kids with some other kids. A beautiful calm evening after the storm but the ridges were awful!

Friday, Aug. 2.

I didn't paint in Miss A. this morning as I wasn't feeling quite up to water. Wise came down and began on E. & Hope the frame with [illegible] Miss Adler at the Y.W.C.A. and to take him self [illegible]. I had lunch at [illegible] and [illegible]

the 1.28. Had a fine visit with the [illegible]. Mrs. T. came about 3.30 and liked it very much. Thought there was a little something about the modelling of the forehead that wasn't right but thought the whole thing was going to be [illegible] very good of him though it looked a little redder than she liked. He asked her affectionately as usual as she was leaving "Isn't that fine?" So he really is pleased and I know she will be too. Most of the conversation was about Brown's portrait of him and how it didn't look like him, and didn't it [illegible] it was [illegible] and so on and so on. It's [illegible] as she doesn't like to have him represented at Tech by a portrait that doesn't look like him, but she said "yours will be there won't it". Which shows that he really does like it and I am awfully glad. Glad Dines at Sturgrocks but came home quite early as I was tired. The Colvin questionnaire has been won by a boy [illegible] William B. Heaton of Seattle, Wash. Dr. Statten was chairman of the committee and the boy will have a 4 years course at Tech.

Saturday, May 3.

Miss Arnold came over and I had a lecture with her. In the first place her friend the [illegible] Hooper of Boston had asked if she could come over and see the picture. Asked to get her to come next week when it will be finished but she said she was going home anytime she could come and she wanted to see the painting etc. and I knew Miss A. would be so disappointed if she didn't come so I said all right. Some other friends of hers were in the middle of a sitting but I didn't tell them as it had worked all the morning trying to get the head into better shape as it would be more like when Mrs. H. comes. Though it's hard to see what things I can get it done really and not think it matters so much. I'm sure it's finished enough but it is still not and Miss A. thinks she does everything I can to make gets in my way. When she leaves I feel like bursting into things she wants to say and when she talks she gets all out of me. I can't get to a difference should I put it and finish it up. Mrs. Hooper arrived about 12, a most [illegible] woman with [illegible] and I had [illegible] at lunch. She [illegible] and I had a little talk with her [illegible] and I [illegible] to her a little but it [illegible] much help. She was very [illegible] refusing from any criticism, only saying that she thought it was going to be fine. She talked a blue streak, told me very amusing

stories and is a very interesting person. Though a bit overwhelming if you see much of her. She urged me to come and see her, wanted me to have dinner with her to-morrow but I am going to lunch with Miss Arnold. Then she asked me to come to tea when I would like to do some day. When they all left I joined E. + Wine, and Hope and Margot in the Lady for lunch. and we went down to Marblehead to see the yacht races. a lovely afternoon. Went up to Shaughnessy for dinner.

Sunday, Aug. 4.

I slept rather late and had just got the papers and was settling down to read them when Wine and little Wine came down for me. I got them to take me to see Jo first as I wanted to thank her for a box of candy we had left for me Friday when she came to see me and I was out. Sat on Jo a little while then went up to Shaughnessy. Then home stopping at the Williamsons to ask them to go to the North Shore with Wine's car with me. E. had two tickets but had forgotten about it and had asked the Wrights and Mrs. Hoyes for supper. The Williamsons were quite pleased with the idea and I came back to have lunch and dressed to go out to dinner with them. They were all going down to Marblehead to Idea Lady and took me along. Had quite an outing in Gloucester Harbor and I got a car at the garage and went out to Merrill Hall. Had lunch with Miss A., Dr. Heard and also Miss Hare. Miss Hare is running Merrill Hall. After lunch went up to the Heards and Dr. took me home. Saw Mrs. Heard. Mrs. Heard had arrived but were not at home so left a card at their cottage and came home on the bus. Went to see Gertrude Whittemore who is here with her little niece, Margaret W., at Mrs. [illegible]'s. As I came home saw Elsie Williamson who had come for me to go to supper with them which I did, and we all went to the concert afterwards. Quite nice though I didn't like the singer, Dorothy [illegible], common and an unpleasant metallic voice. The chamber music was much nicer. Piano, [illegible] violin, Fiddler and cello and was named Hahn. Symonds is the host and will give a piano recital Aug. 25. Would like to go but we may be off on a cruise.

Monday, Aug. 5.

Miss Howard came over for a sitting and I painted the background, made it blue all over instead of light gray with a blue curtain at one side. Like it much better, makes her coloring and face look less heavy and more luminous. Got much better with it. She is a hard job though. Had lunch at Mrs. P.'s and Gertrude and Margaret came back with me and all the kids were at the house

so we had been [illegible] bridge just before [illegible] and [illegible] met them all and [illegible] they were all playing hide and seek [illegible] lady and having a fine time and [illegible] the ice was broken and they will [illegible] as G. says [illegible] doesn't know a [illegible] to play with. She is a nice kid and G. says she wants to [illegible] [illegible] to have me make a drawing of her. When they all left I sat around and talked with Wise. Then took a swim off the float. When E. came back from Mrs. Gokey's we all drove over to Bass [illegible] to get Hugo who had been taking a golf lesson. Got caught in a [illegible] [illegible] in G. so we got back so late that I couldn't go to [illegible] for supper. Went to Mrs. Adams instead and Hugo joined me [illegible] and had supper with me and then I went over to G. to a meeting of the executive committee of the G. S. of A. Mr. Barry called for me. We discussed plans for the [illegible] and [illegible] decided to engage the orchestra that I had got information about, [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible]. 5 men for $75 from 9 to 12. $150 to 1 o'clock. Mr. Barry brought me back quite late, as they talked so long and so much in circles, at the meeting.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Miss Arnold came over for a sitting and Dr. Hood came too as I expected to have the portrait ready for her to see and I did. She liked it very much though there are little things that are not quite finished. I can do them to-morrow all right and am so relieved that it is practically done. Miss Arnold has been very sweet and patient about it but she has been awfully hard because she either talked too much and distracted my attention or she looked at me and watched my face as I worked so that I couldn't help being [illegible] conscious of it. E. [illegible] came up and saw it too, the first time E. has met her and she thought it was an awfully good likeness. I was going to Miss [illegible] bridge party in the P.M. but [illegible] it was Wed. [illegible] and found the day had been changed and as I had made an appointment for a sitting with Prof. T. to-morrow I couldn't go. Am not sorry as I don't like to [illegible] and play bridge in summer. I had lunch up at Sleepyrocks and E. drove me over to G. [illegible] to play golf and I did some errands (a [illegible] to [illegible] the frame [illegible] Miss [illegible] portrait) and got [illegible] for [illegible]. [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] the frame, [illegible]. I had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] for a two large [illegible]. Said her husband admired my work very much, [illegible] [illegible] 15 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]

[illegible] up to Shaftesbury to dinner. Had a letter from T.S. working [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] sister Gemma & C.D. on Friday. It will be great fun to have them here.

[illegible]

I finished my two portraits to-day and I think they are [illegible]. The little picture in P. & P. is the best of it as it is [illegible] table etc. 10/-. Hood and miss A-t her niece were all delighted with it. They drove up to Cambridge this afternoon and will come down for a little tea that I think I will have for it & Prof. T.'s away in Sept. They will bring mrs. Stevens and perhaps someone else. They both made very tender farewells, miss Arnold kissing me as she has never missed times lately as she got more thrilled about the portrait. I left it over to lunch when they left and took the 1.28 train to Lyn. I sat on Friday with Prof. T. and got it all finished and was rapping it when mrs. T. came. She liked it very much and they all agreed it was a splendid likeness. Prof. T. & his secretary Mr. [illegible] were delighted with it & congratulated me often they had looked at it and they are going to [illegible] it on to me is a guinea. The first of next week and we will get Mr. Stratton down to see it. Dan is relieved it has come out so well as that will make it all plain sailing with the rest of the Tate collection. I got home and got dressed for dinner and waited in the garage for Sir Lady and they didn't get home till after 7. They had been to Radstock and were late because they turned a bit [illegible] Went up to Shaftesbury for dinner and we talked over our possible trip next winter. To Bad Nauheim (Allgäu + Tirol) Arosa & Davos and Italy and in April go to Paris and London where Wise's press for the Shelley MSS will be finished by that time. It will be wonderful. I had a letter from Mrs. Lynd saying she will come down the first of next week and we miss Mr. Lynd.

Thursday, Aug. 8th.

I graded bills and wrote to mrs. Quiad until about 0.30 when Wise and Hope came down and we went over to Q. and Magnolia shopping. E. was using her last box of Arosa Rice and was staying in bed as she felt rotten. She has been feeling good for sometime the last few days and last night this developed. It is her digestion just when she was feeling so much better and thought she was all over them. We did a few errands in Q. then went on to Magnolia where I got an Italian book & grammar & started in but was in no fit state for it as birthday and some letters for C.D.'s. Wise got a big dressing gown for Hope & some tea & I got a book & a tray and I got a book for E. & pink roses for her birthday & Hope & I got meat and Wise ordered an

over coat. We had planned to take a painting of mine. Forgave Livia to Mrs. Hodges gift shop in Newcastle but didn't have time and had to buy a book. I had lunch at Haywards and in the afternoon went with Grace and Mrs. Ogden to Wiscasset to the garden club meeting at Mrs. Hodgman's. Mrs. H. talked about the Bingo garden in the cottage she is in Washington, told about Jim moving his, Mrs. in and [illegible] from and Jim's ashes, putting in and time or so, [illegible] etc. I enjoyed photographs of it all. Quite interesting. Saw Mrs. Thorn there and Mrs. Hopkinson. Asked about Miss Gardner, and also Mrs. Bailey who is Mrs. Holdsworth's secretary this summer. I asked her if there had been any conversation in the Board of Trustees about my painting Mrs. H. and she said Mrs. H. had been jolly'ing her about it which made me feel it was in my favor. Time to tell and let it stand. Mrs. H. is buying home in Brookline and told me tonight they meant to leave it done. When we got back I watered the garden and went up to Bloggs-roots for dinner. Miss Alden came to get mail for the Mrs. Stone's house as I left. Had a letter from Momma saying they arrive tomorrow at 5. We read about a mystery story that Hope got out of the library for on grandmother in the evening. E. feels a little better tonight.

Friday Aug. 9.

I painted for a while on the flowers in Miss Arnold's portrait and on other little things that I wanted to finish up and then got the studio ready for Wise and little Wise. They came at 10.30 with Wise's nurse, Pearl, and he changed into the white English sailor suit E. had gotten him and was darling. We got the pose decided on quite quickly and I have the same background as in Elizabeth's portrait, the rear-ward end of the studio. He is standing between his grandfather's knees and Big Wise is holding a toy airplane which little Wise has one hand on and they are both looking at me. They are so dear both of them and Wise was so sweet with the little boy telling him stories etc. as I did too and he was very good. Of course he didn't keep still but he was wonderful in the picture and was willing to do all he could to help. We got through in an hour and I am much pleased with the sketch and so is Wise and Hope and the kids who came up into the studio as soon as we finished liked it too. Stayed up to 3 o'clock when we went up for lunch to Mrs. Thorn's and E. and Mrs. Thorn went Wise to Wiscasset about the old rug in a little new hooked chair. Only a matter of two days but he didn't like the white knob at the top and I think she is right. When we finished the sketch I set up a still life group for Hope and she got it down in pencil after lunch in a volume of Stevenson and got his head all in right because he couldn't do it easily the first time. [illegible] is tired, but I think it will be good in the way of [illegible]

and would say if it [illegible] to the group occasionally and [illegible] much more at her painting. However I think she got the idea a little better before we stopped and at least wishes to try and paint in it again [illegible] I think she is disappointed that painting isn't as easy as it looks. Of course she got into a mess with the paint and I had to wash the brushes to show her but after this she will have her own and have to wash them herself. Alma came to clean so things were a little hectic for a while but the kids went off to play tennis and later to go to the play they are giving at the [illegible] and I got the studio in order and was [illegible] with the [illegible] to make [illegible] [illegible] then Mamma and C.D. and B. [illegible] with his luggage from [illegible]. I went over to Mrs. [illegible]'s with them while they got settled and they are [illegible] pleased with the rooms. We all went to Mrs. P[illegible]'s for supper and had a very good time, G. + Constance + Bob. Whittemore [illegible] and Mrs. Allen + Grace French. I asked them all to the studio [illegible] night to hear B. sing and have some music. We came back [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] E. She is feeling better but was not well enough to go to the Godfrey [illegible] where she and Wise had been asked for dinner and so Wise went alone.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

I went over to see Mamma + C.D. and B. for a while and sat on the piazza there. Then came back to Cove House where Wise had arrived and was talking to Dr. Stratton on the telephone. Dr. Stratton had written him in reply to his telegram about getting Edison to sit for his portrait that Edison did not want to bother with sittings and that we might not be able to persuade him though Mrs. Edison wanted him to do it. ~~[illegible]~~ He called up Wise to ask about some [illegible] for rhododendrons that W. had told him about and Wise told him that Prof. Thomson's portrait was finished and asked him to come down and see it and he and his secretary, Mr. Parris will motor down next Wednesday so I shall call up the Thomson's and make sure that it gets started for Squam on [illegible]day. ~~[illegible]~~ Wise left to [illegible] and get [illegible] + Hope and "[illegible]", [illegible] (Kie) [illegible]'s little girl who had come over from Hamilton to spend the day with Hope and bring them down to go in bathing. Mamma + C.D. and B. turned up and we went over to the [illegible] stopping for Little Wise at [illegible]. Had a fine [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible]. When we got back E. + Jack Whitley arrived and they all went down to Marblehead in Sea Lady. I had lunch with Mamma + C.D. + B. at Mrs. Publicover's and Mamma + B. + I went down to Magnolia but didn't get [illegible]. We left my "[illegible]" [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]'s gift [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] over the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Wise + E. [illegible] to [illegible]

in the evening at 13. ——. I have asked a lot of people to come to see Ica and hope Eleanor King and Martha Williamson will play too.

Friday, August 11.

Hope came down and wanted to paint on Ica's still life group before I finished my breakfast. So I got Ica started with Margot and Moira watching her and did my various chores, doing my laundry etc. Ben gave Ica a criticism but am afraid she is too young and doesn't really want to learn and is irritated that she can't do it right off. She won't listen to what I say or try to do as I suggest and said she thought she could do it as well as I do the first time. Which is characteristic as she is sure she can do anything the first time she tries. I like her confidence and if she keeps on trying to paint when she finds it isn't easy she will show that she really wants to. She got in a awful mess with the paint, wiping her brush on the rag I kept taking her out of, and I'm a good deal flattered that I could paint a picture in her opinion before I realized it. However she worked her brushes very well and enjoyed it again when she calmed down. Perhaps she didn't like having to be taught and thought she could do better if I just let her alone. Wise came down before she finished, and Brookie came soon and painted while Wise and I struck in photographs in the album I am making for the Hollywood publicity in N.Y. Thomas came and played I.w. and Wise. They say that he wanted to see me and Wise and it was not state-rooms or that I was for going abroad next winter. She read just [illegible] to Margot's and loved it. Helped in the garden & getting [illegible] Wise left the steam etc. and wanted boys to [illegible] with us. Also Wise [illegible] Wise's sister arrived at our house during the morning. Brookie Wise [illegible] him down to see the "pretty pictures" I had painted of him and his pantaloons. So Wise, about it all so she could act as guide to help. [illegible] Wise's sister's guests and I will go ahead and [illegible] get it boiled in. Wise will be about the 15th or 16th [illegible] It will be a wonderful trip if we can take it. We would sail on the 11th [illegible] Wise knows it as S. P.; and about the 15th we will [illegible] to see the species at the Stapman bridge in memory of the man [illegible] was [illegible] during the years. Congregation [illegible] years of the [illegible] and played hymns, a clergyman and a singer and then the whole [illegible] and flowers were thrown in the water as each name [illegible] in [illegible] and sang, nothing. Wise and Wise [illegible] to the [illegible] & Jack stayed through the [illegible] in a very good temper. We got back quite late and immediately [illegible] and went up to dress for dinner. Wise & Jack left for [illegible] York. Wise will be back Wednesday a.m.

Monday, Aug. 12. C.D.'s birthday.

Brookie moved over to-day to Cove House from Mrs. Stacy's. We all drove over to Gloucester taking E. to a dentist appointment before which we all went out to East Gloucester to go over the Blue Dolphin which is lying at the dock there for charter. B. wanted to see it as she was and Jim want a boat to cruise in next winter in the South and for next summer. Nothing doing with the Blue Dolphin as she is too large, too expensive ($500 a month) and not the type I want. B. wants. While E. was at the dentist's appointment B. & we drove to Rockport to leave my drawing of Nina at Mrs. Parsons's gallery, then back to Gloucester to do errands. I got the studies for the portrait of Wise & little Wise, 36X40. Home to lunch at Mrs. P's and we played around Cove House most of the afternoon, going over for a swim about 4. in the bathing beach. The water was icy. Jo Lodge came and while we were sitting in the piazza I saw Mac. Irving in his outboard motor boat, and went down to the wharf to speak to him and Lo & Mac got me for a swim out to the raft. I then I rode the 2 of the children's heads, Hope, Lucy, Margaret and Nina for me in my water-proof hat. Supper at Mrs. P's and then I went to Mrs. Wharton's & got my things. The evening, like the rest of the whole day was spent in packing & getting ready. Had a good swim in the bay. Mr. and Mrs. Thacher & Mrs. Wharton came to play, and we had a very nice party. L.D. Litchfield came but would not play as Mrs. Wharton played, also all the children and his accompaniments and it was awfully nice. They took off my wrist, waist and they were all very pleased. The photographer came & took 2 photos of the portrait, taken by me. Wharton of the Gas. Elevation is good. Everyone seems to like the portrait very much.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.

Foggy old day. B. & Margaret & C.D. sat in front of the fire all the morning. I did various jobs around Cove House, [illegible] in [illegible]. in my album &c. E. came down about 12.30 and we had lunch in Sara Lady's dining room as it was too foggy. After lunch they went up to see E.'s garden and I wrote letters and straightened the canvas for Wise and little Wise and took the 4.15 bus to Gloucester to go to Mr. Parsons's tea at Rocky Neck. Afterwards walked up to the Gallery of the G.S. of A. where I was to meet Mrs. Layman and Mrs. Randall to talk about the portrait. They were there, also Mr. Randall who looked through my album while we were discussing plans. We finally went to the house to go over them. Mrs. Hill dresses and she'll come to the studio for the sitting Sat. a.m. I met Mr. Layman & the children too. The portrait will hang in the Rio Washington House. Mr. P. drove me to the Rudder where I got supper and then walked down to the wharf &

gathering for the annual meeting. Stopped in at several studios as I had time to kill. Saw Irving Wiles and Keith Anderson and the Peyton's and tiggered at Polly Tarbell's but she was out. The meeting was quite peppy. We elected the hanging committee for next year. Hilliard Chairman, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Peyton, Mr. Simmons, Breckenridge, Will Davis and I can't remember the seventh. Mr. Abbott appointed a jury for awarding the prizes next year by vote of the artist members which will make a good deal of discussion. The set in was finally passed. I was for it as I think it will be an interesting experiment and believe in anything that tends to increase individual action and responsibility among members as against too much delegation of authority to a small group. I got home quite late. B. in bed. I told her that Mr. Thomson had come and had seen the portrait. We were not expecting him until 5 - now I suppose he had to change his plans. E. showed it to him and B. was not in the studio as she was dressing when they arrived but she thought Mr. Parris, his secretary liked it. I'll hear the whole story from E. Mr. Thomson was disappointed he didn't come as planned as there were things I wanted to say but I am glad he saw it, before he saw it - if the Thomsons like it as much as I think the lord.

Thursday, Aug. 14.

E. called for me a little after 9 to go over to meet Wise. Hodge was along too but she left us and took a bus home as she had an appointment for a manicure when we went on to Magnolia for Wise to have a fitting on a coat he is having made there. We went first to Rockport Beach to see about Sea Lady who is booked out on the ways to have her propeller shaft fixed and I telephoned from there to the Thomsons to let them know that Mr. Thomson had come yesterday afternoon so that they wouldn't make the trip over expecting to see him. Started to Prof. Benson and apparently they weren't coming anyway so that was all right. E. said that Mr. Thomson liked the portrait very much, had nothing but favorable criticism and said when he left to tell Wise that he thought it was fine. We also got some things at Magnolia, as wedding present and some things for me to give Gamma for Mother's Day. Got home about time for supper. After supper went to see Jean at Andrews for the Farm and Garden. Stopped at the store on Wise Ave. coming down to see the portrait. It is crazy about it and I feel that it is really a success. Am so glad as it is so important to have every one enthusiastic about the first one of the collection. A yes. Dreaming who to paint Reinhardt's house reminds me about a portrait of his two little boys, 4 - 1½ yrs. old. It would be a tough job but I'd like to try it. Wrote Gamma, Wise, Hawkins and I went over to Rockports to call on Jean. Had a most interesting hour, big, red brick, Wm. Lamb house on the waterfront, was Mrs. Coleman of the hospital there and also Whitfield Cone and Mrs. Rockwell

came. We had a very nice time. In the evening Grace French sang for a while and later Wise & E. came down and we sat in front of the fire and talked Froggy all day.

Thursday - Aug. 15

Wise called for me early to take me over to the G.J. of artists to sing me now. He was going to Rockport back to work about the work on Miss Lady and left me at the gallery first. We worked there all the morning with the exhibition committee getting the pictures ready. Went out for lunch to the Tudor. Ida and at 1.30 to start the hanging. Had a fine committee, Mr. Winter, Mr. Carter, Mr. Beals, a y[illegible] Scandinavian looking boy) and many about, a nice gang. All very willing and no loud argument. Everything I said went and yet they had good suggestions and enough initiative. We worked hard until 6 and got the whole big gallery hung except about a dozen small pictures which we will find a place for to-morrow. We will do the little pictures exhibition on the black and white and water colors to-morrow too and expect to get through in good season. The show looks very well. The best we've had and Paris Anderson has joined and sent a nice little boy's portrait and three little studies. I went to the studio again for supper and back to the gallery for a meeting of the executive committee to take over plans for the Faber's Ball. The annual meeting was at 8 to elect new officers. Mr. Anderson is president again, Mr. Winter vice-president, Mrs. Hitchcock secretary & left at 9 when Wise came for me with Wise and Mamma back to Mrs. Anderson's where I would be chairman of the exhibition committee next year. He & Mr. Winter promised they would be on my committee and it was settled and as we all know the rigger. I declined to be vice-president again. Would [illegible] a prominent office [illegible] there is nothing more. Brookie drove over for me with Mamma and Wise and when we got back we sat in front of the fire at Cove House for a while.

Friday. Aug. 16.

Brookie left about 9.30 with all her belongings in the car to drive to Woods Hole, about 100 miles, and take the boat for Nantucket where [illegible] will meet her & they will stay a few weeks. It has been awfully nice having her and I think she has enjoyed her visit. Mamma & C.D. are very comfortable at Mrs. Stacy's and and are enjoying Squam now very well and are looking for a house for another year or a little bit of land to build on. Light [illegible] Wise drove me over to E.J. Hunter and left me at the gallery [illegible] and I [illegible] and at my committee [illegible] and it was very busy up to 3.30. Wise called me up in the middle of a

morning to take me that we had heard from Dr. Stratton that he was coming
at 4 to see the portrait again and talk over the plans for the gymnasium
& laboratory. So I was much elevated that we managed to get through at
the gallery in time for me to get home to dress at 4. Miss Abbott
dined with me which helped a lot. She is a nice girl. Dr. Stratton didn't
arrive till about 5 so I never had time to paint on the portrait a little
as I'd planned to the last moment etc. But I wanted to do. I put it
on the easel in a good light and sort of left it with it. I think it
is one of the best things I have done and gives Prof. Thomson personality
& ... spirit & expression just as I wanted it. We had a dinner
for ... and his secretary Mr. Morris Parrish about 7.30. They like the gym.
plans very much and Dr. S. has gotten to Mr. J very almost getting a site
for it in Sept. He lives in Exeter, N. H. and they say it's a beautiful
town, rosy face and white beard and white curly hair. When Dr. S. left
I went over to the Beals with Mrs. Beal's tea Mrs. B. was giving for Mrs. Hill. I was
... I had a very nice visit with Mrs. Peirce & Miss Peirce
... been over to Mrs. Rice's in Jamaica Plain to get Hugh. I had supper
with Mr. & Mrs. P.'s and E. & I ... home and sat in front of the fire
and read Emma & C.10.

Saturday, August 17.

Mrs. I ... at 12 in first ... at 11
and I felt that I did lots of jobs around Cove House, getting Bobby Jones
& Wm. Tomaszewski ready to go to Stockbridge and re-hanging pictures
in the C.10. room and after lunch I helped me pack the two
pictures for Stockbridge. I got on all right with the Misses Mc Rendall. She brought several evening dresses but we decided on
a lemon yellow chiffon and she had a black velvet evening wrap with
a big white fox fur collar thrown back from her shoulders into waves
of the curls lying waving. The back ground is pale yellow (my studio
window curtains tacked on the wall behind the lighted side of her head. Her mother Mrs. Layman
and her friend Dr. Lombard, came at the end of the sitting & we
all stood & looked at the picture and also at some ... & I
forgot to go ahead and paint it as soon as I got back from the ...
We are all going to ... for a week. So it's the ... that
will be a good thing so I know just what I need with ... the shows etc.
I went over to the private view in the P.M. but couldn't stay long as I had to
... it was Saturday & in by ... of a letter and call to ... to
... for Mrs. Randall's portrait. It will be 33 X 39. We
had C. had taken a crowd of E.10 visiting friends to Marblehead in Beal's
... & got back just as I got back to Cove House. Wise came down for

to go up to Shegnecocks for dinner. Jack arrived this a.m. but he and E. went out in town [illegible]. I had a letter from Hope & Wire & we went to the yacht club after dinner to look in at the Mazquerade. This is a U.S. affair. It was quite amusing. Hope went in white with [illegible] and Wire as Pierrot as usually got up as the little Fat [illegible]. I danced with Mr. Hale but left early as I had a lot of things to do at Cove House — brushes to wash, things to iron, laundry and [illegible] to finish etc. Did not get to bed [illegible] as [illegible] to pack for the cruise.

Thursday, August 18.

I got up at 7, got my breakfast, packed my [illegible]. E. & Wire came down at 9.15 and we got off about 9.30. Hope is not going as she wanted to stay in Squam. She is having too good a time and didn't want to miss Mrs. Price's outing dance today, too. [illegible] & E. came down to see us off. It looked [illegible] and I wished a beautiful day to [illegible] in Boothbay Harbor by 12 or 1 o'clock. [illegible] at 6.10. [illegible] Mrs. Duggan has arrived again, a nice [illegible] of characters and is [illegible]. We went [illegible] and had dinner aboard. We decided Fish Pier best.

Boothbay Harbor August 19.

We left Linekin Bay about 9.30 and ran around into Boothbay Harbor for gasoline and to go ashore and do a few errands. I got a lot of post cards for Hope and Wire and mailed letters to Mamma, Miss Arnold and Mrs. Pope. Hope post cards were all seagulls pictures, gulls lighting on the water etc. and I drew all the good food I can think of and a lady and fighting on the sides for them. Both Wire were heaps of different kinds and a lighthouse. We left Boothbay about 11 and went out by Linekin Island around Pemaquid Pt. and up two rivers & Island. We went way up as far as [illegible] and then came down the other side of Main Island through the Flying Passage and around to Friendship, then through Friendship Narrows and Round Island Narrows into Muscongus Bay & Port Clyde [illegible] to look at it, then around [illegible] and up into Harbor Island where we anchored for the night, [illegible] about 6 o'clock. It was cloudy all day with the sun out occasionally and N.E. wind so we were only warm when we were running with the wind behind us. After supper the wind dropped and it was a beautiful calm evening [illegible] moonlight when the moon came up. We had a sudden heavy shower about 1 but it stopped it cleared off beautifully and we got in the dinghy and rowed to shore and walked through the village of Tenant Harbor. A nice [illegible] and a feeling of fall in the air though the [illegible] were still in bloom. When we [illegible] we [illegible] it was [illegible] Being Saturday

Tuesday, August 20. Brilliant and clear but a cold N. & N.E. wind

We left Tenants Harbor about 9.30. Went through the Muscle Ridge Channel and up Penobscot Bay to Camden, arriving about 11. Got gas, water, and supplies there and E. and I went ashore for cake, newspapers etc. Saw Mrs. Kissel on the dock taking her launch back to Islesboro. When we left Camden about 12 we went straight across Penobscot ~~Island~~ Bay around the northern side of Mt. Haven Island and down into the Deer Island Thorofare. Through that, across Blue Hill Bay, around Bass Harbor Head Light and up towards N.E. Harbor but kept on passing between Cranberry and Sutton Is. around mt. Desert up into Frenchmans Bay to Bar Harbor where we anchored for the night. Mt. Desert was beautiful but forbidding looking. We got in about 4 and went ashore and called up the Thorndikes, to find out if they were at home no later we would come up to see them, and garden Pond House to reserve a table for dinner. I got Mrs. T. on the telephone and she seemed quite pleased to have us so we got a taxi and drove up. It was very interesting to me to be in Bar Harbor again after so many years, I think it is 47, and it did not look very much changed. Of course the automobiles make quite a change and there are several new N.Y. stores but a lot of the village and the Thorndikes place looks just the same. We found Dr. & Mrs. T. there and Mary and Dr. Clark and had tea with them on the piazza where you get such a wonderful view of Frenchmans Bay and the Isles. E. & I enjoyed it I think as much as anything particularly liked the T.'s very much. So we drove away in our car we met Mary T. walking over from Craigs. all of which is exactly the same. The drive to Jordan's Pond was beautiful. We ~~must~~ met a new road, made by Rockefeller, cut along the side of Green Mt. above Eagle Lake and the Bubble Pond and we looked over the lakes and ponds beneath us to the mount over the Mts. on the other side. We ~~an~~ awfully cold at Jordan's Pond but they had open fires and we had a good hot tea and popovers dinner and got back to the boat about 9.30. Automobiles have certainly made a difference in what people can see of the island, quite a contrast to the days when a trip to Pond meant practically an all day ~~back~~-board drive there and back. Our driver was a very nice man, an old resident, and he said he felt terribly when motors were allowed in the underfoot of his horses and liveries. But he had to admit that it had been a good thing for the prosperity of the island.

Wednesday, August 21.

Another brilliant, cool, blue day. A little warmer but still cool. When we were running into the inner Harbor we met the S.S. Mariner coming to N.Y. in this fleet. We went up

- French Man's Bay, ran up along the cruisers drive at B or Harbor
ran to the shore so we could see the big houses, were very handsome.
then along the coast of St. Desert past the Pot and Kettle Club at the
Bowns up until we could see the bridge in the narrows then we
turned and came back on the other side of the bay, running in
Somes Harbor, Flanders Castle, and in back of Sutton Island to
Winter Harbor. As we passed Sutton Island we saw a big barge aground
close to the shore and some men on a raft alongside poking logs up into
a runway that carried them up into the ship. all over the island
among the trees there were piles of wood ready to be loaded and taken
away in this way and the men working on the raft among the floating logs
with their long poles were very picturesque. We went in close and got
some pictures and went on to Winter Harbor. We found a perfect an-
chorage there, an almost landlocked harbor, and lots of yachts in and on
the steep wooded shores overlooking the harbor the yacht club and casino
and the cottages of the Grindal and Dorr. After lunch we went ashore,
went up to the hotel, situated on the top of the neck where it gets a
wonderful view of St. Desert, Sutton Island across the B. Bay, and Wise
called up Boothbay Harbor to see if there were any telegrams for
him while E. + I read newspapers and magazines. The hotel is very
attractive, large rooms furnished in cheerful, summery colors, screens.
When we finished we went down and sat on the casino piazza for a
while and watched the boats in the yacht space. Little jib and mainsail
boats about 24 footers. Then we went in to board again and ran
across from Somes Bay around St. Desert to N. E. Harbor for
gas and water. Then up into Somes sound for the night. We lay in
the same night under Eagle cliff, a beautiful spot. E. + I with a row along
the shores after supper and it was lovely. The water is clear and deep
right up to the sides of the Sound. Quite a lot of yachts in at N. E. The
Quinipet, the Sachem and the Corsair, which also was at B or Harbor
last night.

Thursday, aug. 22.

This is the day of the artist's costume party at
the Reading's and I feel a little guilty that I am not there & left in
the decorations etc. and did not call up Hickey. I sit on Mrs. B Avery's
league for $10 however before I left this I hope will make up for my not
taking any part in it. We left Somes Sound about 9 and ran around to N. E.
Harbor for supplies. E. + I and Stanley went ashore. Off again about 10.30
and ran around Schoodic Head, passed Long Island, and into a little harbor
behind Schoodic Head, on the outside of Bar Island where we anchored for lunch,
a picturesque little fishing harbor. After lunch we went on along the outside of

Dale on Hawk, across to Saddle Back Light and just there to Pinal Haven. We went into Carver's Harbor to take a look at it and ~~returned~~ returned to round Pinal Haven through the narrows, and up Hurricane Sound, very beautiful, passed Rocket Cove where the Moffats live and into the Thorofare to N. Haven where we anchored about 4.20. We didn't go ashore, just sat in the cockpit reading. I am finishing Henry VIII and Wise is reading "All quiet along the Western Front", a book on the recent war by a German of French extraction, Remarque. We ~~started~~ started reading it aloud but it was too unpleasant and disagreeable. I suppose some people need to have the horrors of war detailed to them but I should think most people could imagine them and this book seems to have purposely chosen incidents that are disgusting and indecent. It has had an enormous sale in Germany.

Friday, August 23.

Hazy and a S. W. breeze that got stronger as the day went on. We went up to the steamboat pier at N. Haven for gas after breakfast. Then ran across Penobscot Bay and took the course through Two Bush Channel down the coast coming in by the Silly Ledges to George Harbor where we anchored for lunch. E. & I steered and it got pretty choppy, and rough by the time I took her. After lunch we started out again to cross Muscongus Bay, round Penaquid Pt. and come into Booth Bay Harbor by the Hypocrites and Fisherman's Island. It was much rougher but Capt. Perry took the wheel and we ran slowly and got through all right. We found a lot of yachts in Booth Bay Harbor taking shelter from the blow, among them Dr. Riggs' power cruiser the Penguin. As we rowed ashore I saw a boy and man put out from the Penguin in a row boat and it was the young Riggs boy. I knew only a baby when I was in Shadowridge and is now pretty about 16 and it was amusing to see the strong family resemblance. We did some errands on shore, looked in the gift shops, windows etc. There is a whole log cabin arcade of them and had tea at a little tea room overlooking the harbor. As we rowed out to Sea Lady again we saw Dr. Riggs sitting in the cockpit of his boat and waved to him and he got up and waved but looked puzzled as I don't think he knew who we were. Will have some correspondence with him soon about a boat so he will know who Wise is when he looks up his boat and he may run over here in Sea Lady at Islesboro as he knows who I am. When we got on board again we read until supper time. I finished Henry VIII and have started Wise's. After supper we ~~read~~ read aloud that wonderful book, "Fish Preferred". Quite amusing but Wise is tired as none of his others. Too much paddling.

Saturday, aug. 24.

a beautiful warm, sunny day with no wind, except later a light S.W. breeze. Heavy showers in the night. We left Boothbay Harbor right after breakfast, about 9 o'clock. Had rearfect in the cockpit it was so warm. Only the second time this trip we have been able to eat out doors. Mr. Riggs boat the Penguin left just before we did, towing out a tall sparred black sloop the Dione, and we passed them outside the harbor and exchanged a few words with him through the megaphone. His hair has got very gray and he looks pretty thin but very attractive still. He must be 52 now as he was 37 when I painted him in 1913 or 14. There was quite a rolling sea outside left from yesterdays blow and after we passed Seguin Whistler wire gave me the wheel to relieve Elizabeth and set a course for the Portland lightship, but though heading her up into the sea I got out much too far so that when we sighted the lightship we were much too far out and had to turn in and run up to her to get our true course for Boone Island. Of course I thought I was keeping on the course and turned back to the proper course everytime after I had swung off to put a wave but I would have turned swung equally far back on the other side. We saw a school of porpoises or blackfish, near the lightship went right along then both they swam lazily along so near that we could hear them puff as they came up for air. Capt. Perry took the wheel most of the way out to Boone Island and though we had got much colder we got carried way out too. From the Whistler off Boone Island ledge Wire set a course straight for Squam between the Isles of Shoals. The sea was glassy smooth by that time and we had a beautiful run getting in to Squam a little after 6 o'clock. C.D. & Hamm went ashore to Cove House with Mr. & Mrs. Watts Kramer who they had had over for tea at the Barnacle. He is editor of Musical America. E. asked me to come up to Sleepy Hollow for dinner as I was too late for Mrs. P.'s. E. did write, seemed quite glad to see us. Hope is away on a visit with Ts. Betty's glee. not at home. We sat around and talked for a while and looked at the Eastern slides of E.'s photos. for her lecture on Nature. Ben Wire took me down to see Hamm & C.D. for a while and I went home quite early to get unpacked and settled. Found a lot of mail here, two letters from Mina & one from Judge Lindsey giving me the address for his sister's portrait, one from Mrs. Thomson saying that she would like to give Alea for me and the portrait in Shanghai with Latin, reversal cards & tea, etc. Wm had an awfully nice letter from Prof. Norton, now published & is with the portrait and a lot of

nice things about my ability as an artist.

Sunday, August 25.

A beautiful, warm day. Stayed around Cove House all the morning, reading papers etc. Nanna & C.D. came down and sat on the piazza and E. & Wise brought Little Wise and a little friend of his Hogarth Paton and E. and I got into our bathing suits and took the children over to the sand dunes. I had lunch at Mrs. P.'s and afterwards read all quiet on the Western Front and finished it. It is a tremendously graphic description of what the war was to the ordinary soldier and the psychological effect on him, making a whole generation of those who survived unfitted unable to fit into civilized life again. As it was from the German standpoint towards the end of the war when conditions were particularly bad owing to lack of supplies of all kinds it was especially horrible but of course the experiences under fire were common to all the armies and it is appalling. I'm glad to have read it as to know the whole truth but I can't get rid of it out of my mind. After I finished that I got both portraits Mrs. Randell and Wise & Little Wise placed on the big canvases from the Melon. Have my first sitting with the two Wises to-morrow and Mrs. Randell on Tuesday. Tuesday. Want to paint Jimmy Morrow soon too. Elsie Williamson dropped in. She used to go in swimming but as I had been in in the morning didn't go. Also Mr. Phillpotts dropped in with some purple asters & Mrs. Hutchinson who have a house here this summer. I admire flowers. Mr. Phillpotts came in and saw Prof. Thomson's portrait. He knows him and thought it was fine. Said "You've done something there, all right". He wanted to know where it was to hang and I told him but asked him not to print it in the paper yet (he writes for the Globe) E. & Wise came back soon after he left. Mary Esther E. Lister and a friend of hers, Miss Mitchell, who has come to stay the day with Miss Lady and Peter we three had dinner in front of the fire at the back. Afterwards we came up to the Cove House and sat by the fire for a while. Then I went over to a concert at the Pavilion Hotel, given under the auspices of the Women's Institute. Enjoyed it very much and am glad I went.

Monday, August 26th.

Wise and Little Wise came down early and we started their portraits. We got on finely. Little W. was dancing about the room really interested in it and though of course he doesn't keep still for more than a few minutes I keep him interested with stories and such I shall be able to get a good start. It is a great help having him sitting against his father as the latter is a great talker and keeps him quiet. Miss Lady & Peter left for Toronto by the 9.40 train. I felt rather sorry to see them go as they have been very pleasant company. Peter is a dear little boy and I am very fond of him. Miss Lady is a very nice woman and I enjoy her company very much. Wise & Little Wise left for Toronto by the 12.40 train. Had lunch at Mrs. P.'s and afterwards read all quiet on the Western Front and finished it. It is a tremendously graphic description of what the war was to the ordinary soldier and the psychological effect on him, making a whole generation of those who survived unfitted unable to fit into civilized life again. As it was from the German standpoint towards the end of the war when conditions were particularly bad owing to lack of supplies of all kinds it was especially horrible but of course the experiences under fire were common to all the armies and it is appalling. I'm glad to have read it as to know the whole truth but I can't get rid of it out of my mind. After I finished that I got both portraits Mrs. Randell and Wise & Little Wise placed on the big canvases from the Melon. Have my first sitting with the two Wises to-morrow and Mrs. Randell on Tuesday. Tuesday. Want to paint Jimmy Morrow soon too. Elsie Williamson dropped in. She used to go in swimming but as I had been in in the morning didn't go. Also Mr. Phillpotts dropped in with some purple asters & Mrs. Hutchinson who have a house here this summer. I admire flowers. Mr. Phillpotts came in and saw Prof. Thomson's portrait. He knows him and thought it was fine. Said "You've done something there, all right". He wanted to know where it was to hang and I told him but asked him not to print it in the paper yet (he writes for the Globe) E. & Wise came back soon after he left. Mary Esther E. Lister and a friend of hers, Miss Mitchell, who has come to stay the day with Miss Lady and Peter we three had dinner in front of the fire at the back. Afterwards we came up to the Cove House and sat by the fire for a while. Then I went over to a concert at the Pavilion Hotel, given under the auspices of the Women's Institute. Enjoyed it very much and am glad I went.

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[illegible] and got on his bathing [illegible] and he went down to the [illegible] and talked to [illegible] & C.C. While I painted on Wise's [illegible] to be a really nice picture and I am thrilled about it. Had lunch at Mrs. P.'s and in the afternoon Wise drove C.C. and me over to Gloucester to do some errands while he and E.C. Sisters went on to Magnolia to try [illegible]. We came back on the bus. I took the Simmons College girl that Mrs. Guild sent me to have a photographic enlargement made to [illegible] I can work from that and put it in the portrait. When I got back [illegible] fire and warm. Then up to Sleepyweeks for dinner. We went over E.'s [illegible] slides afterward, getting them in order for her lecture.

[illegible] were sitting down there and he to me to his Cornish portrait. Mamma C.C. came down as Mamma wanted to try on one of my evening [illegible] I showed it to her & the Warners & Mrs. [illegible] and I gave my painting a pat, & came out & home from [illegible]. Wise [illegible] and we had a good visit [illegible] and they are crazy about their portrait & that's done. They took me up to Mrs. Adams for lunch and Mrs. G. wants me to do Mr. G.'s portrait next week. I beat it back to the studio as Jimmy Morrow was coming for me to make me sketch for the painting I am going to do of him. I found him with his mail bag over his shoulder, a bundle of letters in one hand and an apple with a bite out of it in the other, leaning against one of the posts of the piazza with some hollyhocks and a bit of the street in the background. Had a very interrupted time as the telephone kept ringing, but managed to get the sketch made before I had to go back to the P.O. Some people came to the studio while I was sketching up. Randall (dumping) Holloway and two friends, and they stayed until Charlie Riggs and his mother and two friends, Mrs. Worden and Miss Church, came to take me over to Rockport to tea. We got tea at the Driftwood just as a thundershower came up and I got home only just in time to dress for dinner with Mamma & C.C. at the Turkshead Inn with Mr. & Mrs. Walter Kramer. Had a rather dull evening, perhaps because I was tired out and wanted to get home.

Wednesday, August 28.

Have had such a busy time the last few days that it is now Friday night and I haven't written in my diary since Tues. Wednesday a.m. I painted on Wise and Little Wise and got on all right. Little W. is darling and good as gold. I went over to Mrs. P.'s for dinner and painted on Jimmy Morrow's picture from one to 2.30. Then I went into Mamma & C.C. & Wise to look at a house, Miss Proy's in Lexington Street, they are interested in buying it. I am to use

studies and various jungle cons. Mr. Julian to see about photographic paintings & Miss Worley to get material for an article on me for the Springfield Republican. Hope arrived from her visit to Marion where she had a fine time and we went out sailing in Sculpin and E. in Orizaba. I went with Hope as crew and she handled her boat very well. She is improving a lot. Mamma & C.D. & I went up to Sheepshanks to dinner.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

Mr. Julian came early and stayed until 11 photographic three cameras, Miss Arnold, Prof. Thomson and Self expression and also took several photos of me. He found the best light for the pictures was down at the darks garage in the shade and took them there. When he left I had a visit with Wise but didn't accomplish much. Lunch at Mrs. P.'s and painted J. Morrow. He is thrilled about being painted and very amusing and there is a noticeable improvement in the delivery of the morning mail as he has to hustle over his route to get through in time for sitting. The Bowers and their friend Mrs. Bradley came for tea and I went over to Mrs. Dawson's tea at the yacht club for a little while. In the evening Mamma & C.D. took me & E. & Wise over to Stillson Hall. Leslie Buswell's theatre, for a performance of a play "Marriage a la Mode" by Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) and Miss Harriet Ford. It was very well done. A topic among town folk, a sort of propaganda for more safety devices for the men. We enjoyed seeing it and E. & Wise were interested in seeing the house and theatre which are very picturesque.

Friday, Aug. 30.

Mrs. Horsfall came for a sitting. Fine start and he is thrilled. Lunch at Mrs. P.'s. Painted Julian M. till 2.30, got on finely. Then went with E. & Wise and little W. over to Mrs. Rice's in Spanish, where Hope had been spending the night to get her and the children's bathing-dress. 83 children, three of all ages, playing base-ball etc. in the wide lawns. Joined in running in the pool and the pond afterwards. Stayed to tea with them. Little Wise made friends with a little boy, Billy Henderson, and had a fine time. Mamma & C.D. spent the evening with me in the studio. To-morrow the Fishermen's races begin and we are going in a big body to see them. The Graf Zeppelin, big Dirigible balloon, made a trip around Lake Erie and came back in 12 hours from Buffalo to N.Y. Mr. Julian came while I was over in Spanish so he took pictures all over again. They are very good. He left for N.Y. Mr. Julian came while I was over in Spanish so he took pictures all over again.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

[illegible] ... [illegible] for the [illegible] F[illegible] ... [illegible] and [illegible] ... [illegible] E. [illegible] and they picked me up at the Hawthorne Inn landing and we had [illegible] on board and went out into the bay to follow the races. There was very little wind and they couldn't get round the course in the 7 hrs. allowed so the race was called off. The schooner Progress was making the best time and was way in the lead though she was way behind at the start they said. The other schooners were the [illegible] S. Gorton, the Elsie and the Charles W. Story. We got home about 5 and E. + I went in swimming off the float. The water was fine and warm, 66°. Before supper I wrote to Dr. [illegible] to make sure that the dates for my Atlanta show were all right and to [illegible] him a copy of [illegible] [illegible] book. [illegible] ... [illegible] to paint his portrait for the [illegible]. I got a [illegible] ... [illegible] portrait this morning, [illegible] ... and she is delighted with it. I want very much to make a success of it as she is the first pretty woman of the modern type I have had to paint and people have said that I do men better than women so I want to make an awfully attractive, smart portrait of her. E.'s [illegible] supper party was very nice. The MacVeaghs, Mrs. Mayo, K. + L. Cook, Mamma, C.W. + S. E. + Jack Wheeler and ~~four~~ three of [illegible]'s friends, Pattie, Margot & Louise Graves were there. It [illegible] up quite early as [illegible] ... [illegible] for [illegible] ... [illegible].

Sunday, Sept. 1.

An awfully nice day. Hot and summery. I was going to paint on Wise but the kids of Lobster Cove were having a race for a cup that E. gave and it was such fun watching the race, which took all the morning to be sailed off that neither Wise nor I could bear the idea of going up into the studio and getting to work. The kids, all under 11 yrs. old sailed in the four fish boats which are owned in the cove, Hope's sculpin, Ruth Trick's Shrimp, Red Clark's Blue Fish and another boat belonging to Johnnie Worcester. Red Clark has been coaching them all summer and he ran the affair. They drew lots for boats and the race was sailed off in lots of three. There being 12 children in all the four winners raced in pairs and finally the last two winners, Louise French + Johnnie Worcester raced and the little boy won. Louise had been ahead and doing finely but the tide had got so low at one of the marks she had to wind that her centreboard was pulled up and she couldn't get it down again so when she [illegible] to beat home she naturally couldn't make any headway against [illegible] wind. It was a great race and about 50 people at [illegible]. [illegible] on the

Clark's Wharf and on Cove House piazza to see it. Jack arrived last night and he and E. Potter & little Wise came down. Hope was beaten in her first race. She could have drawn for a boat but preferred to sail Swiftsure. She was doing finely and was leading until the home stretch when the wind veered and came head on and she didn't realize it in time to change her tactics and got in irons and got home second. Though she didn't win she kept very better at that juncture & drifted over the finish line before us. She was a good deal about it. We had lunch on board and Lady at the helm. Wise & E. & Hope and I and Mrs. C. went up to Chapel Hill to meet and get in good time for an early tea in the evening and a round of visits. Hope and Wise came down and Wise & I took them and Jack over to Mrs. Fuller's where we were invited. We stopped at the Hawthorne Inn and met Mr. and Mrs. McCoy. The visit was a short one but we had time to finish in the time allowed and the rain held off a good deal of the time so we got back to Cove House about 6 and I went over to Mrs. P.'s for supper and afterwards went with Mamma & C.D. to hear E.'s lecture on Mexico at the Village Hall. She did finely, did not seem to be nervous at all and the lantern slides of her photos looked fine. Everyone liked it very much and it was very interesting and gave a good deal of the feeling of the country.

Monday, Sept. 1.

Mrs. Randolph came for a sitting, a very hot day but we had the electric fan going in the studio and she didn't mind it. During the morning Mrs. Jones telegraphed and asked if we would bring her husband to see my work as they came about 12.30 with three of the children, a boy of about 15 and a little girl and boy of about 5 and 7. All very good looking children. They seemed to like my work but nothing definite was arranged about my painting Mrs. R. knows who they are in Washington and says they have lots of money. After one I went on board Sea Lady for lunch with E. & Wise and Mr. & Mrs. B. after and we went over to Glen Cove to see the F.'s yacht race. It was so hot there was a S.W. breeze and they had decided to let it - keep it a little the championship and there were lots of boats out there - Wise & I known over the course. When we got it to the first mark Mr. B. Jay, (Mrs. P's cousin and a neighbor) was sailing with the P.'s and at the third mark and the Thomas's yacht Sea Lady left the lead. At this they had rounded the mark off Tea Neck and were beating home. Mr. Jay says the coast through Hell Gate is the finest sailing in the world. It is a beautiful sail from Cove House right on to Throgs Neck and Travel

so that when we came about and headed out to sea the story had to work again and the storm would have to come to us. The P would go in the story to come about again, as we had the right of way being on the starboard tack, and then the two boats were on the same tack with the P appearing in the windward position and she would pull ahead of the story and keep in head all the way to the lee mark, which was about 11 minutes ahead of the S. I was very excited, [illegible] and I was so hard at work at the tiller steering that I could not see the P very well as I was trying to keep my eyes on the [illegible]. The skipper was a man of 50 odd years, a Portuguese, and he certainly looked as mad and disappointed. She won the Portuguese cup outright and we had another cup and $1500 with $1000 for the crew. The story came in record and the whole world [illegible] it. It was great fun and I'm glad my yacht at last though it is too bad they didn't get three good races out of it. Mamma & C.D. & S went up to Shawnacks after noon to stay with [illegible] & Jack, but they had left on an earlier train. C. told her mother that we had won it and she was very much pleased and it was nice to have mamma there to have shared in our success. We met on the train E.F. & W. but left mamma & C.D. [illegible] & Jack

Thursday, August 3. as they have to - nervous.

another awfully hot day. Mrs. Randell came to sit and Mr. K. brought the children over and took them over to the beach while I had the sitting. She is perfectly delighted with the portrait and it is going to be nice I think. I had lunch at Mrs. P's and beat it back to the studio to paint on Jimmy Norrow. Mamma and C.D. dropped them at 2.30 on their way up to Mrs. I may have up [illegible] Harry. I do worry they had to go and I hope the hot weather doesn't [illegible] P.M. after I got through painting E. & Wise came down and we were [illegible] over to the pool where Hope & Tommie & Mary Lee [illegible] Wise [illegible] and [illegible] the water was fine and warm. I went up to Shawnacks for dinner and over to the last meeting of the Lancaster Society of Arts afterwards. The meeting consisted [illegible] of reading reports. They made about $300 on the dance and have $500 in the treasury which is pretty good. I arranged for my exhibition committee to meet here at the studio Friday morning to go over the dates for next year. Mrs. Barry brought me home.

Wednesday, August 4.

Mrs. Randell came over for a sitting and the portrait is almost finished and she is delighted with it. Mrs. Randell brought [illegible] and Wise took them over to the bathing beach in

Woodbrook. Hope & E. were over playing golf at 1.30 as I do this. We have decided on a black and gold Spanish shawl for the garment and I have ordered it. Mrs. Harris here up a bus. Card parties. Friends of Mrs. H as I do from [illegible] is interested in having a portrait and wanted to know if I could do it before the 20th of Sept. I do so [illegible] to get it in though I have Wire and [illegible] to the 23. I have written Mrs. Tracy about [illegible] but I would go [illegible] and get all [illegible] before my [illegible]. I had the photo of Mrs. Harris from [illegible] but don't think I can work from it very well and would rather not. I do like Mrs. H in [illegible] and can talk to her about the family about coloring etc. I do have to finish Mrs. Moulton and a [illegible] before I go down though. It got cloudy about noon time and I couldn't paint on [illegible]. I went up to Shaughnessy for lunch and spent the whole afternoon in [illegible] with Wire doing [illegible], going out to Rocky Point to see Sea Lady. who was [illegible] on the way & because she lost a lot out of her saddle, getting only two [illegible] at the Mrs. Shore etc. Mrs. [illegible] said that I must have a portrait this next year, that people had been asking her all summer if I didn't have a portrait there and she had had to send them up to the Vancouver Society. Mr. Stothard was there and he may rent my studio in [illegible] this winter & I may go away. Had dinner at Shaughnessy Wire and little Wire came down for me and he was very interesting in Mrs. Harris's portrait and is simply dazzling. Wire went to Mr. J. to supper but gets back at [illegible]. Hope to have Mrs. H. finished then and be able to work on him and little Wire.

Thursday Sept. 5.

Foggy and raining so I couldn't paint on Mrs. Ross-Mill. I wrote letters etc. till eleven hoping it would clear. Then gave it up and drove over to Magazine with E. and Hope and Lee who is back at the [illegible] from [illegible] after a summer at camp and who spent last night with Hope. It was [illegible] rotten wet day, the result of an injection for blisters which Dr. [illegible] gave her a few days ago because to be one and prevent [illegible] from a [illegible] she got from a [illegible] at the [illegible] Club. Her [illegible] too [illegible] leg. E. got wet getting [illegible] the garden at Lochmere and I walked on [illegible] to the Observatory. She had [illegible] to Victoria [illegible]. When we got back to Magazine I had lunch at home. Dr. [illegible] so I [illegible] only to [illegible] my [illegible] of it. It looked lovely but it rained in again and I [illegible] the [illegible] House alone, [illegible] a call from Mrs. Pemberton, [illegible] to get a print [illegible] a copy of 50 [illegible] Pictorial [illegible]

b.m. Home by 9 o'clock. Had an 8 p.m. appointment to paint Mrs. Hadley's portrait and for a week I've been painting like a Painter & Paperhanger & Mr. Hadley [illegible] Painting [illegible] Had the Dark Room all made over & [illegible] in November. Have sent them all my best efforts for the [illegible] & am glad I've finished [illegible] what I vowed I would to each. E. & little Wise came down for one night & I took them up to Hangtown to see Mrs. Little. Had a fine time. E. to see again the guilty lady in "Bellows" (Mrs. Ransdell) & had her grandmother all about it, describing it in detail from [illegible] it yesterday when he certainly looked it at long and level enough. He said he thought I would paint it better in a day & when I told him what I proposed to do, a picture titled "The Aeroplane" wasn't such a bad title either. Hope I spent the afternoon in bed with a temperature but didn't seem sick enough to be all right tomorrow probably. E. & I went down to the library after dinner & got two more books and then [illegible] to the art of The Evening.

Friday, Sept. 6.

Foggy and misty. At first I thought I couldn't paint but it got a little lighter at 10 o'clock & Mrs. Ransdell came over and I painted on background, furniture, head only one more sitting to finish it but must a good light so that the redness in the face and hands won't be too dark. I went up to Sharp Rocks for lunch. Stevens was there and we & E. talked over plans for the garden club next year. E. will probably be president. I may come down to the [illegible] & we moved to Mrs. Randall's portrait and the other things down here. Unpacked my [illegible] & got home at 4 o'clock. Home [illegible] Home. E. came up for me about 6. & and after the tea I went to the Whitman's. Mrs. W. had asked me to remain to-morrow night and if it is my last day I will see if a picnic supper & the whole [illegible]. yet wants me & I leave about 6 and went over to the Fenwicks for a cocktail party (Saturday) It really was a surprise party to present Red Clark with a Rip's clock for all the trouble he has taken [illegible] tracing the line on the cover to nail and playing with [illegible] and he was much pleased. Then I went up to Hangtown for dinner and came back for a meeting of my Exhibition Committee at our House. Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Bonnyman were present and we planned out the dates for the exhibition next year and the making of the prize list &c. I will have a printed one and take the proof over to the next meeting of the executive committee. They didn't leave here until eleven. Hope it's practically all settled again.

Saturday, Sept. 7.

Foggy with the sun burning through about eleven and

a lovely hot afternoon with showers in the evening. E. stopped for me to go over to meet Wise with little Wise in the car. Hope was staying in bed feeling quite uncomfortable with her tetanus innoculation. She had a bad night with stiffness in her shoulder and feel rotten all over. Temp. sub normal this a.m. and 102 by the afternoon and hives or shingles breaking out on her back. It is a rotten innoculation, Dr. Feeney said one of the worst, and she is having quite a re-action. It makes it all the worse because it is so unnecessary, I mean the powder burn in the first place. Jack has learned his lesson all right as to fooling with explosives with children. Wise was looking well though he had two strenuous days in N.Y. Everything is going finely with the business. When we got back they left me at Cove House as it looked light enough for me to paint Mrs. K. but the fog closed in again so I called her up and we decided not to try it till Monday. She has asked us over there for tea to-morrow afternoon. When I couldn't paint her I went up to Sleepy Hollow to see what the [illegible] was and if Wise [illegible] which he did and I got little Wise off the beach for a minute to have him stand in his place on the model stand and make sure that the heads were the right size. I was afraid I was getting his [illegible] in proportion to little Wise but I [illegible] little Wise and Paul, his [illegible], and Hope [illegible] his great friend [illegible]. He [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Hope his [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible]. I got [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] back. When we got back I made some coffee etc. and Gertrude and Martha and Elsie Whittemore came with a Miss Gray and we went over to the sand dunes for a picnic supper. The tide was going out and we got aground and took our shoes and [illegible]. and I enjoyed it very much. We got back about 7.30 and they stayed for a while. I was going up to Sleepy Hollow to see Hope but decided it was too late and called up to find out about her. She was pretty uncomfortable but Dr. Feeney was coming to give her something to quiet her. It is a darn [illegible] "Dune" [illegible] was coming over to go fishing and spend the night but she won't be well enough and they have put it off till Tues.

Saturday. June 8.

I forgot to say that Mr. Swasey called me up from Exeter N.H. yesterday to say that the 20th of Sept. or possibly the 23rd will be all right for me to come up and paint his portrait. I have written Miss Arnold asking her if the 16th or 17th will suit her for the little tea here for her portrait and Mrs. T. I also wrote to ask if the 18th or 14th will suit her for the tea she suggested in [illegible] for [illegible]. Tomorrow and if these dates are all right it will fit in very well to have me

go to Exeter on the 23rd. Mrs. Thomson called me up this morning and we arranged for the 19th for G. to go to the print. She is asking about 150 people to meet me which is very nice after. I painted on Wise and little Wise this morning. Wise's little friend Hope came along too and was very good and quiet and played a fine time jumping over the rocks in the sea. All of which made it easier for him. I got in all right. Went up to Shepperds for lunch. Back to the studio to wash my brushes etc. and went over to Mrs. Layard's for tea. I got there early - the first one to arrive so Mrs. Randell has told me since. She also has taken over paint rag etc. very kindly. She didn't ask me to come after 5 but I had a nice talk with the Randells before the others came. C.+ Wise came later and took me home. Went to a reception at Royal Academy for Gleaner artists, in the evening. Very slow progress for a wide opening. Hope is better but rather fractious and tired. Had a horrid time with Wise, and Frances taking him right. Mrs. Conrad again Thurs and the week is over.

Monday, 8 Sept. 9.

Foggy and heavy showers. It was light enough however for me to do some painting on Wise's coat and hand in the portrait. It became clear and good. C. and Hope went to G. Hope first day in the sea and going fairly for a change of scene. I went up to Shepperds for lunch but came back to have Hope with me - after tea to try and work the copy for the picture for the Gleaner [illegible] for next year. Spent the whole afternoon [illegible] and finishing in shadows and copying book. It was [illegible] and I am pleased with it. Went up to Shepperds to dinner, walked up [illegible] all wet. And tried to do a couple of Hope put in Gleaner, with [illegible]. Had a letter from Mr. Haverty. He says the new Director at Atlanta is Mr. Lewis Palmer Skidmore and that he will write me soon about the [illegible] dates for my show there.

Foggy in the morning and though the sun came out later I had called off the sitting with Mrs. R. and we had arranged to go over to magazine so I painted on Mr. and Mrs. Randell's portrait from a photograph and got a lot done on it. I went over to Mrs. P.'s for lunch and painted Jimmy and Ivy afterwards. Wise took Hope and "Quiet" out fishing in Sea Lady rowed by Mrs. Rowsell breakwater. Pauline & Billy Jones came to call and when they left C.+ I went in swimming off the float. Then we drove me over to Gloucester to get some paint at Burns and to take the copy for the G.J. of A. circular to the printers in G. This placard was closed though and I had not been able to get them in the day earlier. I got morning sent in G. and stayed over for the last meeting of the Mrs. Hope Wise's Mrs. Atkins finished. We discussed the matter of recommending the City of Gloucester to have an art commission to pass on public statuary etc. and moved that the guild of Arts appoint a committee to write a letter to the mayor

on the subject. I came home on the bus.

Wednesday. September 11.

A bright, blue, N.W. day with a strong breeze and big clouds going over. Mrs. R. came for a sitting and we got the portrait finished enough for the family to see it. They all came at 12. Mr. & Mrs. Laymon, Dr. R. and the two children who had been here during the morning too. They all are crazy about it as a picture, think the likeness is perfect so but there are little things about the expression, chiefly the mouth which they didn't quite like. I needed one more sitting anyway as Mrs. R. was not quite up to the mark to-day and looked a little tired round the eyes. so we will come again to-morrow and we will get the finishing touches in. When they left I had a hurried lunch and painted on Jimmy's portrait until 2.30. Got on finely, did a nice bit. Mrs. Worrall and a friend of hers happened along just as I was finishing and came in and saw everything. Mrs. W. gave me some good suggestions as to composition and the background of Jimmy's portrait. Then E. & Wise and Hilda (Rice) Ayer came down, I like Hilda very much. Then I washed my brushes etc. and went to make a call on Mrs. Simmons. Found her at home, Miss Swindell, also Mrs. Symmes. We stayed a long time and we went to the parlor and looked over the photographs of Mrs. Simmons' family. Mrs. Symmes got her coat and hat on and Miss Swindell walked back with me to the studio and saw my things. We sat up to supper and I did up my apple tops for tomorrow's meeting. She has gone back with Alice to stay until Friday.

Thursday, Sept. 12.

Mrs. R. came at 10 and we had the last sitting on the portrait. Mr. & Mrs. Laymon & Dr. R. came at 12 and they were much pleased, after I had changed little things about the expression that they didn't like, and thought it was much improved. Then Dr. R. got so that he was quite crazy about it and the whole family drove off smiling. We arranged to have them see it again when the frame comes and I think it will want one more glance to look at it. I put it over the mantel piece downstairs after they left and it looked very well there. I think that type of the lines etc. They had me sitten gave it more character and relief. I went up to Clay's with Mrs. R., came back to Cove House & dressed and went over to a garden club meeting with E. at Miss Raymond's Eastern Point. It had clouded over & that I couldn't paint Jimmy's portrait. The garden club meeting was not very thrilling. They had a sale of plants and I [illegible] it was [illegible]

with little Wise before dinner. Read aloud Mrs. Howard's account in Y Gathering a cruise to the Windward Islands in the Alice. I called up Miss Arnold in the morning and Tuesday the 17th is all right for her for the test.

Friday, April 10.

Cloudy, showers and foggy but it got light enough about 10.30 for Wise to bring little Wise and his friend Hygine down and we had a sitting until 12. Little W. had a cough so I put his sailor suit for the portrait on over his other clothes. He was darling about posing. When his grandfather told him to come on that they were going down to Aunt Margaret to pose for his picture he at first said "No" very decidedly and then "It takes too long"; but Wise talked to him and told him it would be finished soon now and that he wanted him to do it and give the portrait to him for Christmas and he came & sitting very gayly and quietly and just as willing and sweet when he was down here. I drew rough and we told stories intermittently and he and Hygine played hard. Jumping off the model stool and throwing one straw sailor around when he had a rest and I don't think he really minded. I hope one more time of him or two at the most will finish it. It is going to be a nice picture, I think. Two girls, teachers at Sheldon College came before the sitting to see my things and after one o'clock Mrs. Hamilton [illegible] from Warwick came & we had noon. They are all at the Bay Mare and the two girls had told her about my things at Church. Mrs. Hamilton liked them very much and talked about having her husband paint. I think he'll #1000. I had lunch on Sea Lady at the landing with E.+ Wise and Hazel. We drove over to Magnolia where I [illegible] in the old brown [illegible] to a bridge party on West. F. rs. I went up to Shaughnessy for dinner. Miss Alden of the Rs. I hope Terrace came before I left Wise & I was washing my brushes and I gave her what news I could. I had

[illegible] from the Depot's to-day. It had a wonderful time. Little Edwards with the crowd out there this morning and loved it. Ran over after & thrilled about the life they had as of course she would be. Prince [illegible] and more now as she gets older, but it can't be helped and we all need for her if it doesn't make her feel superior to things here. Wise and Hazel were glad to get his [illegible] and Wise's letter. He was about 3. pts better F. rounds to [illegible] and was in a hop to [illegible], Finland, Russia and Poland. [illegible] visiting for [illegible] hundred. His mother's was written while she was in Paris with the three Chadwicks, Wise, Jr. [illegible] Alice and Otis who was Tom Colgate's. She seemed to [illegible] terribly [illegible] the children. [illegible]

Saturday Sept. 24.

Foggy and muggy early this morning but the wind changed to the S. and the sun came out and I painted on Wise and Little Wise. Rather a hectic time as he is getting sick of it and I have to do more to amuse him just when I have to concentrate specially on to get the details and not lose the big drawing. Wise is fine at telling him stories but I find he looks at me more if I am doing the talking. We'll try again in the little House to-morrow because though it's good so far, they got [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] and excited. [illegible] managed to get a good head [illegible] and it is almost finished. We had lunch on Sea Lady at the landing. Were going to [illegible] but [illegible] came [illegible] so we couldn't until about three and then as it was blowing quite hard out of the S.E. and [illegible]. The man who has [illegible] came for her and we gave him a [illegible] [illegible] a boat? Philip [illegible] just as we were going [illegible] The first time he has been down this summer. When we got back we sat around Cove House for a while. I went up to Sleepyrocks for dinner.

Sunday Sept. 25.

I had a long sitting with Wise and Little Wise and at last have got it much more of a likeness of the little boy. We first tried our usual policy of amusing him in various ways but he was pretty restless and getting more exacting so Wise finally talked to him in a stern, man-to-man way, saying we had tried our best to make the sitting pleasant for him but that he was not doing his share and now there would be no more babying, he must behave like a man and stand perfectly still whether he wanted to or not. His re-action was splendid. I watched his face and for a second I thought he was going to cry but then he set his little mouth and looked terribly serious and stood stock still and there was dead silence in the studio while I got the first real chance I have had to study the modeling of his head. We didn't let up on him at all after that, [illegible] he moved too much, of course he wasn't absolutely still after that. Wise would speak to him [illegible] but kindly and [illegible] wasn't a [illegible] ([illegible] he wasn't [illegible]) and the [illegible] up [illegible] was [illegible] of [illegible] his [illegible]. When he had a rest he [illegible] [illegible] and of course we played with him [illegible] etc. [illegible] he shrieked with laughter when he put a whole cookie in my mouth. [illegible] when we went back to pose again there was no babying or making [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]. It [illegible]

[illegible] amount for 4 yrs. old. When he left at 12 I phoned a little more on Wise and then we went on board Sea Lady for lunch and went down to Marblehead. Philip came along. We saw Lepke. Blackburn out in the Cruising Club with two of his friends and was angelic and L. took more pictures of him. Quite a lot of boats still in commission at Marblehead. Saw Jo and Louise and [illegible] & Mrs. G. was at the Corinthian Yacht Club [illegible]. They called out to us and came down on the float to talk to us as we were in close. A lovely afternoon. When we got back I found a wet telegram with Philip Wise thereon [illegible] Wise to Chicago [illegible] for dinner. Wire wrote to Mrs Jones [illegible] heard from his brother B. was going to try to [illegible] at the last minute [illegible] would get [illegible] forestall him. He said Wise manufactured in Marblehead of the business nec, a lot of bumping the wood [illegible] and it looks as if he were buying the shop from the company & getting to be such a profitable concern. I can't understand how he can be so rotten.

Monday, 6 Sept 16

Bonny telephoned at 9 o'clock and gave me quite a shock. She said she had to go to the hospital, probably to-morrow, and be operated on for a fibroid tumor [illegible] which she had known about for about two years. She had been to Dr. Wadsworth about it and to Dr. Bigelow again. Bigelow said they had thought that it might be alive but that an operation was necessary but that it had just begun in this manner. Symptoms had developed which made Dr. Wadsworth think better operate right away. She wanted my opinion about it and whether I thought to but I was quite upset because apart from the shock I didn't see how I was going to manage to be in bed and take care of all the things that had arranged for during the next few days. Of course Bobby & Tim & Nanny & Nanna but told me anything about it all the time but on thinking it over I realized that Bonny might be sensitive about it and not want it discussed and the family at present alive and criticism given and I decided that I would leave the matter myself. I rang [illegible] again at 2.30 just after I got through [illegible] Bonny [illegible] I don't like to worry her and don't think I improved it one bit & Bonny said it was all arranged, she was to go to the hospital at 4.30 and be operated on at 7.30 to-morrow morning. I didn't know what to do so I had a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ed. of U. S. [illegible] I could get rid of that, could drop everything in fact but I didn't feel that I could [illegible] Bonny [illegible] Mrs. K. to-morrow [illegible] and we had invited so many people to see the [illegible] [illegible]

he asked that I meet at [illegible] so as to [illegible] and see Bonny in the hospital and [illegible] the night with Mamma and take the early train back in the morning for [illegible] with Mrs. K. and [illegible] this was to leave [illegible] early for the afternoon [illegible] 2.30, and we got ready in a hurry and took the [illegible] to the train and [illegible] to the hospital. Mamma was there with Bonny but just leaving as Dr. Wadsworth had come for a final examination. So I only spoke to her for a moment and we went home arranging to come and see her again in the evening. Mamma told me on the way home that the worst feature of the operation was that Dr. W. was practically certain that he would have to remove the uterus. Of course Bonny is 40 and hasn't had any use for it yet but you never can tell what may happen. Mamma naturally is quite distressed about it but after all it is a great thing that Bonny has her all absorbing interest of horses and riding and as far as that is concerned she will be in much better shape for that as she won't have the bother of being incapacitated at times and if she does want to marry it might be that the man wouldn't want children a thing [illegible] them. Of course it isn't the same thing and it is a terrible thing for her. Mamma says she has known it from the first and has been [illegible] about it. I suppose life wouldn't be life if we didn't have something to bear in one form or another. We went out to see her again in the evening and I telephoned from the hospital explaining why I couldn't come to the meeting and [illegible] until 11.30 as she asked I simply wouldn't leave until the operation was over. W[illegible] from B. of E. [illegible] called him up and [illegible] him and very sweet and sympathetic.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.

Some day! We got up about 6.30 so as to get breakfast and out to the hospital where we arrived a little after 8. It is a very nice little private hospital, the private ward of the Free Hospital for Women. Mamma and C. W. [illegible] and we waited in a little waiting room on the same floor as the operating room. The nurses told us that Bonny [illegible] in at 7.30 and had taken the ether well. About half past eight a nurse came out and said everything was going well and about 8.45 Dr. B[illegible] Bonny's [illegible] at Dr. W.'s suggestion to see the operation came out and said it was all over and that everything went fine. We were talking to him at the elevator and as we turned back some nurses wheeled out a woman lying straight and still with her hair wrapped in gauze. I didn't get a look at her face but mamma did and recognized Bonny and said to me "There's the baby!" I thought she meant that it was a delivery case and said "Where, I didn't see it" before I realized she meant Bonny. I'm glad I didn't see her face, poor kid, as Dr. W. came and said that everything

was in splendid condition, that he took the stitches very well and so did not have to be seen attended and consequently missed some out of it service, that the tumor was quite large and enlarged the whole abdominal cavity and that very soon would cause interference with the passing of urine. That he left me young, which he said would be hoped to be able to do. That I would not be so much shocked and unnerved by the operation if I did not have cancer. We left immediately as of course Dr. was tired and there was no more waiting to be attended for a few minutes. The effects of the operation and reaction set in at 1 P.M. We got a taxi and drove back leaving C.10. to go to the office, and reaching at 259 where I got my dog and went for the train. All tenderness relieved. K. telegraphed before we left to get the details & my having arranged to have night letter sent to her and B. the night before. I got down to Lowestoft at 11. Wire & Co met me and drove me straight to Cove House. Mrs. Randell came at 11.30 for a last sitting and her family at 12.30 to see the portrait all finished and in its frame. All seem much pleased with it. When they left I worked on Wire a little trying to get him in shape to show this afternoon. Couldn't do much but decided it was near enough finished to show it. Went up to Shipyards for lunch. Back again right after busy painting, Wire helping me. We put Mrs. R. over the mantel, Prof. Thomson and Miss Arnold on easels on either side and Wire & little W. on the wall at the left of the door as you come in, all lighted by artificial light and they looked very well. Alsace came early and was dressing Alice & was painting. I got dressed and got the table set just in time. The Thomsons were the first to arrive, most of the other people were friends of Mrs. Randell as Miss Arnold telegraphed he would not come. They were Mr. & Mrs. Heine, Mrs. Payne who may leave her daughter to be painted and a lot of others. They all thought her portrait was lovely & didn't quite like the expression, all had some theory as to what was wrong. Mr. R. and Mrs. Randell came to dinner on me to fix two visits Wednesday when I am glad to have me come back as it is it isn't quite right. That's the worst of painting women you can't make it exactly so. It is in most cases "it doesn't do them justice". Had dinner at Shipyards and went home early & retired. Temp. 98 Pulse 72 Resp. 18 Wt. 6.3 [illegible] Had seen Dr. for a minute. Condition satisfactory.

Wednesday, 9 Sept. 18.

I was so tired this morning that I didn't do much [illegible] around the house till the Kid [illegible] to 11. Fixed the portrait & Wire [illegible] it and it is to be hung [illegible] Mrs. Randell [illegible]

people and after a while made some good friends and "boosters". Mrs. K. urged me to sitting [illegible] to Washington to paint portraits [illegible] day. Had lunch at Sheepwicks and went over to Mrs. [illegible] in her [illegible] for a bridge party [illegible] after. [illegible] Mrs. Baker, [illegible] Taylor [illegible]. [illegible] Mrs. Baker says the [illegible] is [illegible] in [illegible] "[illegible]" in Pittsburgh and in the ? club. She was much interested in what I had been doing, wants to come over Fri. P.m. and see the portraits, wishes she had had the children done this summer etc. [illegible] for tea and drove me home. Had dinner at ~~Sheepwicks~~ Mrs. Adams with E. + Wise + Hope and Grace and read aloud a novel by Donn Byrne of the time of the Napoleonic wars. Wise had had the kids out fishing all day and they caught some big cod.

Thursday. Sept. 19.

Had a sitting with Wise and little Wise in the morning. Our last sitting with little Wise. He has been sweet about it and wonderfully good for a child. Had lunch at Sheepwicks and E. & Wise & I drove down to [illegible] for the Thomson's tea for me [illegible] the portrait. They had the portrait very well placed and it looked very well and everyone seemed genuinely enthusiastic about it. I am pretty sure of [illegible] unqualified success of men's portraits now — nothing the matter with the [illegible] or anything. About 50 people [illegible] of [illegible] Observatory whom I met years ago [illegible] I [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] I had called him up yesterday morning to make sure that it was all right for me to come up [illegible] and [illegible] portrait Monday morning and he had told me that he was coming down on Thursday to the Thomson's tea, [illegible] delighted [illegible] to him. He [illegible] a fine subject, [illegible] white hair [illegible] a [illegible] on the top of his head, [illegible] and a white [illegible] head and mustache. He [illegible] a friend, a young [illegible]. He liked Prof. T.'s portrait very much, had a good talk with Wise about the [illegible] portrait [illegible] for me [illegible] the portrait. We drove home [illegible] and they took [illegible] Sheepwicks for dinner. [illegible] Prof. T. + Mrs. [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] portrait to Dr. Stratton [illegible]. [illegible] Wise and Prof. T. [illegible]

Friday, Sept. 20.

Cold and clear. [illegible]

[illegible] since yesterday and it is a good thing I've [illegible] and ready to step at Mrs. Wilson's as we have all [illegible] for Mr. Taft's benefit. Penny. Then I had a sitting for Wire and we finished the portrait. Then Mr. L. [illegible] with it, Wire & Betty. Then came after me & did Wire while everyone lunched & smoked. Had lunch at Mrs. P.'s [illegible] Mrs. W. Taft, Betty, me & Wire, Penny & Mrs. Wilson. Came home & changed & went to this P.M.'s. Came back on foot & Penny met us. Pretty cold. But I managed to practically [illegible] it. Wire down in the car when I came back at 6 o'c. After that I got things ready for our journey while Wire & Betty & Mr. Taft & Mrs. Wilson & Mr. Taylor & Mrs. Hagner came for 15 min. Rose & Mr. Wilson & Mr. & C.A. Wire came after they got back from Magnolia where Wire went to try on his suit. They said it was the prettiest in town. Wire up to Sheppard's for dinner and read about the Kentucky we took the train. Wire spending the night with Hagner. Gave Wire the airplane report in his letter.

Saturday, Sept. 24.

Had quite a busy morning, packing and attending to various things. Mr. Anderson came over about 9.30 for me to go over the proof of the exhibition circulars for the G.S. of A. next year with him. Wire came down with Hagner & Le to play tennis while he was still here. I talked to Wire for a while by the fire then went upstairs to pack. Mrs. Bedford stopped in early to see my pictures and Mrs. Allen later. Miss Mosely came about eleven to interview me for an article for the Springfield Republican. Dinner came at one o'clock. The last minute after two telephone calls, to get me. Rose's portrait and Wire sketches etc. I needed for Exeter. With Wire hanging over I got everything ready and went up to Shoreham's for lunch. They all drove me over and put me on the train, Hagner & E. going on to play golf. I had quite a lot of luggage, big suitcase, [illegible] box, bundle of canes, [illegible] easel, camera, coat and two boxes of flowers. I checked the [illegible] things in the Pa. Station and took a taxi to 259. Found Mamma in bed with a cold. Arranged flowers for her then took me to Ts [illegible] at the hospital. She is getting on all right though Miss Wilson-Jones with pneumonia. Her appetite is back & she talked a good deal about things she would like to eat and I will take it to her things tomorrow. She said Mr. W. showed her what he wrote out of her, in a glass case, and like the Taftson was mighty nice about it. Lily so excited from the camp up. It is amusing that she would have married Mr. Taft instead of him and how happy she was after she was active. I got back to 259 in time for dinner. Mamma was

bathe and get up for it. Wire & C. called up to enquire about Tommy and I called up Eliza. She has a cold and said that she was sick of nursing in little where she was and was going to look for a nurse in Exeter as if it was a brilliant new idea! She is taking out papers to become an American citizen and wants me to be a witness for her.

Sunday, Sept. 22.

Gramma not much better. Had an unsatisfactory night. Stayed in bed and I went out to see if any of my tailor's had any of the samples of home reading, crepe in the new shades, ice-cream, cocktail, wistaria blue, tomato & celery red, wild duck, eggplant purple etc. I slipped into the office, ate the soup and some of the little tasties I provided for his lunch etc. and we seemed to enjoy them. She had a good night and is quite comfortable. She is to move to a more expensive room in the hospital where the food will be better. I left her about 12.15 came back, got my bag, registered & rang Gramma about 1 and called up two or three of her friends to let them know she was in the hospital. Then took a taxi to the R.R. Station for my train for Exeter which left at 1.15. It was crowded. Reached Exeter at 2.30 - 1.30 train time as they use mid-day time. Took a taxi to the Squamscott House. Nice old town. Hotel very fair, not very clean, but I got a fairly comfortable room and bath. About 3 I called the Swaseys and Mr. Swasey came in for me and took me out to the house and showed me the room where a mural painting etc. Should the light will be very good. Am a little disappointed that he does not want to be done in academic robes. He has research from the different colleges which have conferred degrees upon him but I suppose he would not like to be the way he is in the Fish collection done that way, as if he was through with them all when he had P.H.D. However he may have more degrees than he has. He showed me photographs of the other portraits that have been done of him. I told him so. I didn't like them much. One of them was done in the house. It was painted for the Swasey Co. and I liked that less than the one he had in his private office, which was painted for the Union League Club in N.Y. Edwin Austin Abbey has made a sort of him which is in the Art Museum in Cleveland, where he lives in the winter time and another sculptor whose name I forget has made a big relief of him which he has reproduced in a small plaque and cast in bronze, about 100 of which he has made. I wished that I could have something done from it for the Law School but I decided to wait until I had seen it in the room before I ordered it. This afternoon Mr. Swasey was a perfect host. He had a car and after lunch he took me to the hotel. I rested a bit, washed up, dressed and after supper started out to see Exeter. It is a very fine old town. I walked about for an hour. It has a wonderful look to it and it is fine to have just been with it.

Monday, Sept. 23.

Mr. & Miss Swasey came for me at 9.30 and we went the rounds of Exeter's dry goods emporiums (there are two) to find some dark green stuff for a background. Got it all right and drove out to the house and [illegible] up arranged after a bit of experimenting and hunting for the right lamps to go in the fixture. The dark green makes a fine background for his coloring and the light comes from two directions but always and makes in the right side of his head is very attractive and he is going. We took an additional photograph of his dark telescope in the corner behind him at my right, back in the window so it is not too conspicuous and there is a small bible beside him in a few books. Frank, Ben and Rose in it. The head is just [illegible] a little. I got the thing done in and a few shades of paint in it and then had to stop, it being 12.30. We sat me back to the hotel where I had lunch and called up mama. She is better but still in bed. Has nice weather & sleeps and has the party I did but we have to keep at it to keep it up. To speak of, Mary is much better. In the afternoon I did errands, wrote letters and went to the library and worked over my accounts. Then to bed early, it's nice getting into bed and turning out the lights. Beautiful big moon and lots of nice old houses. Came back and had a talk by Rachel Crothers "Ourselves", Mary, Mrs. Lawton and I like it. Mr. called me up about 9. All well. Wire in N.Y. The new portrait here from the market where we raid it looked very well and was much admired. I was in my room in the morning [illegible] the woman who has the next room to mine I used to see down and asked me in to see them. She is going to [illegible] (Mrs. Bart) [illegible] to be sure we stay in the hotel. She found in the [illegible] and I [illegible] to-night. We had stepped up an acquaintance when she saw me going out with my painting things in the morning and I apologized for disturbing her with the [illegible] when I was [illegible] my canvas. I showed her my album of [illegible] and my work etc. and she was much [illegible] and I hope I'll see her again later.

Tues. Sept. 24. *

Mr. Swasey's car came for me at 9.30 and I went out and had a good sitting with the portrait. We were interrupted a little by a man who came to see him but he sat until 12.30 to-

make it up. Rosalie got a little nervous and fidgety at the time because it got too hot in the room. It was a lovely sunny autumn day and he had the steam on to make sure we would be warm enough and he got too hot and flushed. When we opened everything and cooled things off and went outside and sat in the piazza for a while he got all right again but it's funny how it gets on my nerves when I feel my sitter is nervous. I got along very well however, got the canvas all covered except the hands and will get them in to-morrow. It is going to be a brilliant portrait I think and if only this good weather holds I ought to get it done in quick time. His hair and coloring are wonderful to paint but his personality does not interest me especially. He does not seem nearly as big a man as Prof. Thompson and lacks his quietness. Of course he must have a wonderful mind and great power of characterization to achieve what he has but he lacks the sympathetic interest in other people which fairly charms. Jeanne back to the hotel in his car, had lunch and a shampoo and waved in the "Hotel Beauty Shoppe" then went up to my room and lay on the bed and read all the rest of the afternoon. Called up Ramona about 7. Her cold is better. She had been out to see Bunny who is getting on finely. Also called E. all well there. Will get back to-morrow. Heard from Mrs. Dickinson that the 15 to 30 of Oct. were the dates for my show in Utica if convenient to me. Wrote him that was all right. Also wrote to Miss Larson, P.M. Gifford Pinchot, & read his new book "The Fight for Conservation". Also to Tina and Bessie. Letters to Lie Toxic in Queens were not good enough, except for one of self expression. Want to keep early.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.

Another lovely day, a good deal warmer. Had a good sitting and got the hand in and the canvas all covered. Now if time is only a good light to-morrow I will practically finish the head. Mrs. Swasey talked a good deal about his various trips to China and lent me a book on Lincoln's visits to New England in which his reminiscences of Lincoln when he came to Exeter in 1860 to see Robert Lincoln who was then a student at Phillips Academy were included by the editor, who is a lawyer named Elmer L. Page. Mr. Swasey was a boy of 12 at the time and he & his brother set off a huge bonfire back to their house to celebrate Lincoln's speech in the town hall but it omitted in a report that this occasion of his getting to his father, who was attending the meeting and probably making a speech with a view to one of Lincoln's audience. After the sitting I came back for lunch called up Ramona, found that Bunny was

...much bidding, getting a responsibility in fact and that seems to add much ...better. Also called up Mrs. Otis, mother of Mrs. Jim Otis, who ...at Newport is nursing Mrs. G. Jr. got word. Mrs. O. asked me to tea and just ...I arrived Mrs. + Mrs. Coates came leaving dinner over from Newcastle. ...had a very pleasant time. Like Mr. + Mrs. Otis very much. He would be very ...interesting to paint except that he is so thin and tall and sick-looking as ...not to be a good subject just now, from the point of view of his family ...and friends. I took a walk of about an hour before I went to Mrs. Otis's. ...up over the hill where the good birds are and passed the station mill on ...the river. The trees in the woods there are beautiful and there are some ...lovely old houses. Came back to the hotel for supper and went to the ...movies alone in the evening to kill time. Was called me up. Evening Mail. ...Had a nice letter from Mrs. Everett Brown who was at the Hermitage ...the other afternoon very busy now as I've appreciated Miss Irving's ...portrait so much and how much she liked it.

Tuesday 26 Sept. 26.

Still lovely weather though there are warnings out for a hurricane off the Florida coast. Had a good sitting and got the head practically done. There was a big luncheon at the Hotel for the unveiling of the tablet placed recently on the outside of the building, to commemorate the fact that it was in that hotel that Amos Tuck a citizen of Exeter first gave the Republican party its name. About one hundred people came to the luncheon, among them Mr. Swasey and in the private dining room practically were given over to it. Got my lunch a little early and went out for a walk. Judge Shute, who wrote the Real Diary of a Real Boy, and who lives here in Exeter, was the after speaker. Walked up to the school athletic field, then back across the river and around to where they are building a new stadium, then back through the village and out to the Swasey's house to get my album as Mrs. Swasey had said she wanted to show it to some friends of hers this evening. Then back to the hotel and read. Took a few photographs, the sun is so getting very delightful as the days have been warm but have been very cool nights. Nice call me up at dinner time. All well. Received some interesting and kind ...my room after dinner - a card by W. J. Locke - that author of Beloved Vagabond. ...like it very much. Mrs. Price wrote that he had had word from Chicago to read ...the Commissioners and had been to the studio and couldn't find it. I called him up and told him it was in Stockbridge and that I would have it sent out from ...there. It was at least just time. I was calling up Sid to find out where it was to be in Chicago. He was at home and looked it up among my papers in my desk and let me know when he telephoned in the evening. His exhibition visit until the 24th so I guess there's plenty of time.

Friday, Sept. 27.

The sun still out though it got cold and cloudy in the afternoon. However I have got the portrait so nearly finished that I may need no more sittings and I'll surely get that today if I don't to-morrow. I painted in the hands. got them practically done. am having a little trouble because though the light is fine in my studio my canvas is, and very well lighted, so that though I paint the colors and values as they look right in my canvas it is wrong. when I get it in a strong light I find I have the values all wrong. the light in the studio is too light and too much colored. However I make the corrections from memory when I get it in the light and think it will come out all right. Mr. S. seems very pleased with it but has [illegible] all along been in fear of the impossibility of the painting. Though he did say he thought I must have a very accurate eye to get the proportions so good he looks at it every sitting in an almost hesitating attitude, remarking what improvement I've made and when I get it out in the light and see that the color and values were not in the least and was going to be said "I'm sure that made it better, that color, you are getting on" as if I didn't know I was making it better, but just happened to put in the right color by luck. He means all right but it is always a little irritating when a person who doesn't really understand what you are to takes a critical attitude. He has it anyhow near the point of what my artistic problem is in painting a portrait that Prof. Thomson had, [illegible] the light in the room etc, pulling the shade etc. to [illegible] my canvas and when I pointed out to him that would change the light on him and wrong reality, my whole picture I don't feel that he grasped it. He has of course the engineers and mechanics kind of construction and form but [illegible] apparently thought of the visual impression alive and that though he has been painted 4 times and modelled twice. His mind is never more of a closed and uncultivated and concrete one than it is open to [illegible] and interested in every phase of the world about it. I wish [illegible] it is like undoubtedly but because of those limitations lacks the elements of greatness; that Prof. Thomson has. Came back to lunch and afterwards [illegible] reading in my room when Mrs. B sent word to the door and invited me to go for a drive which I was very glad to do as I didn't know how I'd make the afternoon pass. We drove over to Pokanoket where she did some errands and then to the [illegible] and Hyde Brooks where we got out and walked along the river bank. The banks of Brooks showed up lovely, gullied up reddish ties [illegible] by a mirage. There was quite a [illegible] in the branches of the water was very blue. I had a lovely drive and thought it was [illegible] when I was back with Mrs. B we got back about 5, 5:30. Wise called me up about 7. I got into bed early and read the Locke novel. Very fair, perhaps not quite convincing.

Saturday, Sept. 28.

Another sunny morning. I had a good sitting and got it all done except little things to the hands and clothes which I can easily do Monday morning and Mr. Swasey and Miss Swasey seem to like it very much. I worked a good deal on the picture of the telescope for the Lick Observatory in California that we have in the background and Mr. Swasey told me quite a lot about it and it was a wonderful achievement. His firm the Warner & Swasey Co. did not make the lenses but did all the mounting and engineering work. That was about 1880 and there had never been one nearly as large made before. The telescope itself is over 60 ft. long and weighs tons and yet has to be so accurately balanced that it can be moved with the slightest touch. The upper part of it that we have in the picture shows the domed top of the observatory which is made on a track so that it can turn the opening that the telescope looks through to any part of the heavens and the base that the telescope is mounted on [illegible] adjustment and has an outside stairway so that the operator can get up to the platform where the [illegible]. There's an especially [illegible] for the [illegible] around the inside of the observatory. [illegible] Mr. Swasey, [illegible]. He said that Lick, the man who gave the telescope, was very eccentric [illegible]. It is [illegible]. Mr. Swasey is very modest about what he has done, says that he thinks people often "run a man up", as well as run people down. That is, that once started thinking a man's achievements are wonderful they are apt to exaggerate them. He certainly has done his best to be happy with the portrait and I am getting to like him better all the time. He said that none of the artists who had painted him had done his hair as well as I have and that I had worked very diligently and done very well and he is [illegible] when Dr. Stanton comes down to see it [illegible] for next week. After the sitting I came back for lunch. Finished my book, went to the [illegible] and got [illegible] football game. [illegible] enjoyed it. They were playing New Hampshire State college and [illegible] won 27 to 0. It was [illegible] - Stopped at the library [illegible] magazines a while, then back to the [illegible] for supper. [illegible] a lot of people [illegible] [illegible] to kill time. [illegible] called me up and asked me over to tea to-morrow but I don't know whether I can get over there. [illegible] Hope & little [illegible] left to-day. [illegible] for [illegible] Pearl, [illegible]

Sunday, September 29. (very warm, heavy showers at night.)

A very quiet day. I went to church with Mrs. Brant in the morning, at the school chapel. The sermon was preached by a clergyman from N.Y. from the Park Ave. Presbyterian church I think, I can't remember his name, and I didn't like it at all. He talked utterly the wrong note for a lot of youngsters I think. He said that no one ever achieved what they wanted to in life that they couldn't expect to while they were in school, in their studies, in sport, in school spirit or in their relations with their school mates. That all they could hope for was to "carry on the torch" of the fathers and then, rather contradictorily I thought, that what they must work for was to fulfil what their father's hoped for them, the things that they before had been deprived of or failed in. A most depressing sermon and utterly wrong for undermined minds who need backing and confidence. I shall get enough knocks any way and the more will not determine my start with the better. It seemed to me that he was just foisting a what the use, line of that pessimistic attitude which is very bad. Mrs. B went didn't like it either for the same reasons and also because she liked more thin, more "churchy" just as much talk about every day things. That part of it was all right to my mind if it had been more inspiring and inspiring. After lunch I read for a while in my room. Then took a walk through some lovely wood roads I found along the river back of the school athletic grounds. The trees are getting beautiful. Came back and read and read all the evening. Wire telephoned. He has arranged for Mrs. Stratton and the Thorn sisters to come Saturday for lunch to see me. Mrs. Thorn is portrait and I will ask Mr. & Mrs. Dewey & some others in the day. Have been reading a novel by Louis Bromfield, "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg", it's not like it. Unreal and overwrought.

Monday, September 30.

It poured in the night but cleared this morning and though it was cloudy there was enough light to do the little things I had to do in the portrait. Mr. Dewey called me up at breakfast time and invited me to lunch and suggested that they drive me back to Derby room in the afternoon, which was very nice of them. But I told him I was going to work first as I had things to do there. My train didn't go till 5.27 so I had plenty of time after I got back from the studio to get to it. I got on my well with the portrait. [illegible] I suggested to Mr. Dewey that it be called "Mr. Dewey at Home" but he objected to that saying it became I showed him a photo of my portrait of Prof. Thompson which I was taking out to him. Mr. Dewey & the old gentleman didn't mention it to me even though we were talking about the different [illegible] of.

and of course I didn't say anything
photographing painting, but all of a sudden when he was going he said "Well, I guess I'll leave it as it is. I took some pictures of this this morning". His manner was almost boyishly shy about it and I felt that the little episode showed his reticence, caution, control and perhaps secretiveness. I like him more all the time. He said that though he might leave several to be critical during the process of painting the portrait. He was very trying to help and that he thought it was a very fine piece of work. He is delighted at the idea of coming to Squam Saturday when Dr. Strain comes to see it and will not let the packing and shipping of the portrait himself and thinks it would be too much trouble to do to pack it safely etc. I can see the qualities of precision and great care and concentration on an objective purpose that have made him such a master of his line of work. Perhaps his slight deafness has been the cause of his seeming lack of interest in some of the human things going on around him because the more I saw of him the more I could see how kind hearted he is. And he has done a lot of good with the money he has made, has given scientific laboratories and lecture halls, a church to some town in the U.S. and is giving a boulevard and park way to Exeter. I cleared up my painting things and had lunch with him and Miss Swasey and afterwards we drove up into the woods back of his house to see a big pile of ledges and rock called Fort Rock. It was a stronghold of the Indians or the settlers in early times, being occupied as a point of vantage by which every side could get to it first in times of a raid. The woods were lovely, all on the old Swasey property, several hundred acres in extent and so we drove up to the rock we struggled for Mr. Swasey to show me some trees that he had marked his name on as a boy with a little [illegible] something like this [illegible] underneath the name. which he said he used as his insignia. He had cut it in the bark of the tree when he was 9 yrs. old, 72 yrs. ago, and was interesting going to find it was at exactly the same height from the ground now, showing that trees do their growing from the top upwards and not from the ground up, that a branch 6 ft. from the ground will always be 6 ft. from the ground, though of course the trunk and branches get bigger around. He drove back to the hotel with me and I did my packing, washed my brushes and showed my albums to him, Brent and a friend of hers Miss Margaret Kent, and took the train to Boston. Mr. Swasey was at the station and met a niece of his who was coming on the train from Portland and his chauffeur, a boy who is studying at the academy, and chauffeurs to help work his way through. Helped me with my things. Got to Boston about 6.30. Went right to 259. Barry at home, in bed of course but looking pretty well. Dinner at eight but C.D. with a cold. Called up Nina and arranged to meet her for lunch tomorrow.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.

I did errands all the morning, tried to get hold of E. Hurley so I could talk to her over the other. He is writing about me for the Springfield Republi-

can to make sure that what she says about my nerves, their types of mind etc. is all right. Couldn't get her anywhere on the telephone though I tried several times. Have written her. Met Nina down town for lunch. She said as soon as we met that she had two pieces of news for me. One was that morning when she had been coughing she had brought up some blood and the other was that she was engaged to be married. Of course she was in a nervous state of worry over the condition and excitement about the latter which we is quite sure is all right, as she doesn't know the man very well, has known him about a month, or such about him... I told her of course to go and see Dr. at once and find out just what her condition was, but that I didn't think she need worry because she had seen him only last week and he had gone over her with a stethoscope and found nothing and that this probably was from a cold she has been having. At lunch she told me all about what she knew about Dr. George Bennett, the man who has asked her to marry him and who she thinks she likes well enough to do it. He is 30 from a small town in Mississippi, has lived mostly in Europe, in Germany where he got his training, is now lecturing at the Harvard Medical School and working in laboratory research work. She met him through a Dr. who was living at her boarding house. She said there was something mysterious about his past, something he had done which has made him "lose his degrees" and that he was saving up money now to go back to Europe "to get them". That he was not making much now and said that they would have to live economically and that there could not be children for years but that he wanted to marry her in January and take her with him on a lecture tour he has to make to the various medical schools. She wanted me to meet him and see what I thought of him as we arranged, as she was dining with him to-night for them & came around to the apartment afterwards so that Mamma could give him the once over too and they came about 8 o'clock. He made a favourable impression and I think that if Nina's health is all right that she is fairly lucky, provided of course that she really cares for him, which I don't think she has yet. I don't like now she is electing at his offer as a way out of her present way of living and I feel sorry for him because I think. He has much more brains than Nina and that he will not get companionship with her as understanding in his work. He seems honest, intelligent and sensitive and you feel he has suffered for some reason or other. Mamma liked him too and it will be interesting to see what develops. I went to a Private View at the Art Club in the afternoon. Not very interesting affair. Watercolors by Edmund Garrett, a memorial exhibition. Bessie got up for lunch and dinner. Her is pretty white and wishy poor kid.

Wednesday. Oct. 2

I got up early, got my own breakfast and watched Wife on the 8.18 train for Gloucester. E. has a cold caught in N.Y. where it was raining. The storm has reached Boston to-day and it rained all day and to-night when we got to Sleepwrecks I went down to the P.O. to get my mail and to Cove House. Back to Sleepwrecks and sat in front of the fire and talked and read most of the day, except for a while in the afternoon when Wife and I went down to Cove House to send some telegrams and make some telephone calls as the telephone is out of order at Sleepwrecks. Wife has decided at last to take a stand against her brother Ben and have him put out of the business. It is a long story of years' standing and Wife has endured and been patient and moved Ben beyond human endurance. Now he has become so unscrupulous in his grasping methods and so dangerous to the company because of the internal dissension that he continually stirs up that for the good of the company Wife is forced to act. Ben has been such a fool that he has put himself in position in which Wife controls the directors and Ben is powerless and Wife has been writing a letter to Clark their lawyer telling him of what he proposes to do. He had a talk over the telephone with Mr. Dalal, one of the directors and officers, and they are all delighted and back Wife fully. It has been terrible for him though to be forced to take such a stand against his brother but it is the only thing to do now. We read the Lion's Pride. Field of Honor. In the evening Ben is a fool. He has historical passages very real and interesting.

Thursday. Oct. 3.

I went down to Cove House planning to paint a Wife's portrait (Here are a few little things that I want to do it now that I see it again (it is a fresh eye) but it got too dark and cloudy so I painted on Mrs. Candler's. Mr. Dewey's arrived and Wife and I unpacked it and he is crazy about it, thinks it's the best portrait I've done. I came down to Cove House again in the afternoon and did some more work on Mr. Candler's portrait. E. stayed at home because she had a cold. We went over to the Hyde's for supper. Had a very pleasant evening.

Friday. Oct. 4.

Wife came down to Cove House and posed for me to fix little things in his portrait. The frame came for Mr. Dewey's and R.W.I.'s. Mr. D. likes it in it. I finished it and Wife drove over to Pocasset and Mashpee for Wife to try on a suit he is having made and I packed "Waters" to go to an exhibition in Detroit - a Water's exhibition. We read aloud in the evening.

Saturday. Oct. 5.

Quite a red-letter day. The weather was perfect. I went down to Cove House early and painted a little on Mrs. Dewey's portrait, then I went to [illegible]

little bit more. Then Wise & E. came down and we got Mr. Swoopy busy and the frame for Prof. Thomson in place and I got the studio in order and went up to Sleepy Hollow to dress. While I was dressing Edward Moore arrived and he and I went over to Mr. Taylor Hays Hammond. He said Dr. Stratton had been spending the night with him that night and had told him that he was going to Cornwall to see Mr. Swoopy who was coming down from Crater. So Mr. Hammond, an old friend of Mr. Swoopy's, had come over in the hope of seeing him while he was here. We all joined with Uncle Wise in urging over the matter and Mr. Hammond liked it so much. We urged him to stay to lunch and Wise and I took him down to Cove House to show him Mr. Swoopy's and Prof. Thomson's portraits. The Thomsons were arriving at one o'clock so as to get his portrait in its new frame and get it hung before the luncheon. They came promptly and were very enthusiastic about Mr. Swoopy's portrait which we had hung over the mantelpiece at Cove House. We hung Prof. T.'s too and Mr. Hammond liked them both very much. Then we all went up to Sleepyhollow for lunch. Dr. Stratton and Mr. Parris had arrived in their taxi. It rained and at 1.30 Mr. Swoopy arrived and was warmly welcomed by his friends. He had worn an old suit, the clothes that he used in painting and very fine, taking the hint from a suggestion someone had made that it was a pity Dr. Thomson to wear the same clothes he was painted in. The luncheon was very nice and genial. I sat between Mr. Parris and Prof. Thomson. Mrs. Thomson was on Mr. Parris' left, beyond her Mr. Hammond, then Dr. Stratton, then E. then Mr. Swoopy, then Wise and Dr. Thomson. Mr. Parris & Mrs. Thomson had a great heart to heart on housekeeping matters, caterers etc. He suggested Lenox for Dr. Stratton as well as being his necessary and a decided favorite which makes him a very good person for the job. Wise glossed over the language that E. Wolfe had given him, although E. didn't approve and it was contrary to Wise's views on prohibition, He never would have bought it but as long as Wolfe had given it and it had to be used he thought he would like to celebrate the occasion. So toasts were drunk, to the portrait etc. and after that Hammond said that he had just come back from London where he had been especially interested in the portraits in the Royal Academy, that he knew several of the people who had been painted but that none of the artists had got their personality and individuality as I did in my portraits. It was quite a tribute. After lunch we strolled around for a while, looking at the gardens, talking on the terrace where E. took our photographs and then we all went down to Cove House for Dr. Stratton to see Mr. Swoopy's portrait. He liked it right away and I heard him say to Mr. Parris in an undertone. "It's one but we like it". Then he called Mr. Swoopy down the hall not being chauffeur enough and his expression looking as if he had just told a "naughty" story etc. and it was all very genial and nice because everyone was so much pleased with the portrait.

Mrs. Swaney was particularly glad because Mr. Stallcop didn't notice the picture of the telescope in the background at first, had to have his attention called to it. So it evidently was not too prominent, as he was afraid it was going to be. They all left about 3.30 and Alice and Red Clark who were down for the week-end came in and liked them very much, and Alice was so enthusiastic that she wanted me to paint Red Clark for Christmas. She talked to him about it later, though, and he refused to sit. I'm afraid he is too old now, but he would have made a very striking portrait a few years ago. About 4 E. drove over to Mrs. Glass's & E. & Gwendolen for a meeting of the Publicity Committee of the Fine Arts. assn. Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Payton and I are the committee and I offered to look after the publicities when they were dumb & write up the show next summer (I hope to have a Ford then) and to write an account of the exhibition to be distributed to the more distant newspapers. I got the bus home and we read about in the evening. Mr. Hammond telephoned and asked if he could bring Mrs. H. over to-morrow morning. We aren't sure whether it is to see the portrait or the view but I feel quite sure it is the portrait.

Sunday, October 6.

Mr. & Mrs. Hammond came about 10.30 and were very enthusiastic about Wise's new portrait and Mrs. Hammond went all through my album and said that Mrs. H. had offered to give her a present of his portrait and they wanted me to do it. We drove down to Rose Haven to see the other portraits and she liked them very much and we made all our plans etc. for Mr. Hammond. I am to stop off in Washington on my way back from Atlanta and do him in his library which is a big room full of interesting signed photographs of all the prominent people he's met. Same in color [illegible] in his light. Mrs. Hammond says that she does it want him painted as the successful engineer who has made money but wants a human and sympathetic portrait that shows his character and ideals and kindliness. She went to tell me all about what he has done so as to help me to know him and I explained my method of working from sketch first, leaving her out, and then leave me alone until the portrait is practically done and like it, & it is a very important commission of course and I am thrilled to be chosen to do it. When the Hammonds left we drove over to Mrs. Rice's for [illegible] at work. [illegible] Rice. A large table full about 30 people. Half of them youngsters. Bruce and his brothers were there, Hilda & Fred Ayer, Richard Rice and their family, Mr. & Mrs. Alley etc. After lunch we walked up to the top of the hill to see them shooting clay pigeons, then E. & Mrs. Rice and I walked back through the woods and by their camp where the repairs were leaving a picnic party of his friends. [illegible]

read aloud in the evening. Wire lost a cold.

Monday, October 7.

Warm but a high wind and a heavy shower in the middle of the day, clearing much colder. I went down to Cove House early and worked there all the morning, packing my things and overseeing Mr. Nevins and his man get pictures for Atlanta and Boston. E. + I went over to the Eugene Foster's in Manchester for lunch. Quite an atmosphere of thrilled interest in a few art affairs I have painted. I think they are thinking of a portrait some day. Mrs. Foster would be the best. Big and good-looking of the successful banker type. He is a bit flirtatious but an interesting man too. Had thought I was going to look much older and made me take off my hat during lunch to see if I had gray hairs. (The few I have didn't show much as the light was behind me). We told them of the Hammond commission which I think made an impression and E. asked Mrs. Foster and her sister Mrs. Gibson who lives in Greenwich, Conn., to come to the luncheon she is giving at the Colony Club before the opening of my N.Y. show. When we got back to Bayview E. left me at Cove House and I finished packing my music. We read aloud in the evening and finished The Diary of a Goose book. It is well written and often very poetic and the historical parts are very interesting.

Tuesday, October 8.

A busy morning packing the rest and the last of the pictures, all except Jimmy Norrow which Wire will have to follow along late as I only finished it today and didn't have a box to fit it. Wire + E. came down and we had lunch on Sea Lady at the landing. Capt. Perry is still laid up with his bad back. E. + W. had a fine talk with Stanley after lunch and he is coming back next year and will bring a friend for Maggie. Perry might be a good man, good in many ways is too lazy and Wire wouldn't want him again. After lunch I had my last sitting with Jimmy Norrow and finished it. It was rather cold and windy and the sun kept going behind clouds but it was not enough to get what I wanted. I am going to have an exhibition of the 12 new portraits I have done, the Lobstermen, Boats, Old Farmer's almanac Jimmy Norrow and Capt. Blackburn next June in the Village Hall for Spinners. Y. Norrow thought it was a fine idea and I think it would be a nice thing to do and lots of fun. Wire suggested it. While I was away in Later Wire put Jimmy Norrow's portrait on the bench inside the door as if he were looking out of the window and I was delighted because it simply worked perfectly and I thought it was so standing there. After I finished painting this room I did some little things to it in the studio, signed it etc. and packed the piano with sun[illegible]. It is windy and cold. Must I write about writing things today. Wire will come back and

clean and dose the house. I went up to Sheffields about 5 as we had to leave about 5.30 to drive down to Swanscombe for dinner with the Thomsons. Quite a weel night. The dinner party was very nice but the people not as interesting as I had expected. Dr. Shelton was there but I hardly talked to him as he was at the other end of the table. I was on Prof. Thomson's left and E. on his right and Mrs & Dr. Shelton on either side of Mrs. Thomson. The other people were a Dr & Mrs. Sheldon and Mr. & Mrs. Farrington. He is Farrington & Hollingsworth, coal merchants and she is the widow of Prof. Thomson's son who was killed in the war. After dinner Mrs. T. showed us her movies of their trip through South Africa. They went over just the same ground we are passing to soon and it was very interesting to see what they were very good for home-made movies. She showed us a little too many of them though and as I was tired from my packing etc. it seemed too long. We got home at about 12. Prof. T. has made me a double mirror, 2 mirrors placed at right angles so that when you look at the centre where the two glasses meet you get your reflection reversed and see yourself as you really look to other people, not reversed as you are when you see only your reflection. He made it beautifully and put at the top a card with ornamental lettering of Bs on it. "Wot makes yours the ugliest pig we" etc. with a face looking at it's reflection reversed. It is very amusing and interesting and will be a good trick to have in the studio to show visitors so that they can see what they really look like. Of course a person with very regular features would not look very different to themselves but any one who has irregular features which they have got used to so they don't look assymetrical to them would see them very contorted when reversed. Prof. Thomson wrote his name on the card at the top for me and I am very glad to have the mirror as a souvenir of him if for no other reason.

Wednesday. October 9.

I went down to the studio to do some last packing jobs, packed some flowers and packed my bag & at 11.15 the 12.21 train to Tunbridge Wells & E. drove me over. I do so hate to leave the nursery when we are all. Norma & Bo-ny came at the appointed time, Bo-ny better and able to do more. Right after lunch I went out to attend to various things. Mr. Brisco to give him instructions about my pictures, the studio to see Mr. Wilson about sub-letting. He had just sailed me a postal telling that Catherine Redfern wanted it for a month, so I told him to go ahead and let her have it. Did various other errands and went home to pack my bags for Atlantic and my dark room. Wire called for me at 10.30 and we took the midnight to Y. H. had gotten me one of the new Pullman rooms and it is very comfortable. Was all ready

travelling at night.

Thursday, October 10.

Wise left me at the Commodore while he went up to 194 to bathe and shave & came back for breakfast about 8.30. Then he went to see Jack at his office and I went to the bank, the Portrait Painters gallery, the Aissle Gallery and the newhouse gallery. Saw Mr. Gerrity at the P.P. gallery and he would like groupings and duty for his special exhibition in November. Mr. Aissle is not back from the West coast yet but I talked to the girl in charge of the gallery and arranged to send her copy for the catalogue etc. for my show. Saw Mr. Frazier at the Newhouse gallery and he kept my album (the one I fixed up for him just of portraits) & now has it but did not seem to think there was much chance of his getting orders for me. Then I called up Wise, as we had arranged, and met him for lunch at Gerrity's. I had called up K. at breakfast time and arranged to take a 3 o'clock train to Philadelphia and step off and see her at the hospital, joining my friend's train at 20th St. 5.40 when it came through Phila. So after lunch Wise left me at the art museum where I wanted to see him & Ettinger to talk over the publicity work of my N.Y. exhibition. He had an appointment with Mr. Newman for 2.15 and we couldn't get me on the train. Miss E. wasn't there and I waited as long as I could and then went to the station and got my bags and went on board. When I got to W. Phila. I changed my bags and took the elevated to 8th & Market St. & saw K. who is at the Penn. Lying-In Hospital at 8th & Spruce. She seemed better than I expected though of course weak and tired looking. Had a nice talk with her and she told me that the Dr. found on operating that one of the ovarian tubes was squashed flat against the abdominal wall and the other had two little cysts in it, practically closing it up. Just about the condition he was led to believe existed from the examination. He cleaned out the cysts and put a tube of some substance that will be absorbed in the system to dilate it and now if K is age does not prevent she may have children some day. It seems rather risky at her age (46) but they can always deliver the baby by Caesarian and she wants one. Crazy as she is about Peter & Judy and B is just not quite the same thing. Elliot did not arrive till quite late about 7 and I was afraid I was staying too long but both K. and the nurse insisted I wasn't. So I saw her have her supper and tried to talk quietly on exciting subjects so as not to tire her. When E. came we went out for dinner to the Jill room of the Benjamin Franklin and he put me on the train for Atlantic City. Reached W. Phila. station.

Friday, October 11.

Overnight train trip was [illegible] and sniffed coffee some of the time. Read a book [illegible] about Africa that E. gave me — just about the trip we hope to take. Very interesting though a bit flippant in places as all modern books of travel and biographies are apt to be. Reached Atlantic

at 4, this time. Much warmer. Was too hot in the tunnel quite that I had been too cold in yesterday in N.Y. I rose straight to the Baltimore which was very crowded with people for the Yale-Georgia State football game at Athens to-morrow. Found a letter from Mr. Skidmore saying he had the proof of my catalogue and would get in touch with me as soon as I arrived and he telephoned when I had only been in my room a few minutes. I went right up to the art museum as I wanted to see what pictures had come and take back Mr. Candler to work on and to show Mr. Walter Candler. Mr. Haverty was at the museum with Mr. Skidmore and welcomed me with open arms - literally. Mr. Skidmore seems pleasant but not very efficient or enterprising. He was an artist, is a member of the Salmagundi Club, and knows Gloucester and Provincetown well and a lot of painters I know. I judge he hasn't made much of a success out of painting and so took this museum job. Only 12 of the pictures have come out of the 20 I am going to show but I think the rest will come to-morrow and Monday. When I got back to the hotel I called up Mrs. Rivers back about Mr. Rivers' portrait and she will write about it and is quite sure I can borrow it. Also [illegible] as I had not heard from him I sent word about Leo and Muriel Aretta. She said he was to Berry in Europe but she was sure I could have the picture as I called it up the 1st of June and Mr. Kevin said he would go out and see them. I got a letter from Mrs. Randell, enclosing a cheque for part of her portrait, $540, saying that it looked fine in Washington and that she had shipped it to Atlanta and giving me some Atlanta names to send cards to. She is a dependable and nice. After supper I wrote to Mamma and E. and read in bed.

Saturday, Oct. 12.

A busy day. I went down to the printers the first thing with the corrected proof of my catalogue and as he said he would deliver them Monday afternoon I decided to mail as many as I could, with my card enclosed to people I know, or as to try and get a good crowd there for the opening day. Mr. Skidmore has done nothing about announcing it except to ask Mr. Lovell in the Journal to have something about it in his society pages, so I went to the Constitution and saw the Society editor, Mrs. Stafford and the City Editor. They both promised to put in a [illegible] Mrs. S. will write a Sunday article. Some to run in the Sunday page next Sunday and the City editor turned me over to a reporter, Mr. Staggers, to write a news story about the show. He was much interested and wants to write a feature story for the magazine section next Sunday if the editor approves. I also went to the Georgian and gave the story to the City editor. Also to the Evening Post and found that two boys had arrived and were in the truck. Back to the hotel to lunch. Then up to the museum and found that Mr. Candler [illegible] and Mr. Haverty had arrived. I took Mr. Haverty

Mr. & Mrs. Kassdell down to be photographed, taking Asa Candler along to the hotel, then back to the house and addressed envelopes & arranged with Mr. Candler to come and see his portrait portrait to-morrow.

Sunday. October 13.

Got up early and painted in Mr. Candler's portrait. Mr. Walter Candler came about 11 to see it. Had several suggestions as to color of eyes. wanted the appearance of the motion just as it is in the photo. I tried to make it a little more relaxed as it was so tense in the photo. But he said that was a very characteristic expression and wanted it that way. He will come again to-morrow bringing the scarf for he wants in his picture. The Constitution had a good story this morning, about 10 inches, the Georgian a small one and the Journal nothing. I wish I had gone in more but thought that was arranged. Am beginning to see that I should have to take charge of the show myself and will get some ads in Tuesday morning papers. Called up Marjorie Grant and she asked me to a tea at the Studio club this afternoon. Addressed envelopes. Went up to the art museum for a little while after lunch as it is open on Sundays and thought I might see some people there. Crayton talked to Mr. Sidmore Lowndes and he took some chairs and we sat out at the back of the museum so that we could see the birds as we said. There were a lot of blue jays and other birds in the trees out there but it amused me because he evidently didn't have the slightest idea of having me meet people and take them about my work & even of him the people who came to the museum. He said that he had been to the ... office & it might but that they had it room & chairs to use my... Of course I had one & more material to give them as to writers etc. ... said that he hadn't even looked at the papers to-day to see what ... said. When I left I went down to the Studio club tea. Marjorie & ... & Bush-Brown were there. Marjorie more or less running things. I ... is their initial enterprise that has got the thing over. I talked to ... & Natalie Hammond and Geo. Rasely, who is to take part in a ... of "Outward Bound" given by the club, and got some information about a building where I may get a studio to paint Mrs. Harris' portrait ... Mrs. Bush drove me home. Addressed envelopes all the evening ... and then all off, 250 of them. Still 125 more names on the list ... get more envelopes to-morrow. Even if people don't get them in ... by the spring it will advertise the Forward Thy'll come in later. ... up Judge Candler and found that his daughter was. Quite is ... ing spirit in the portraits of Mrs. Harris, as I called her up ... arranged for her to call for me Wed. at 10 & take me to Harry ... to see where the portrait is to hang. She won't have time to get ... any more photos. Jr. wrote work from those he has written for

them but has got no answer. She said she would write again and I wish I could hear by telegraph. That might get some action. Of course even after I get the photo. I am to work from it will take a days so to leave it enlarged and get my canvas stretched and I want to get at it at once.

Monday, October 14th

A busy day. I painted on the Ada Candler portrait in the morning until I had done everything except the scarf pin. Called up Mrs. Candler about that and he said he would send it right up. Also had run out of envelopes to address and while I was waiting for them and the pin I dashed down town to get ads in the papers. Mrs. Candler arrived with the pin just after I got back etc. She thought the portrait greatly improved and said he would get his sister to come and see it (Mrs. Hines) She and her daughter and two friends came just after lunch and thought it was fine. Had no criticisms to my relief and thought I had entirely fixed the two or three little things that Mrs. Candler had spoken to them about. When they left as the envelopes had still not come I went down to the F. & L. Photo Service and got the pictures and took them up to the museum. Jimmy Morris had arrived O.K. but not Miss Berry's portrait of Mr. Rivers. Called up Mrs. Rivers when I got back to the hotel and he says I can leave it if I go to the road and get it myself and return it. Addressed, filled and stamped envelopes until after 10 when the late mail goes out. Sent out about 350 catalogues 585 with cards enclosed for the private views. The catalogues are fine.

Tuesday, October 15.

Rode on early mail, before 8.30, to bring Mrs. Candler's portrait in a taxi and dragging it to Rivers's house for Mrs. Rivers's portrait. Got to the museum before 9 and found most of the pictures in the gallery. Miss Berry's and Annie Marina didn't arrive until almost one o'clock. Spent the morning variously hanging the show into Will and Mrs. Skidmore and writing a description of it for the Institution which the writer said he would be glad to print, but couldn't send any one to cover it as the only man who could were out sick. Took the copy down to the Institution when I left, stopped and got my shoes I had left to be fixed etc. and home to lunch. At the F. & L. photo service and beat it to the hotel to get a bit of lunch, dress and get back to the museum before 3 o'clock. Stayed there all the afternoon. There wasn't any great crowd but quite a lot of people some considering the short notice and they all seemed to like it very much. Rivers's man Carter, who was with the air corps for the American took several photos. It was right Sunday and said he thought it was very pleased with my efforts. It also took quite well but as usual the varnishing in every picture that I would like to have done better. Mrs. Skidmore was a real friend and stayed a long time after the show was over and Mrs. Rivers and the secretary were in

and out most of the afternoon, and Mrs. Bell and Natalie Hammond and a lot of people whose names I can't remember. A Mrs. Davis from Columbia S.C. wants me to do a miniature of her great grandfather from an old photo. which she will send for and now to me. She is in Atlanta only for a short time but I may do it. Got back to the hotel quite tired and would stay in the evening. Wrote Mr. Hammond that I could come to Washington to paint him from Nov. 6 to 20 if convenient for him. Had a letter from Miss Crosby saying she had written me up for the People you ought to know" series in the Boston Herald and would come to see me. Weather very October like.

Wrote letters after breakfast until 10 o'clock when Mrs. Guy came for me to take me out to the Nurses Home at Emory University where her aunt, Mrs. Florence Candler Harris, patient is to hang. She brought a very good photo. of Mrs. Harris, much better than the one Judge Candler gave me and we have decided to work from that, but as it is very large and shoulders, Mrs. Guy will pose for the body and hands. She is just about her aunt's height, but a little heavier she says, and thinks it is a fine idea to have her pose for it and I ought to be able to make a good thing out of it. She is very practical and anxious to help, as I think all will go well. I shall probably do it here in my room at the hotel, unless I get another commission to do someone from life, in which case I would have to get a studio. The rooms I looked at were in the Studio with Bldg. which is the only place I have discovered yet are available. One small one I could paint a portrait in but the light comes in the wrong direction for this picture, unless it were hung right in my room. The room where the portrait is to hang is large with tall windows draped with rose, flowered chintz, cream yellow walls and gray carpet. We decided that the best place for the portrait was on the right opposite the door and the best color scheme would be black lace dress, and deep rose background as that the portrait will tell as a dark central spot in the room. We also went to Mrs. Guy's home and looked up possible clothes as I have some suitable of my grandmother's and great aunt's. She will sit in a black horsehair chair with a white lace and little rose colored velvet-covered pillow and I think the whole setting will be quite nice. Mrs. Guy brought me back to the hotel and I took the 4 o'clock car down to be present as the sun got started as soon as the boys were dressed in the dress they will wear. Said some words downtown, got a book out of the circulating library got on the 2 o'clock Decatur-Peachtree car and came back to the hotel. Then took my paint box up to the 6th floor, going first to the elevators we did the room at Emory and ordered some deep rose velvet for the background of the picture to harmonize with the hanging which they had a sample of there. At the Hotel Mrs. Guy joined us for a little while in a few of the pictures. Received

head dried in in blotches on Jo's neck in Jorgonine & Lucy. I also got the Legion of Honor ribbon in Prof. Thomson's buttonhole as Mrs. Thomson had asked me to do and while I was decorating him Mr. Haverly came in. Mrs. Skidmore had been in before taking to me while I painted and two people wandered in and a few students but the attendance is certainly poor. Perhaps the write-up in the Sunday papers will help. Mr. Haverly went for visitors and took me home and before we left Mr. Candler telephoned that he wouldn't be able to get up this afternoon but would surely be there in the evening. So after supper and fussing a lot of dishes I went up to the Art Museum again and found Mr. & Mrs. Candler and a little girl talking to Mr. Skidmore in one of the other galleries. They had been in and seen my show and Mrs. C. liked Mr. Asa Candler's portrait very much as they both and everybody thought it was fine of him. Mr. Candler was equally disappointed in it & doesn't quite make out why he is continually looking for the things he thought were wrong when he first saw it, though I know they are corrected some and every one says it is a splendid portrait of Asa Candler. He reminds me strongly of Lincoln. The picture like Mrs Thomson's or Mrs Rives is a success in the picture like Prof. Thomson's or Mrs. Survey which of course is ridiculous in a 25 x 30 canvas, just a head and shoulders, and as far as the light background is concerned this is much the best to hang against the oak panelling in his home. Mrs. C. agrees with me entirely and I think he really likes it but is trying to make sure he has got his money's worth. They're a funny crowd and I'm beginning to think Atlanta is not worth the time and expense. Unless I get some good home fields like commissions I don't think I'll come again. The newspapers are an education of the people here. I say an occasional A.P. dispatch seems of the outside world. Everything else local and big like local football games, wife murders and suicides. And I think the interest in the museum is falling off. Mr. Skidmore has no faculty or conception of bringing people there. He is very interested in the school classes and for instance talked a long time and amusingly to Mrs. & Mrs. Candler about my pictures that had been offered to the museum and not accepted — telling they were at all interesting, — and did not even hang them in the gallery with my show while he was talking to them. I don't think it has really occurred to him to keep that up now and get me commissions and I'd like to tactfully get him working for me. It is very pleasant but boring and unfocused and I think would be enough to keep people away from the museum with his boring, rambling talks. There is nothing like the attendance or the publicity that there was on Mr. Mrs. King's visit. The Candler's bought me a lunch and I had a most delightful hamburger steak lunch at Manning's. Not much good. Eat out today for a treat. It's all at the museum party for the students at 8 o'clock. It is fine of me to go — Mr. Haverly and Mrs. Candler [illegible] Mrs. Skidmore, Mrs. [illegible]

I got some nice sprinkling cans for Jim + B. to keep on the porch for B. and a large [illegible] with proper boat [illegible] in it for Jim.
E. and me are so awfully glad to have it. What a difference between the wind if there was and any more I have not here yet!

Thursday, Oct. 11.

I wrote letters for a while, to Joanna, + TB worked and Lon. Carter to ask for his portrait for the N.Y. exhibition etc., then went up to the Art Museum to see how things were going. I found a letter there for me from Mr. Shorter, written from N.Y., saying he was sorry he would not be in Boston for my exhibition. Mr. Skidmore told me of a letter he had had from the Park and Recreation Board of Birmingham, Alabama, asking if they could rent or suggest an exhibition for them in November and he suggested my renting my pictures Mr. So I called up Mrs. Borden in Boston and she said that she had just heard from Mr. Shorter too and didn't know what to do about my not being there as she was the only member of the Art association who would be in Boston at the time as Mr. Boardman is still in Europe and what is now her uncle is very sick and may die and then she wouldn't appear at the opening so probably be able to give the time necessary to all the publicity etc. So I told her I thought we had better not try to have it now, that I had the opportunity to send my pictures to TB in Birmingham and I thought I had better do that. I would much rather, as TB. is a much larger place and it would be breaking new ground. So Mr. Skidmore wrote the letter about my views and we arranged for me to send photographs of the pictures with their weights marked and I decided to call up Mrs. Hawley and get his advice about it and find out if the gallery was a good one and everything all right. Then I went back to the hotel to lunch. Met Mrs. H. in the telephone and she said by all means, that it was a wonderful building in a million dollar city, and that he would call them up right away and tell them they had better take my views. Then I went down town to see a group of the oils I was putting in the papers on Sunday and to take a photo. to the reproduction. Also stopped to get the enlargement of Mrs. Harris for the portrait but they had made it too small very? in. and said 9. Might have to do it over. Then came back, arranged for a sitting tomorrow with Mrs. Gay to make the sketch of the Harris portrait, went to work and painted and wrote letters the rest of the day and evening. Wrote to Mr. Gore [illegible] for his portrait for N.Y. too. Finished the magenta [illegible] and think it is pretty good. Lovely weather every day, warm and sunny.

Friday, Oct. 18.

I got everything ready for Mrs. Gay and she arrived with the horse and man and Mr. is going to pose in at 9.30 and we worked till a little after half past ten and I made the sketch for her putting in the head from the photo. of Mrs. Harris. It is going to be nice I think and we liked it very much. Then I figured out the exhibition size of the big canvas and think I will make it 36 x 36. Again we will look well over that number and pin well into the big canvas and

a most plenty of room around the figure so as to make her look small, as she was and went to get the canvas in so as to get the scale. The enlargement of the head arrived most often 3 days after but it was too large this time 9¼". I decided that 8½ would be right and so took it down to the F. & L. and had them make centers. After Mr. Lee and I tried it various sizes in the dark room we decided on 8½". Then I got the canvas and stretcher, returned my book at 10 a.m. - rushed and got out a Galsworthy one "The Silver Spoon", had lunch there and came home. Went up to the apartment, found a telegram message to call Mr. Haverly but didn't succeed in getting him until I got back to the Hotel. He is trying to get in touch with a Mrs. Sloane in Washington about my being a nurse there. Said that Sec. had received my photos. but not Mrs. Sloane's letter yet. Thought he was going to get it right off, so that he would while I was there, which almost accords differently with the way things did turn out. Gave it to him Sec. to type. I suppose that put it off till the next day like most things in the South. It never does to hurry, but in the end it will go through. He's about the only live wire I ever found here, except Mrs. Lee the photographer, and Mrs. Lyon. to be right in the job will be good fun. She is going away for the week-end but will see again Monday. Meanwhile I will go ahead and do as much as I can without her. When I got back to the hotel I shuttered my camera and went down to supper. Had a little conversation with a woman in black coming up in the elevator about the good service and the cold and finally with football around the Georgia Tech - Florida game which I had only been in my room a few minutes when the telephone rang and it was that same woman introducing herself, Mrs. Carroll, and asking me to go to a show with her. I was thinking of going anyway to kill time and thought I might as well. She was a queer one though. A widow from Los Angeles, who came from Atlanta originally and her talking of it was surprising. She said for instance that we didn't see how they could play football that cold around "Divorce" and raved about Los Angeles saying, with almost, awe that it took up to date because there were so many movie queens there. She was amusing for a little while but not much real company.

Saturday, Oct. 14

I worked hard all the morning on the portrait. Had to get the whole thing placed very carefully from my notes and the chair etc. so that when I started in the head it would nearly be in exactly the right place. So when I was got paint in I can't change it the next time without having my drawing and having to draw it over again, which I don't like to do. I can't transfer it except in the bare canvas. However I think I've got it all right, though I may have to cut the canvas down a little if there seems to be too much space around the figure and head. I think it was worth and I'm glad I've the head -

the night rings through the photo received me when it came it looked so small. However Mrs. Guy's head measured only $\frac{1}{2}$ and I figured out from the photo of my painting of Mrs. Carlos for Macon that I had made her only $\frac{1}{2}$ so she must be all right. There was such a crowd in the Hotel coffee room before the game that I went down to Harrison-Parker's for lunch. It was cold & wanted to get over a cotton spirit especially Wicked back, sunny and warm, and the stands comparatively peaceful and empty as the crowd was at the game. Last night when we came out of the movie it was bedlam with every student tearing along in autos with the tops down blowing tin horns and it was noisy in some rooms near mine that they woke me up at 1. o'clock and as they hadn't stopped at 1.2 I had to call up the office to ask the clerk to send them to be quieter, & silent this time. It was such a warm night that I had to have mine open. I don't think the kids had been drinking, they didn't sound so, just thoughtless and some girls' voices very shrill and loud, and a great deal of loud laughing. But they broke up soon after I telephoned the desk though I had to do it twice before they did anything about it. The clerk seemed to think it was a joke the first time. After I got back to the hotel this afternoon I went up to the media room and listened to the returns from the game, & Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech 19 to 6. I'm glad, as that means my Florida friends across the hall won't be celebrating such a night. Slept. Read and wrote letters in the evening. Pretty noisy night with yelling and motor horns under my windows and engines racing when people left the football game here at the hotel.

Sunday. October 20.

Painted on Mrs. Harris' head from the photo in the morning. Mr. Robinson called me up and asked me to lunch with them, said that a friend from Columbus, Ga. was to be there (his name turned out to be Livingston) & that he had come to Atlanta to see Rangle about a portrait of his deceased wife but that he thought we might take him over to my place and perhaps get him to order a portrait of me. Mrs. Robinson came for me at 12 with Mr. Livingston and we drove to their apt. and had lunch and they took me to the museum after words and left me there as I was being bored Sunday and profoundly some people living in town & thought I had better be there. Then they went on to Mr. Rangle's & as it was is already working on the portrait. I was only quite satisfied as I didn't like the idea of taking a job away from him and wasn't eager to do another "decade" any way. Mr. Livingston seemed to be unfavorably disposed to my appearance and at first Mrs. Robinson & they suggested my going to a football game with them but at the last minute I decided to stay at the hotel for a while to finish a letter I wanted to get off to E. and to catch up a bit as I hadn't written in my journal for a week. Went to the hotel dining room & then back to the museum a little

after 3 and several people came in. Mr + Mrs. Carroll Payne, Mr. + Mrs. Howard Candler, to see his father's portrait and the Ten Eyck Brown. They all seemed to like the pictures. Mr. Candler likes his father's portrait but thinks it makes him look too portly, says he was a little lean. We arranged for him to come for me to do some work on the clothes probably next Saturday at the museum. I like him best of the Candler ones I have met. He is most intelligent and generally possible. I like the Ten Eyck Browns very much and have a very nice time with them. They took me home to tea when we left the museum about 5, stopping to see Eleanor + Alec King, but they were out. We had a very nice, informal Sunday night picnic supper with supper and afterwards tea combined and I had a better time with them than with anyone I have met here. They are keen and big and well-informed and Hadley and Frances their daughter has studied drama and painting here and in N.y. They lent me some books to read and showed me the little theatre and marionettes which the junior league girls here in Atlanta are getting ready for a performance in Dec. They have it in a sort of garage, room in this cellar and it is really very clever with the puppets and everything were made by amateurs. The performance is to be at the Women's City Club Sat. afternoon and I want to go with Frances Brown if I can arrange that my sitting with Mr. Candler. Mrs. Brown who is a persistent architect here, brought me home. She comes from Washington and I found a lot of people there I'd heard Alice Longworth speak of.

Monday: October 21

Mrs. Lacy came early and we painted on the portrait of Mrs. Harris until almost 12. Though we had to stop some work occasionally because it got so dark and drowsy. Also the velvet for the background did not come from the decorators here, though I had telephoned the first thing and had found that it had arrived from New York. I called them up several times during the morning and each time they said the boy was on the way but I never got it until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Very annoying but in a way it didn't matter much as the light was so poor. I had lunch in the office alone and then went out for a manicure and coiffure at Esile's. Then to the museum to see if there was any news. Mr. Herman and Mr. Skidmore were in the gallery seeing about having a screen and lantern put up for a lecture which he gives Wed. afternoon. I will go as I hope it may bring some people who will see my show too but I don't think it's very likely as I haven't seen a single notice in the papers and don't see how Mr. Skidmore is going to get his audience. It wasn't in the list of museum activities sent out to members. There was a notice of it but not giving the subject in a bulletin which they are mailing to-night to members and there is a fee. [illegible] I hope it will help. Mr. S. seems to me to be hopelessly inefficient though and I don't imagine that he will make it

good lectures. I came back to the hotel and had an early supper as I wanted to go up in the radio room to hear the broadcasting of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of Edison's first successful incandescent lamp at Dearborn, Ohio. Henry Ford has founded an institute of technology and research laboratory there in honor of Edison and also an Edison museum with an elaborately exact replica of the laboratory and other building at Menlo Park, N.J. where E. and the Edison pioneers worked for so long and which saw the creation of so many of his inventions. The ceremonies last night must have been most impressive. Pres. Hoover, and Edison spoke, the latter apparently quite overcome by the honor, his voice wavering rather cracked and old and full of emotion. Hoover's speech was splendid, a running fire of the benefit of electric lighting to humanity, with a vein of humor and lighter touch running through it, then an appreciation of the value of inventors and research and research facilities to surround them with a good, thoughtful attack on the whole question. A fine speech and I'm glad he broadcasted it except to take in all matters and realize become there are so many who have done and are doing as valuable work as Edison, who have indeed perfected and made practical some of his inventions that have not the recognition by the general public that he has even like Prof. Thomson who are known to few. Edison's work has always had an element of good "copy" in it and he himself is a picturesque figure that has always taken the public fancy while in the average persons mind he is the inventor of the age. The guests followed the exercises of the lighting of the first successful lamp, then the laboratory watched by Ford like the men at Menlo Park and the radio announcer describing the scene. Then each of Edison's pioneers "workmen pursued the air from the globe making a vacuum, Edison tested it, then the current was applied and the filament glowed softly. Electric lights sprung out all over the house, automobiles flashed their headlights and blew their horns, the bell in front replica of Independence Hall in the park of Wayside Home at Dearborn, rang out as Ford's band played old time tunes. Telegrams were read over the radio from the Prince of Wales, Pres. Hindenburg of Germany and Marconi. Byrd was heard in the Arctic where he is exploring and an exploration party in Africa spoke from Paris but the static was so bad you couldn't understand a word, some one said it was as clear as his theory, and it was all very thrilling.

Tuesday, October 22.

Mrs. Guy came for me early and we went down town to choose a frame for the portrait and brought some matting back to try. Dan was at the sitting and when he left I went down and ordered the frame, did some errands and got my hair done at Davison-Paxons. I took also Galsworthy's "Swan Song" which I am reading, the last of the

Forsyte saga. I like it very much. He has such a well-bred point of view and his characters are so human and attractive. I finished it down near reading in the waiting room at the entrance to the tea-room for about an hour. Then returned it, got a nice sweater in a sale they were having and went up to the art museum to see how the show was going and to ask Mrs. Skidmore if he had heard from Birmingham. He was not there. Two or three people in the gallery and miss Folsom said that a lot of people had said nice things about the show. I think the attendance is right up. I was just going when I met the Bush-Brown's coming up the path. I went back in with them and after the several people came in. Two men came and went straight to mine. Ramsdell portrait, and they came especially to see that, after a while I went up and talked to them and they were a Mr. Harris and — I can't remember the other one. Mr. Harris said he was a cousin of Mrs. K.'s, that they were just passing through Atlanta on business and had seen in Washington two days ago and he was told they must see the portrait. They liked it very much. I'm glad to say. Soon after eight, Margaret & Hardy & Mrs. K. came in to dinner. They had a fire in the cabinet. I read, wrote letters & paid bills all the evening. Called on Mr. Haverty up to find out what had happened about Bobby's game, how Jaggle's had agreed to call him up today and he thought they might have written. Said Mrs. Skidmore didn't know & the morning to call him up again and he would get after them. He asked me to lunch tomorrow, a nice big letter from Ramona. K. went to bed early and began up his part in the play. Took good care. Bobby feeling as well. A letter from Miss Kay in the mail & some things to be done with plans for the house that we may build. Fixed mine, theirs and Grandpa's, one before to send up as if it was part of the works and Hardy's. He will bring plenty in with him and I would like to start building a

Wednesday, Oct. 23. [illegible]

— I worked on Mrs. Harris' portrait all the morning, on the head for the photo. and painted the lace collar, fixing it up on the dress as a fellow. Went down to the Athletic Club for lunch with Mr. Haverty, miss Haverty and a Mr. Harrison from Los Angeles were of the party. We saw Mrs. Jones, Bobby's wife and his mother in the dining room and soon Bobby joined them. He tagged out after us for a minute and asked whose portrait I was painting wanting to know who I was drawing now. He is as attractive as ever and is a little thinner than when I painted him. Mr. Harrison is connected with the Hearst interests and says Mr. Hearst's grains, saying what an art connoisseur and collector he was. After lunch Mr. Haverty took me over to his new building, the Rhodes-Haverty building is now on the entrance and foyer. It is very nice and in good taste. The ceiling was decorated by an Italian Bonelli. Then Lee miss H. & I went up to the

museum for Mr. Hudson's lecture. I hadn't seen any announcement of it and didn't see how he was to get his audience and it looked when we arrived as if he wouldn't have any to address. It was supposed to be for some of the women's clubs in Atlanta and the president of two or three of the clubs were there quite worried because so few people were coming. One of them told us that Mr. Hudson would not be read the announcement to the papers because he was afraid it would bring us by a crowd that they would have to turn them away. I never heard anything so hopelessly stupid. In the first place of course it wouldn't and the second place if it did what could be better for the museum and for his lectures. Mr. Haverty is disgusted with him but is giving him a good trial and he may learn by experience, but he never will get over being a D.F. in my opinion. For instance Mr. H. tried to smooth over the situation to the landlyl of people who came by saying in his introduction of Mr. Hudson that though Mr. Hudson's subject the lecture had not been announced in the papers that accounted for the small attendance but in future they would be announced, but Mr. Hudson, the next, when he got up to give his rambling, boring, talk full of repetitions said that though he had sent out 1000 notices to applicants very few were present and that he'd thought that by announcing this is the bulletin at the "eleventh hour". He would get all the members but that the response had been very small, but that if each person there would not bring a friend and after that that friend bring a friend etc. They would soon have a large audience, as if people were going to do that unless they were sure interested in the lecture and I don't see how they could have been. It was typical with Eastern ideas of fairies and pottery of the Hellenic museum and all Mr. H. did was to point out the supposed symbolism, the circle for religion and the square for every day use, which we really were capable of recognizing for ourselves after it had been pointed out once or twice. After the lecture Mr. Haverty introduced me and my pictures and the people stayed and looked at them and seemed to like them. Then the Haverty's took me home, going first to the journal to get some copies of last night's papers which had the Lobsterman, and a picture of me with Goldie and Bessie. Mrs. Haverty got Mr. Adams in to see me for a moment on the telephone and he said that they would not have any show as the falling was not available until Dec. I don't understand it as they wrote asking for something for now. Will try and write to Mrs. Shaffer who they say is the head of it. I was writing in my room in the upper when the telephone rang and it was Washington Wood, Wise's brother. He is staying in the hotel, came here on business and had just typed a letter to me "personal" for an automatic telephone and was shaven and had his dress suit on as part of a plan. He asked me to dine with him and I had a very pleasant evening. He seemed interested in my work and after dinner I showed him my albums and he went over them very carefully. The

people's characteristics quite wonderfully. Heard from Mr. Howard that November is all right for his portrait and from Mrs. Carter that his daughter will be glad to lend me his for the N.Y. show.

Thursday, October 24.

Mrs. Guy came for a sitting and we worked until 12. Think one more time will practically finish it. When we left I kept on until lunch time painting on the head. After lunch worked some more then washed my brushes etc. and took a car up to call on Mrs. Frank Inman. Not at home. Met Mrs. Hickmore as I was going towards the museum and she said there was a special meeting of the trustees of the Art Ass'n called this afternoon and that it might be that they would be leaving Atlanta. She didn't seem to mind, said Mr. S. had no contract and that he had had a lot of trouble with Mrs. High. That we disapproved highly of the dance he gave at the museum for the students and in many matters of policy and that as the trustees were hoping for a legacy when Mrs. High dies they wanted to keep on the good side and that he might be requested to leave. I think if he is that it will be for general inefficiency and unsuitability but I'm glad they don't seem dependent on the job. She said they would just go to Florida for the winter. Came home and wrote letters and read in the evening.

Friday, October 25.

Mrs. Guy came at 9.30 and I had been painting since 9. She wants the other members of the family to see it. Think the likeness is almost right. We couldn't get started right away as I had to call up all the jaggers to tell them that this new portrait would be finished and added to the show on Sunday. Mrs. Daniel asked me a lot of questions and wanted more photos. and I think must be planning to write something more for the Journal. Also Eleanor Irby called me up and asked me to dinner Sunday and said they would get a ticket for me on a special excursion, conducted by Jacobs to-night if I'd like to go and I said I would. After lunch I painted a little more then went downtown to get displayards. in all the jaggers next Sunday, saying that the show was to be open only four more days. I don't know why I want to get more people there when I couldn't stay on and fill a commission if I got one but if it was a good liner it would be worth while to come back and paint it some day. Then I did some errands, got some dark green stuff for the background for Mr. Candler's portrait to use when his son goes for me to - and then went up to the [illegible] to see what had been happening. Mr. S. said the Mrs. from the Constitution had been up and will have an article with two pictures on Sunday. Wash Wood may have started something. He said he was going to speak to Mr. Howell the owner, I think. Anyway I'd get some publicity on Sunday all right. Went back to the hotel called up Mrs. Candler to arrange about sitting to-morrow afternoon but he will

get back until Sunday so Jean go to the marionettes given by the Junior League girls with Frances Brown to-morrow afternoon. In the evening I went to the Lojinska concert with Mrs. Brown and Frances and a friend of their mr. Healy and his son. It was very interesting. The orchestra is entirely women and though not large, Lojinska got very good results with them. She is an extraordinary personality herself, looks of force but a little too much playing to the gallery. One of the numbers was Liszt Hungarian Fantasy and she played the piano part conducting it all at the same time, jumping up from the piano stool to wave the baton and suddenly flopping down again to strike some loud chords or play an elaborate arpeggio for a minute. A rather disconcerting performance, and more gymnastic than artistic. She plays the piano wonderfully though and I wished like to hear her in a piano recital. She wore a black velvet coat with white Byron collar and cuffs and had a dark mop of short curly hair, and a stride that is like a man's full of energy and purpose. The orchestra was all dressed in black and individually seemed as colorless beside her.

Saturday. Oct. 26.

I did a few last things at the factory, tried to get Mrs. Wm Candler who has his office here in the hotel to come up and see it but he was too busy, and took it up to the museum in a taxi. The frame had arrived for Mrs. Asa Candler's so I got Will to put that on and return the new, at least might try. Jessie's a little to get Mrs. Harris in. Back to the hotel for lunch and Frances Brown came for me at 2.30 and we went to the marionettes. They were wonderful, really very clever and charming, but the little children in the audience made such a continuous noise that it was impossible to hear one of the lines. It was a drama and their mothers & nurses should have taken them out if they wouldn't keep them quiet. The plays were Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk. Afterwards we drove out to the Brown's land in the country where they are going to build some day. A friend of Frances Brown's was with us, Leonora Hellyer, who writes for the Journal, Mr. & Mrs. Brown were out at the "farm" and Mrs. B. asked me to come back for supper which I did and had a very nice evening chatting with them. They say that poor little Frances Clyne's husband, Seymour Barnes, is treating her shamefully, neglecting her for a chorus girl and they have very been married a year. I have decided to have my hair bobbed. For a long time I thought it wasn't my style and then I thought I had waited too long and that gaffle were letting it grow in again but I have decided now that the very girls who look up to date with long hair are very young girls and I can't seem to arrange it any way that looks smart anyway and I have got so I just feel dowdy with it and hate dressing it. Of course I have to rise about what I'll do about letting it grow in but I have decided that the thing to do is to get rid of the present and then I have just a few inches to trim off and look youngerand I think I'll have it done here because Mrs.

Brown and Frances both have very good looking babies and they will improve as to their looks dresses and I think he would be likely to take more interest and do a better job than if I went to a place, even in N.Y., where I wasn't known at all. I think I'll just do it without saying anything to the family & wire to E. I believe Wire will like it and Hope has been urging me to have it done for some time. Heard from Dr. Hammond that he would like to be through with the sittings a few days before the 20th which suits me, now that I don't have to hurry over to Long Island now here, so I'll arrange to be ready for the first sitting Monday the 4th. Mrs. Dana Durand asked me to a football game today but I couldn't go having accepted the Harrell invitation.

Sunday, Oct. 27.

Pretty good publicity to-day. Two pictures in the Telegram. Mr. Dewey and Jo + Lucy and Miss Berry in the Journal with a good write-up. A and paragraphs in all the papers about Mrs. Harris' portrait being added to the show and my portrait also shows up well. All that ought to make quite a difference in the attendance for the late fees days. Also I think Mrs. Harris' order for a portrait of her grandfather is on. I saw Mr. Harris here at the hotel in the coffee shop and he said that Mrs. H. had been taken sick with a cold and had not come back to Atlantic from Columbus, S.C. where they live as she had pleasure and was to have brought the photo with her to show me, but that they expected to be in Boston Nov. 20 and would see me then and he asked what I would charge and I said $750 which seemed to him about right. I'm not crazy about another from a photo but I would do it in Boston in Dec. and it probably wouldn't be much of a job portraying as there is probably no member of the family living who remembers him. so that I would simply go by the photo exactly and not have to reproduce also memories vague memory. I wrote letters all the morning. Alec King called for me at quarter of one and took me out there for lunch. No one else there. Had a nice time with him and Eleanor and seeing the baby after lunch. He is a darling. Then went to the Art museum and stayed around there. Quite a lot of people came. One old lady who knew Mrs. Harris well and said my portrait was not as good of her as one that her brother, Warren the photographer had done, a drawing. I asked where it was as I wanted to see it and she said it was in some church, I forgotten what denomination mean I mean park where Mrs. Harris had a Bible class and I shall go and see it. Perhaps it will help me. I wish the different members of the family would see it and tell me if it looks like her. It is awfully working in the dark. Came back to the hotel for supper and went up and listened to the radio in the evening - the climax last time - Guiseppi da Lucca, last time of the Metropolitan Opera season. Wrote Mr. Hammond I would be working on it in time to wait on the 4th.

Monday, Oct. 28.

I went up to the museum of fine arts to mail them

sunrise, am reading Mrs. Ramsdell's portrait and Wire and Little Wire for an article she is going to write for the Sun. Varnished Mrs. Harris' portrait and stayed around for a while. Practically no one there. Came back to the hotel and read. Mrs. Brown and Frances came for lunch and went with me afterwards to the hair dressers and I had my hair bobbed. It gives you a terrible naked feeling to have it cut off and I'm not sure that I'm going to like the bob though Mrs. B. and Frances were enthusiastic about it. Still I'm glad I tried it as it will make it much easier to wear the grease & dog hats and I never would have been satisfied without at least having had a trial. Of course the waves will be getting it now in. I wish now I had just had my hair trimmed as that I was, was it in a decent knot but I may be able to have it trimmed so that I like it better and it will look better when I get another permanent any way. When we finished at the hair dressers we went down town and did various errands and then left me at the hotel about 5. I wrote letters and read in the evening.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.

I went over to the hair dressers the first thing to get my hair that was cut off. I had meant to take it with me and have a switch made out of it so that I could pin it on in a low knot for the evening but Mrs. Brown said it would cost more to have it made into a switch than to buy one so I left it behind. I decided afterwards that I'd better leave it as it would be hard to match my hair as it is so fine and I might as well leave it any way. Luckily they hadn't thrown it away as I have it and I can fix it so that it looks all right and I don't see why I can't wear it just as it is and not have a switch made. Of course with my hair bobbed all my hats are too large now. I was going to have them done over any way so I took them down to a place Frances Brown told me about and spent the rest of the morning looking for a green hat to go with a dark green crepe de chine dress I am having made & a little dress-ing gown that has just arrived in the hotel. Couldn't find me the right color. Will look in Washington and N. Y. Got lunch at Maison-Pascis, came back to the hotel and got my painting things and went up to the Art museum for a sitting with Mr. Cadle. I fixed up a place for him to pose in the room where will hang the pictures taking up some dark green silk I got for a background as one of the big trees my pictures came in behind him. Got the coat all painted in from him and it is right - a great improvement. Called up Walter Cadle to tell him we were sitting & had to ask him if there was anything else he would like fixed while I was at it. He said it was all right and I could deliver it anytime so he will come for the picture at the museum on Fri. at 3:30 and we will take it out to his home & hang it and see that the light is all right on it and then that will be done. When I got through painting I went over to call on Mrs. Robinson but she was not at home. Walked home leaving the [illegible] of Cadle at the photographer. Had heard from Miss Parsons and Mrs. Phipps were to call so ran in the evening and we sat up and listened to some monologues by Cornelia Otis Skinner on the radio. She was awfully good. Boy never was any more put out by a & got up to Brown

Wednesday. October 30.

I saw in the papers that it was Mr. Haverty's birthday to-day so I sent him a [illegible]. He has been very nice about helping me in various ways. I tried on my dress in the little shop downstairs then went down town to leave a hat to be made smaller and after that took a car out to Inman Park to see the pictures of Mrs. Harris that were on exhibition. Had left me cut out there in a church where we had a Bible class. I found the church but it was all locked. Asked in a market next door where I could get the keys and the market man took me into a hardware shop where a man laying his hat out said that he had the keys as he lived across the street and that when he got through he would take me in. So I waited in the market and finally he appeared and took me in to the church. The picture was nothing but an enlargement of the same photo I had worked from, not a drawing as the women had said. So I took the car back into Atlanta, got lunch at the Junior League tea room and looked for a hat to go with my new green dress. Got one, a 19 dollar hat at Allen's where I got me when I was here before. Back to the hotel and read and wrote letters. Had a telegram from Wise this morning saying that I am to paint a portrait of Mr. Stratton for the Bureau of Standards in Washington. I am delighted though Charles Bittinger won't feel daddy about it. He painted one a few years ago but Mr. Stratton doesn't like it and it was sent down to the Bureau of Standards for a while and returned. I suppose I may do it. Wish I were in Boston possibly until it was time for the Exposition. Am anxious to hear all the details of the affair when Wise writes. To-day was the last day of my exhibition. It was rainy all day.

Thursday. October 31

Had a note, [illegible] with my [illegible] after I had sent it is going to be fine. Then went up to the art museum to see about having my pictures framed. Got the first box off to-day with five paintings in it, including Jo & Lucy which I am sending to the Portrait Painters' Gallery exhibition opening Nov. 4. Painted a little on Mrs. Harris to-day after then took her out giving Frances and Prof. Thomson down to F. & J. photo Service in a taxi to the photographer. Met Mrs. Pope for lunch at the Junior League Tea Room. She had two ladies & met me a Mrs. Carter and a Mrs. Shacknasty(?). After lunch Mrs. Carter drove me and Mrs. Pope out through the Paces Ferry Road section to see the "lovely homes". The Atkins's house is almost finished and is quite imposing. Ray left me at the Art Museum where my ladder was coming for me at 3.30 to take out Inglett's portrait to the house and hang it. Didn't like the way it looked. Carter turned up with a friend Mrs. Broyles and I went with what pictures were not yet packed and Mrs. Broyles went back to her daughter's.

I said I'd come back to Atlanta and do it if she could get me one or two others to make it worth my while. Then Mrs. Candler came (Mr. C. couldn't get away from the office) and they liked Mr. Candler's portrait very much and talked to her about having his wife done. Trying to persuade it to that I would come back etc. She wants it all right but Mr. Candler doesn't want it just now evidently. Then Mr. C. drove me out, stopping at the dentist's to get the little girl, and when we got to the house we hung the picture and it looks very well and they seem delighted with it. Mr. C. came home before I left and is much pleased and will send me the cheque to-morrow as that done. He drove me home. Read in the evening, Hamlet's soliloquy by Lowell Hayward. Didn't like it much, not as much as Porgy. A trifle forced, I think.

Friday, November 1.

Tried on my green dress for the last fitting and took in my black evening dress to have it lengthened and made more up to date. Then went out to the museum and got Mrs. Thiers' portrait and took it back to the C. Rowers' school and got it hung again. Then down town, did errands, got lunch at the Quota League Tea Room and went to F. & L. Photo service to see what luck he'd had with the photos of Mrs. Harris, J. Morrow and Prof. Thomson. The negatives were all right but he hadn't made the prints yet. Took Mrs. Harris up to the museum and Mrs. Guy came for me there at 2.30 and we took it out to the Rowers House and tried it in place. It went finely, in every way. Color, size and value and Mrs. Guy is much pleased with it. She will send me the cheque next week to Washington. Then she brought me home and I changed and went out to make calls. Returned the invitation left Ten Eyck Browns, not at home. Then went to the Art museum for the Private View of the Kappa Alpha Reception tending to call on Mrs. Jan Jensen later. She was there and was not in, so she came home later so I made my call then. Very few people there, much less than my expectation really and they are going to organize a women's committee and have teas etc. to get people out. Mr. Harvey and Mary drove me home [illegible] unattractive Mrs. Swift at her house in the way. Then I called up Elinor King to ask them to go to some theatrical with me at the Piedmont Driving Club. They were going Outboard Board & Boy Better Homes. She couldn't come. So I called up Mrs. B[illegible] and asked if Frances would go with me, and she did and we ate out there to dinner and I went and had a very nice time. They want me to stay with them if I come to Atlanta again and I'd love to. Frances & I went to the play and it was very well done for amateurs. Had a telegram from Mr. Hammond's secretary saying Mr. H. has been called to N. Y. suddenly and will not begin sittings until Wed. Will go to Washington on Sunday just the same as there is no sense staying here, everything is finished and delivered.

Saturday, November 2.*

Wrote letters, paid bills etc. Then went down to F. & L. Photo Service.

Saw the Proctors. Good of Mrs. Harris & J. Morrow. Still not good of Prof. Thomson. Took the two painting books to the museum. Gave Will last instructions and Mr. Skidmore too and he took me back to the hotel. Mr. H. telegraphed to Mary Goodby. Had lunch, packed and took the 5 o'clock train from the Pennsylvania Station. Very warm and stuffy. A big crowd at the hotel for the Georgia Tech - Notre Dame football game. Also Armand advertising campaign that has been going on for three days. Train crowded but quiet. Uncomfortable thing. Some more ways to have attacks but won't come back unless I have some patients to do.

Saturday, Nov. 2.

Reached Washington at 11.35. Rainy and very warm, as high as 83°. Drove to Hotel Mayflower. Got a nice single room and bath for $4 a day. Unpacked, had lunch in the coffee shop. Called up Ann Bradley and she asked me to come out. I went to the Corcoran Gallery first to see the show with the Clark collection. Some good Corots, Rembrandts and Van Dykes, Gerard Reynolds and Gainsboroughs and a good many not very good pictures. The Corcoran Gallery American contemporary paintings are fine though. Tarbells, Du Mond's, Sargents, Seyfferts etc. Exhibition of modernistic Belgian art going on. Most of it ugly and crude. Can't believe stuff like that will last. Went out to Ann Bradleys and had a nice call. Some people there named Duncan — ? Who it developed were descended from Rev. Gustavus Brown of Maryland that we are descended from. Marion Bradley brought me home. Had supper and wrote letters. Dr. Rossdell called me up to say how do you do. Mrs. R. is away on visits but will be back before I go. Had a letter from Wise saying he had bought me 10 shares of Am. Tel. & Tel. with my own money as it was such a wonderful chance to invest in good stock. There has been a tremendous crash in the stock market the last few days. The result of this craze of speculating. Lots of people have been ruined and prices of stock have gone way down. So Wise thought it was too good a chance to be missed. Sis Fanny & I had just written E. that I supposed I ought to buy some good stock now but didn't know what to do about it.

Sunday, Nov. 4.

Cloudy and showers so I wouldn't have begun the golfing anyway. Went to the Ogilvie Sisters for a heelbone right after breakfast, then down town to a barber they recommended to get my hair trimmed and try and make it look better in the back. Am not crazy about my bob and think I would let it grow in. Stayed there most of the morning there, getting it trimmed and shaved. Back to the hotel for lunch. Then went down town and looked for dark green cloth to go with my new green dress and hat. Got one at a place called Jelleff's, green cloth with beaver collar and cuffs. Back to the hotel and wrote letters. Was dressing to go to Ann Bradley's for dinner when they came for me, bringing at the hotel with some friends. Met Mrs. Ridgely in the lobby as we went out. After dinner Ann took me to the Copley Society's to see their Copleys which are very fine. Mr. Amory owns the big painting of Copley and his family, his wife her father and five children and the attic in the background. It is a wonderful piece of

work and owns to great advantage when they have it hung, filling all one end of their library. He also has several other Tyng portraits, including one of Tyng, founder of the town of Tyngsboro, N.H. a fine piece of drawing though dark and muddy in color, of Copley's earlier period before he went to England. Mr. Amory said that it was difficult to study that period his eyes to color as he says himself in his letters which Mr. Amory has. I liked Mr. & Mrs. Amory very much, typical of the old style American stock and breeding. Mrs. Amory asked me to come in to tea some day while I am here and I shall certainly go. Mr. A. was in Uncle Cousin's class at Harvard & we talked family a good deal. Suzanne Bradley was their daughter's maid of honor at her wedding a few months ago. I called up Mrs. Hammond to ask if I could come out to the house to-morrow & we knew the light was and she said she would be delighted.

Tuesday. November 5.

Wrote letters until about 10, then went out to the Hammonds to see how the light would be for painting. Looked at all the possibilities with Mr. Griffin, Mr. Hammond's secretary and think that Mr. Hammond does not like all his photographs of celebrities are too cut up a background and the sun comes in all day as it faces south and the curtains do not go all the way across the windows so I couldn't paint it out. A room downstairs which they call the Stone Hall would be the best but I couldn't decide definitely until I saw it in the afternoon and after lunch is the time that he likes it and I'd have to see how the light would be then. So I arranged to come back in the afternoon to see the possibilities. Had a talk with Mrs. H. in negligée in her grand bedroom. The whole house is very palatial and impressive and yet Mrs. Hammond likes to think that is "simple and homelike" in spite of its grand scale. When I left I went to see Gov. Eddy. I think it was the Army & Navy Club, and got a notary public to witness my sworn affidavit for Mr. Lyon's portrait. He is sending it on for me to N.Y. Now and his agent at the border received my affidavit that is unoriginal. Then I called on Mrs. Burlingame at the Waldorf-Astoria. Very pleasant and cordial. Then met Irving Lowe and Mrs. Eddy for lunch at the Army & Navy Club. Irving urged me to come out to Ft. Myer "anytime" but didn't set a date. Gov. Emmerich is to be painted by a Russian. Came back to the hotel made an appointment with Mrs. Ayers. Mrs. B. told me about to-day. She can fix those slippers in a minute and shoulders I have offhand as that is worse lately. When out to the Hammonds again, got a nice set up planned for to-morrow. Then to the Astor Park. I think he is going to help me a lot. Back to the hotel looked at dresses in a mop in the hotel. Didn't find anything. Spent the evening in my room going over bills mostly. A letter from Wise. He will be in N.Y. to-morrow and will call me up when he gets in in the morning.

Wednesday, Nov. 6.

Wise called me up from N.Y. at 8 o'clock. Said he would call me again in the evening after I had had my first sitting with Mrs. Hammond, so that I could tell him about it. I wrote out the copy for my catalogue for my N.Y. show at Avalon's and mailed it with a note. of Wise + little Wise for the cover. Went to the stenographer at 10.30. He says he has got rid of a lot of the congestion and I am much less stiff and my head and eyes feel less strained. It was what I needed all right and I shall be able to paint much better for the treatments. Back to the hotel, wrote letters, had lunch and took a taxi with my paint box and things out to Mrs. Hammond. I got him good right away without any trouble and am crazy about the arrangement and so is Mrs. Hammond. She liked the idea of the terrestrial globe Lady in shadow behind him and the color scheme with the light bringing out touches of old rose and gray green on the hangings by the windows at each side and the greens, pinks and yellows in the globe is awfully nice. He wears a dark gray suit and says he is not going to mind the posing at all. Was afraid he would have to do something, look pleasant all the time etc. He was very complimentary about my work. Said I was the best portrait painter he knew, that he had never seen as good a painting as Wise + little Wise and Prof. Thomson and I were, that my things looked alive etc. and that if I got as good a likeness of him as I did of those others he would be delighted. Mrs. Hammond stayed in the room most of the time and talked to him which was a help as I did not have him in my mind. I mentioned the death of Sir Joseph Robinson, an Englishman who was one of the first mine owners in the Transvaal and who sided with the Boers, and asked him if he knew him and he did, had prospected for him and that started him reminiscing about South Africa and Sir Joseph. Said he was a jew an old rascal in some ways but had always been absolutely square in his ~~dealings~~ dealings with him. We also talked about Senator Bingham whose ~~innocence~~ retaining of a man who was an authority on tariff matters, but was a member of the Woolen manufacturers assn, as adviser in drawing up the tariff bill, had brought public censure on himself from the democrats in the Senate who had passed a resolution calling his conduct unethical etc. The resolution has been somewhat softened by Republican senators but the whole thing is ugly as Bingham is a fine man and was sincerely trying to get expert advice. It is just politics, an attempt to discredit the Republican party. Also talked about Wise's scheme of making Gloucester Harbor an airport for pleasure planes. Mrs. Hammond said he would back any proposal of Wise's in the face of it without going into details as he had such a profound confidence in his motives and practical good sense. When Mrs. Hammond left the room occasionally as she did when the dogs began kicking up a row in the kennels under the big tree to the west of the house Mr. H. got rather confidential and personal. I told him he mustn't focus his face and he said he only wished he could that he was afraid I had had too many sitts

things said to me that I probably didn't think anything of it. It's funny that men as they get older seem to get more sentimentally inclined. I'm glad when because naturally. Mrs. wife is getting get older too, have usually learned to appeal to them in that respect. Mr. + Mrs. Hammond took me back to the hotel, where I washed my hands etc. and went over to Miss Mc Neil's. Had a nice chat with her. I like her. She has brains and sensibility, a bit too emotional perhaps and there is something that Mc has been forgiven him and consequently I'm not sure for. Perhaps she was in love with him, poor thing. She said that Jane Mackay, Miss Mc Neil's friend, was the ugliest person in the reviews of the Chicago Art Institute show wrote very unkindly of my canvases, and it was a relief after some of the rest of the painting is something like that. I hope I get the clippings. Back at the hotel, wrote letters and washed my brushes. I secured out the size for Mr. H.'s portrait it will be 36 X 42. I want to leave plenty above the head so as to suggest the light, muddy room, big loose etc. Miss called me up and I told him all about it and how pleased I was with the composition and he was delighted. Said E. wanted him to call her as soon as he had talked to me. He was back to Saginaw to-night and they were down for next Sunday, he in Sunday night. I also wrote E. all about my plans. All will be well now unless we have a spell of dark weather. Miss wrote me more of the details about my painting Mrs. Stallos. He will pose in the big hall of his home at Tech. and possibly in his crimson robes of Cambridge England. a degree given him for his war work. I have written Mrs. J. asking him when I could see at the Bureau of Standards as while I am here I want to see ... his portrait with Mary. Am thrilled to be really painting again. It is now Sunday noon. 9.

I went out right after breakfast and got the canvas for Mr. Hammond's portrait. Had it cut and the stretcher cut to the Hotel and went on down to the Corcoran gallery to see if I could borrow an easel, Mr. Bassingwaite was very nice and turned me over to Mr. O'Connor the superintendent of the building and he took me in to the large studio they have had built in the new wing for visiting portrait painters. He said Johansen and Charles Hopkinson and Mr. Speed had used it last year. Would like to have several Washington portraits to do and to work there. I selected an easel and then went back to the Hotel and stretched my canvas and got it drawn in roughly from the sketch. Had lunch and went out to Mr. Hammond's with the canvas and my paint box in a taxi. Had a pretty good sitting and got it placed all right. It was cloudy and began to get dark and the paper says cloudy tomorrow but I can go ahead and get the canvas covered and if we have good sunny weather next week it will be all right when I come to really work it. Miss Hammond, Mr. H.'s sister, stayed in the room a good deal of the time. Apparently they think he needs an entertainer. I wouldn't mind

having him taken off my mind was of the time but in order to get the
expression and action I want I should have him looking at me and
talking to me. I took him a mounted photograph of Mr. Dewey's portrait
which arrived just before I left from the T. & L. Photo Service, Atlanta, and
he was delighted with it and said again that he thought my portraits were
the best he had ever seen, that he wanted me to paint Mrs. Hoover. He
had had an interview with the President this morning. Evidently Hoover
wants him to undertake some important public work, but he said he was
not going to do it. Had done enough for two Republicans "and wanted to carry
out their plan of going to South America for the winter. He said that he wished
I would paint Hoover that he is looking very well now, has a finer ex-
pression etc. with his new responsibilities. He poses pretty well, seems to
do everything he can to help but forgets and gets all out of pose sometimes
and frowns a little, as Miss Arnold did, but constantly too much
in me, watching my face as I work and trying to make me conscious of him.
I think I'd rather have that than have a sitter bored and not interesting in me
as Bessie Wood was. Of course the ideal is more understanding of what
my technical job is but you don't often get that. People always begin talking
about the expression before I've even got the proportions of the head and
body to my liking of the anatomical construction of the head. I suppose it
comes from a desire to help and a natural anxiety to appear at their
best but I wish they'd leave that all to me and simply sit still and
relax and talk when I turn to them and let me concentrate. I
walked back to the hotel after the sitting stopping at an exhibition of
Lorado Taft in a gallery on Michigan Ave. by the Lake composed of works.
Spent the evening writing letters. Miss Greeley's write-up of me in the
People you Ought to Know" column in the Boston Herald has come out
and someone sent me the clipping. The write-up is all right way I wish
she hadn't put so much emphasis on Cortissoz' book of American Portrait
Painters. I didn't quite get what he said about my technique, feeling "straight
without weakness with the use of a limited palette." I don't use a limited
palette, I use every permanent color I need to get color as I see it and
many artists use fewer colors I think. I use zinc white, lemon yellow,
zinc yellow, orange cadmium, yellow ochre, raw sienna, light red, Mars
violet, Eng. vermilion, burnt sienna, rose madder, alizarin lake, cobalt
blue, ultramarine and viridian emerauda. Had a letter from the Art Institute
of Chicago saying that the Commission was among 50 paintings selected from
the annual show to go in a traveling exhibition to Worcester, Massachusetts, Kansas City
and Lincoln, Nebraska. If I was willing to let it go. It won't be back till
April but it would be a good thing to have it seen in those cities so I think
I'll accept. Mrs. Layman called me up and asked me for lunch on Saturday.

Friday, Nov. 8.

I went to Dr. Stearns the osteopath for a treatment. Then down to the Corcoran Gallery to see about another easel as the one they sent out had the top piece missing. Then up to a shop on Connecticut Ave. to get a blouse they were altering for me. Back to the hotel for lunch and out to Mr. Hammond to paint though his secretary had telephoned in the morning that he had to go out to lunch and it was rather dark to paint. Still I thought I'd go out and get the globe in and the background and he got back at about quarter past three and changed his clothes and I painted on the figure and got the head in roughly until about 4. Am afraid it's going to be rainy to-morrow and we won't be able to paint until Monday but I've got the canvas covered anyway though the action of the head isn't right. It is tipped too far to one side. It will be easy job to do that and I'll want a good light. Walked back to the hotel and found a telegram there from Mrs. Parris, Dr. Stanton's secretary saying she would be in Washington to-morrow and would take me to the Bureau of Standards to see where the portrait would hang. Wrote letters and read in the evening. Had a letter from Mrs. Arisslie of the Arisslie Gallery saying that he had received my copy for the catalogue and did I realize that the gallery did not pay for the printing or advertising and as the copy was incomplete (there was only one word missing, Mrs. Townsend's husband's first name which I could perfectly well have them insert after I had seen the proof) he was returning the copy and proof. for me to have it done in Washington. So I had taken the trouble to step in and talk to them about the catalogue when I was in Phila. and arrange about when to send the copy (the girl told me three weeks before the exhibition) it was rather annoying to have him return it. I suppose I'll have to have it done over there and at least I can make sure it is as I want it.

Saturday, Nov. 9.

Mr. Parris called me up at 9 o'clock and arranged to come for me at 10.30. I called up Corinne Laura and she asked me out to-morrow to spend the night. She will come for me at 4 o'clock. I had just settled up the [illegible] when Mrs. [illegible] called me up. Mrs. [illegible] at the Art Commission and Mrs. Thos. Got C. Wilson in the telephone and she said Hope was out in Green Valley [illegible] it is they rode over the week end and she and Jack were going out into the country to-morrow, so I decided not to go and called up Corinne Laura. I would [illegible] Hope Keiser for lunch with me but of course she has company all the week. [illegible] is came at 10.30 with a young man. Dungey and her baby in the back of the car. It was a friend's car and they had evidently come for the ride. We drove out to the Bureau of Standards and went through several of the buildings and the best place is in [illegible] office over the mantelpiece. The walls are rather too pink a yellow to [illegible] with red robes but Mr. Parris said they could easily be repainted any color I wanted. Afterwards he drove me in town and I got an embroidered nylejee and some silk [illegible] my dress. Back to the Hotel. dressed for lunch at Mrs. Layman and by

cars came for me at a little before ten. I was ladies in it, friends of hers from Springfield, Ohio, named Rabbitt, I think, a young mrs. Murray was also at Glen Ora. Her husband is in the Diplomatic Corps and they have just come back from Persia which she was crazy about. They were all going over to see Mrs. Randall's portrait after lunch. It had just arrived from Atlanta. I had to leave right after lunch though for a sitting with Mr. Hammond. It didn't go very well. Though it was a bright day the light began to fade soon and though I got the head straight up I found I had it too far to the left for the shoulders and in moving it over of course the fresh background paint got mixed up with the color on the light side of the head. However I think it's practically in place now and I can go ahead and paint it. Mr. Hammond doesn't pose very well though he means to, but he watches my face a lot and makes so many complimentary remarks and talks so much about the expression etc. when all I want to get now is the construction of the head. However I think he is beginning to realize what I want him to do now and was more better towards the last but by that time it was too late to do anything but the pattern of the shoulders. I am to come to-morrow morning for a sitting and I think if I like the light I shall insist on finishing it in the morning after this. It doesn't do to have the light fading. You get trying too hard to see details and lose the feeling of the whole. Of course I can pull it out of the hole that it's rotten now. I can't seem to get the big drawing and action right. He changes his position so much in the chair. am thankful I'm to have a chance in the morning. Saw Walter Atherton, Percy's brother, in the coffee shop this evening. Wrote letters and went to bed early.

Sunday, Nov. 10.

Mr. Hammond's car came for me a little after 10 and I was waiting downstairs so we got out early. Mr. H. was all ready to pose and I told him the first thing that I had decided was that I would have the morning light to work by, and he is going to pose in the morning after this. It made the greatest difference. I could really paint the thing as I saw it and it went ahead finely and Mr. Hammond is so pleased. He says it is better now than nine tenths of the portrait he has seen and I know now that it will come out all right. Am so relieved. I wasn't really worried but couldn't understand why it didn't go better. Went back to the hotel and sent a day letter to Wise telling him I was going out to Fort Myer for the night so that he wouldn't call me up here in the morning. I had written him last night telling him some of my difficulties with the portrait and I got in the telegram to-day "Portrait went finely to-day". I got that in before I had the sitting I was so sure it would go all right but I didn't send the telegram till after I got back to the hotel. Also heard Pres. Lefavour of Simmons had a special from him saying that Miss Arnold is going with us the 20th and they want to have the wedding [illegible] appropriate ceremonies in Mrs. Hill and

cried I had them and when was the picture. I wired him I could not be there before the 19th and hoped they could get the unveiling off a day. After lunch and packing my bag for Fontayne I walked up to the Boardman's apartment on Com. ave. to call on them but they were out. Then back to the hotel where Cousin Laura came for me at 4. Julia, Charlie Sumerall's young wife was driving the car and they had the two babies in a laundry basket, one in pink and one in blue just like two little dolls. They were awfully amusing. When we got out to Cousin Laura's we took them in, stayed them and put them to sleep in Cousin Laura's bed. a very domestic evening, just C. Laura & Julia and I there (Gaffie came to call for a few minutes when we first arrived) Julia served them at 6, one at each breast, almost like a little calf. How we ever survived the months we was carrying them I don't know. She had a terrible time, couldn't keep anything down not even water. Had to have special feedings etc. The babies are fine, though the little girl was premature being conceived 3 weeks after the boy. I never knew twins could be like that apparently they can be what is called identical twins, conceived at the same time & like this. So they do not look alike and to all intents and purposes, except having the same birthday will be like other brothers and sisters. They slept all the evening and at 9.30 we had to disturb them to dress them and take them over to Julia's house, where we undressed them and left them getting ready to waken them again. A pretty entertaining performance. She is a nice girl and I liked her ever so much. Cousin Laura urged me to stay on, in fact insisted but that I wouldn't, but it is absolutely out of the question. I owed be too inconvenient with all I have to attend to. Gen Sumerall is in Chicago.

Sunday, Nov. 11. Armistice Day.

The sunrise gun at Fort Sill woke me. Cousin Laura had my breakfast sent up to my room and I was all dressed and packed and ready to eat my breakfast by 8.30. Sat in Cousin Laura's room talking to her and reading the papers until her car came to take me in town at 9. Went to the hotel left my bag there & then to the painters, Davis, 1005 H. street, to get some moulding for Mr. H.'s portrait. They sent them out to the house and we tried them in the portrait and decided on a temporary one and a moulding for Mrs. H. to see. The sitting went very well. I like Mr. Hammond more all the time. He is very kind hearted, rich and sweet. Very fond of children who are crazy about him. He has turned the lot across the street from his home into a playground for the children of his friends in the neighborhood and loves to go out and see them and talk to them. He told me a story about a little girl on the steamer once, Rockford [illegible] daughter, [illegible] was a good friend of Mr. Hammond's and Mr. H. entertained the little girl with stories of some of his experiences in So. Africa (He was about 11.) One day, [illegible] came and took her in to get ready for lunch but she didn't want to go saying she wanted to hear Mr. Hammond's stories. When you be said but you, father tells goodyfee stories and we said but [illegible] not as good as yours".

with of course gave me H. something to jolly Kipling about. He also told me about his first entry sent to school, in New Haven, as a boy. He had come from California and being a new boy and green one of the older ones began to tease him about all. Asked him how big the redwood trees were. Mr. Hammond told him the dimensions and when the boy said "you're a liar" he knocked him down, and was expelled. He felt terribly, said he used sometimes now walking sadly through the streets of New Haven not daring to write to his father about it. Then he remembered a friend of his father's in New Haven and went and told him the whole story and the friend was very indignant and went and expostulated with the head of the school and had young Hammond taken back. Then when he was a young man just back from doing College in Austria he was at the house of a friend of his father one evening, a man whom his father had helped financially and whose sons about young Hammond's age were apparently well placed and prosperously started in railroading. The man spent the whole evening discouraging Hammond, saying he had made such a mistake to go to Austria to study etc. etc. Mr. Hammond said it made him so mad to have this discouraging talk when he was so full of ambition that it mighty spurred him on and he made up his mind he'd "show them". Which he did and eventually was in a position where the same man came to him for financial help. He told me to-day of a scheme that he has for me; but said not to say anything about it. He is going to try and start the project of having me paint the Presidents of the So. American Republics for the Pan-American Union here in Washington. It would be mighty wonderful and would mean at most a most interesting trip to So. America under the very best auspices and he could make it come off if any one could. He also talks about having me paint Mrs. H. after lunching at the Hotel, where I ran into Mrs. Charlie Amory, in having up from New Orleans and expecting Jim to meet her and take her to her place in Virginia for a visit, I went downtown, ordered the frame for the portrait, then telephoned and asked me to go to the Theatre with him to-night to see "Cyrano". Percy had called me up yesterday and had asked me to sit with him Wed. night but I guess I can stand it twice. Also Mrs. Bradstreet asked me for lunch on Thursday and Mrs. Randell has asked me to come and stay with them Wed. until I go and she is having people to meet me at lunch and at dinner on Friday and I am going to Curtis Lamb's again for dinner on Thursday. So I am getting quite gay at the last. Mrs. Randell and Mrs. Layman did not go to the theatre to-night because they had seen the play. (They had the tickets because it is a theatre guild subscription thing) so I went with the Thurmans, Otis and Mrs. Wetmore and Mrs. Rogers. Met with Mr. R. and his brother Commander Randell and with Mr. Layman. The play was clever and well acted by Lyon Tietans & Alfred Lunt. I didn't care much for the rest of the company. Was called me up at 6. Ice & E. Swedenborg from I guess to-day.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.

I went to Dr. Stearns at 9.30 then out to Mrs. Hammond's. Had a good sitting. finished in the hands entirely. Mr. Griffin, his secretary, and the butler have seen it and think it is fine. I painted on the globe yesterday as Mr. H. had to leave at 12 and have got that finished and am quite pleased with it. It needs some dam good finishing touches all over now. Mr. H. spoke again of the So. American Presidents' portrait idea and said he would go to the Pan. American Union before he left and talk about the scheme to the head of it and I suppose I propose it when he is in South America this winter. He said the political advisers etc. of the Presidents should finance it. He asked me to stay to lunch, which I did. Mrs. H. did not appear, tired out from a visit to the dentist. I told him during the sitting an idea I had for painting Mrs. Hammond, in black velvet and jewels the black being very effective with her white hair, and with one of the white wolfhounds. They have five dogs, four wolfhounds and one scotty and the wolfhounds are beautifully white and fluffy after their baths and Mrs. H. is crazy about them. We could do it in her bedroom which we has just had done over in rose and silver. Miss Hammond was at lunch, also Miss Wheeler, Mrs. H.'s nurse, Miss Nichols, a secretary, Morris and Mr. Griffin, Mr. H.'s secretary. We talked mostly about the mediterranean fly and other pests, and afterwards I told about how he was deceived by the U.S. in the nailes. Mr. H. sent me in town in his Rolls-Royce for my appointment at the hairdressers at 2.30. Was very short this afternoon but the waves won't be all out already this evening. I knew it wouldn't stay as my permanent has grown out so far but the girl was sure it would and that it would be much better than marcelling it. Wire & E. telephoned at 6. Pan-Pan is very delighted with the way things are going here with me. Wire had his first sitting today and Bessie is just out. He has been very ugly and disagreeable lately and Wire has had some terrible times with him but thank goodness it is over now and he is out of the Russians. I had a telegram from Mrs. Pres. Jefferson Davis saying the unveiling of Miss Arnold's statue is put off until June, following a letter which said it would be on the 19th if it suited Mrs. Hammond could it now. I would go up to N. Y. to attend to things for a few days and then come back to W. and paint her. She will probably be too busy getting ready to go away though and anyway I have to make a darn good thing of this first. Wrote letters and read in the evening. Called up Anne Bradley and we will go out to see Harriet and her new baby to-morrow.

Wednesday, Nov. 13

Rainy and too dark to paint. I wrote letters and did some packing then went out, stopped at the Corcoran Gallery to ask Mr. Finnegan if he would tell me who to write to to offer a painting for the National Gallery of Art as Wire is going to give them Bonar's portrait. He was

up in the gallery with Gaillard Cherry, who said he remembered me and had been following my work. Duveen only took Mr. Hammond's time for a minute and he did simply to write to the Board of Directors of the National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institute. Was very pleasant and nice as usual. Then I went to the Pan-American Union as I thought I'd like to see just where portraits could hang in case Mr. Hammond's scheme came to anything. It is a very beautiful building and there are suitable places for portraits in the board rooms and along the colonnades on the second floor. I'm afraid the scheme is not practical though because why should one lot of Presidents be hung in ~~the~~ that way and the others not. When I left I took a taxi over to the Smithsonian and saw the National Gallery of Art now housed in the national museum. Some good pictures but not a very inspiring collection. Then back to the hotel for lunch, finished my packing and Asa Bradley came for me about three and we went out to Chevy Chase to see Harriet (Hastings) Rafferty and her new baby. A very pretty little house and a perfectly good baby, very tiny, only 3 weeks old, and awfully sleepy. Harriet has bobbed hair and has two black eyes - up just as pretty as she used. Her in laws came in. Very common but good-hearted. It got late without our realizing it so we had to take a taxi part of the way in and I left Asa and little Sally, who came with us, on the way to the hotel. The Randolphs' car was waiting for me at 8 got my bags down and packed me and came over to their house, 2128 Bancroft Place. They were going out to dinner and the Beales and Percy was coming for me. We arrived about 7 and took me to the Carlton for dinner and to Capitol. I didn't let on that I had already seen it and it wasn't bad sitting through it a second time, while interesting to me how in two such similar pictures and inflection was identical with the other night. When we got back we waited for Mr. + Mrs. R. and Percy stayed a little while and talked after they came.

Thursday. Nov. 14.

Still dark and rainy. It's as nice doing anything now to the portrait as I have a good light as all it needs now is to make things to stay and I don't want the windows too dark. Wire & E. telephoned at 9 o'clock. I had written about Mr. Hill's scheme for the Pan-American Union and Wire was enthusiastic about it but said to go slowly and not commit myself to anything because he knew the Hammonds well and that they were likely to go into a thing with enthusiasm at first and then get tired of it and not carry it through. I don't think it will come off anything. Talked to Mr. Hammond a little more about it when I went over to take him my album and get my paint box to do a little work on Mrs. Randolph's portrait and he said that possibly it might be better to have the men who were ministers from the different republics when the Pan-American Union Bldg. was dedicated and that he would talk to Mr. Rowe the director about it and that he might be able to do something about it when he was in So. America this winter. He took me back to the R's in his car and just

before I left the temporary home arrived so all is not to go ahead and finish it if only I have a good light to work in. When I got back to the house I went and got a manicure, my finger nails the other day didn't stay in at all, my permanent has grown out so, came home and dressed and Mrs. R. took me over to Mrs. Biddle's for luncheon. 8 ladies there, all a good deal older than I but I had a good time with Mrs. Ridgely who sat next to me, Mrs. Waite, a widow on the other side, Mrs. Hinckley there, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Lowell Bradley. Her husband was an artist. She is quite a character. Mrs. Ridgely asked me to tea on Saturday. Back to the house were Mrs. R. (I call her Dorothy now) had the portfolio down and all ready for me to work in. The likeness was not quite there and though she is crazy about it herself all her friends have criticized certain things about it and it wasn't quite right so I was glad of the chance to fix it. We painted until after four, then took it downstairs and were trying to decide where it ought to be hung when the bell rang and it was Cousin Laura for me. I wasn't expecting to be called for till 6 and it was only 5 but she said she was going to call on Mrs. Gallatin and had thought I might like to come. The real reason she came for me was because it was more convenient for her to call for me then. The "calls" may consist in leaving cards and we sat in the car at the War office and waited for Cousin Charlie and finally drove out with him and he came out later when we were having tea & dinner. He is terribly busy just now because Sec. Good, Sec. Ryan is seriously ill after an appendicitis operation. Cousin Laura came in and saw Mrs. Randall's portrait and so Dorothy came down in her negligee and talked to her. She liked the portrait, I think was quite impressed with it but when I said that Mrs. R. liked it very much she said "I'm so glad" in such a condescending tone that I was quite amused. The negative feminine quality has many modes of expression. Do not let her get too conceited "attitude". She told me afterwards in the car in a tone as if she was telling me something encouraging, etc. and said, that Mrs. R. told her that she thought I was the best portrait painter in the country. When we got out to Fort Myer Cousin Laura stopped at her house and I went in over to Julia's and had a nice time with her and the babies. She was just nursing them and they were darling. I changed them and got them comfortably in their cribs where Julia dressed and we went over to Cousin Laura's for dinner. Mr. Pringle came to call after dinner and Julia and I hurried back in time for first dance. I like her a lot. At 10 Cousin Laura & I got in and I went in front & saw reception at the Polish Legation. They stopped at the Randalls for me to dress and so it was 11 when Cousin Laura stopped in the car but Cousin Charlie came in saw the portrait and liked it very much. The reception was quite interesting, a handsome house in the Wisconsin and foreign [illegible] gave the assemblage quite an unusual appearance. Of course going with General Mrs. Randall, chief of staff.

we met a lot of people and I had not a good time trying to talk Spanish to the wife of the secretary attaché

Friday, Nov. 14.

Still cloudy and nowcasts but it got a little lighter at times during the morning. I went over to Dr. Hammonds at 10 hoping it would clear. Had a talk with him and we decided to leave me visit in case it did get light enough to paint and he went up stairs to his library again to get some literature, written. As soon as he'd gone I discovered I'd left my glasses over at the Randalls so I beat it over there and got them and was back at the Hammonds in 15 minutes. Dr. H. was downstairs again and we started work and I practically finished the board. Stopped at 12.15 and went back to Mrs. R. in a taxi to dress for a luncheon she was giving me at Cherry Chase. Took my paint box along as though they act like it has given their friendship improved the skin is a little too heavy and I have to fix that. We drove out to Cherry Chase (getting up two more hours of the same sun party. Lord I'd gone a quality Dr. Stopping. I'm afraid I can't remember the names of the other people who were there. Had a nice time and as soon as we got back we got to work fixing the portrait. I was invited for the dinner party. Some of the guests had arrived as I came down stairs and I heard them say, all standing in front of the portrait "It's all it's supposed" and they all seemed really enthusiastic as I'd done at last. I'm so glad they like it as I'm getting so keen on what I'm doing, nothing to be enthusiastic about as all my friends' criticisms. The dinner party was very nice but kept us up very late, the last guest didn't go till after 12.30, a Mr and Thompson who plays the piano very well. The others there were Mr. & Mrs. Walter Brown (he is head of the State Dept. of the Far East and has just come back from Teheran where he was ambassador to Persia) Lt. & Mrs. ~~Hodge~~ Dickinson (he is in the navy and used to go to Annapolis in the summer while he was studying at Yale.) Commander & Mrs. Cooper who motored up from Annapolis for the dinner. She was from Atlanta and had been my friend of Scott Hudson and Tabby Jones there. She asked us to drive down to Annapolis to-morrow for lunch and a football game and I would have loved to go but can't because of my painting and Mrs. Randall's tea. We had a delicious dinner, then just as coffee was served at the table Mr. Thompson played the piano. They served cocktails, wine at dinner and whisky & soda during the evening. As we took a bet to ourselves I always wonder if they, the women especially, really want it or like it, or that they just serve it and take it because it's correct. Dorothy is getting up in a very normal way for dinner at the Embassy so I reminded them absolutely had to have a French wine cocktail in it, had promised it to make people absolute and when the red and the girl who is serving it went to the kitchen management to make arrangements they were told that no cocktails would be served by the hotel waiters that

the only way they could have any thing to drink was to hire a room and bring it and serve it themselves. The manager said that is your home. The idea being that the hotel would not be held responsible for the breaking the law in one of their rooms, provided they didn't help or any of their staff. He said there were two Federal agents living in the hotel and if it weren't for my being so much out of town they would be raided. I am not sure they have to put themselves in such a position in order to attract a few men who will probably drink too much & only keep the party singly would be a failure without it which shows the state of affairs that were the very reason for prohibition in the world. I am glad to see that the laws can't be openly broken here any way and I pray it would become the smart thing to observe it & anything would be all right because in other places, the middle and poorer and the industrialized it certainly has improved conditions.

Saturday, Nov. 16.

At last a good, sunny day and I went over early and did a good morning work on the portrait. Stayed to lunch with Mrs. H. came down after lunch and gave the portrait. She stood in front of it in silence for a few seconds, then said "I think it excellent" and then one only a few little things to fix, as the hands, just in his watch arm, (just right) a little jig that he was always carried, and says the cuffs is a little darker. Mrs. H. is really crazy about it and was delighted in Miss Hammond (his sister) and Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Ingram and they all thought it was splendid. The butler, a fine type of English-man named Cunningham, had seen it before lunch when he came in & Mrs. H. said lunch was ready and had thought it was wonderful. He said almost in tears in his eyes, that it was just Mr. H. sitting there and that "God almighty couldn't have done it better, unless to move", which of course made a hit when I repeated it to Mrs. H. and the others. In sitting I was showing Mr. H. how to hold the mahl stick for reinforcement & to see the portrait reflected in it over his shoulder and he caught on at once and when I asked him why he didn't see the picture re-flected in it now, said "I can see it, O, yes, it's the portrait!" which was a good tribute to the likeness. Mrs. H. decided in the morning for the afternoon and I went back to the Randolph and ordered it by telephone with instructions about having it shipped to N.Y. for my exhibition. Then took the street car down to the railroad station and got my ticket and a seat in a Pullman parlor car, $4.25 to Norwood afternoon and down with my little things the portrait made to various evening. Then got home & unpacked and went to bed at 12 o'clock. Tired but happy & thankful for a good day's work & a very successful time. Mrs. H. is planning for me to

Washington D.C. was there and she took down some notes about the Hammond and Randall portraits and I suppose will have something in the papers. She can come for me and I left miss R. at her house on the way home. [illegible] dressed for dinner and went over to Mrs. Hayman's with Nancy and Bobby. (Mr. R. & Mr. Whitney went to Annapolis and didn't get back until about 9 o'clock) Had a nice evening at the Haymans. Mrs. H. was sweet to me and the whole family have been so nice and friendly and cordial, and Mr. Whitney is a dear. I like to have a house in Washington perhaps in the Spring. I leave for Washington (Penn. R.R.) at 9.40 and will have just time [illegible] Mr. Whitney says the Junior League is so much like a fine place and of course it would be fine to have it under those auspices. She will show them to me on my way to the train to-morrow. Mrs. E. called me up at 6.30. I did not get to bed [illegible] so glad I can go to-morrow though I have loved Washington and would love to come back.

Sunday, Nov. 17.

It is now Friday the 22nd and I have been so rushed I haven't had a minute to write in this dear. Will try and do it now but may not be able to remember everything. I won't forget Sunday the 17th because that was my last day in Washington. In spite of it being such a sunny day yesterday Saturday it was cloudy again Sunday morning but as it looked as if it might lighten I went over to Mrs. Hammond's and had a sitting. I worked mostly on his hands and the curtain, leaving the head hoping it would get lighter and finally had to paint on it though I couldn't see much more in the shadows than I usually before. Mr. Hammond came upstairs about 10 o'clock and I signed the picture and about 1.25 when people were already coming for luncheon Mrs. Hammond came in to see it with Mr. Hammond. It was a relief that I had to go and wash my hands for lunch and pretty soon Mrs. H. came in the west room where the picture is and told me that she thought I had got the shadows quite right yet, that I had had [illegible] the picture etc. but that it was perfectly all right to take it and the little thing it needed could be done later when they came back in the Spring and didn't want her to send me my cheque etc. I felt sometime was all right and by the time people were beginning to [illegible] for the luncheon, we were back to the west room [illegible] and I told Mr. Hammond in detail what we didn't like about it and it needs more light reflected into the shadows and if I had only had the light this morning I would have fixed it. Or if Mrs. H. were in to see it earlier in the morning I would have realized before the last minute what it needed and done it. I am a great one [illegible] a minute and [illegible] Mr. Hammond

(There were about eight people there, among them a Mrs. Lewis who sat next to and a young couple, the Chevalier's granddaughter, I can't remember her husband's name. They all came into the studio to see the portraits. They all liked E. and thought the whole visit was delightful. Mrs. Hamilton was quite anxious to have me stay and I stayed to wipe my palette and clean up and started to go to the Comedie but I was a little too late and so went to bed. My train left at 4.45. While I was cleaning up Mrs. Hamilton came in and they were very much about not being able to write their reading myself and when Mr. H. came down I showed it to him, and he liked it quite well and said I ought to read it like that, and not try to act it. He thought it would be better to sit in a chair with a reading desk in front of me, and to have a strong light on the book, and to be dressed in black. I am inclined to agree with him. I was very much pleased with E. and Mrs. H. was very kind about it. I am very glad myself that I did it. Mrs. H. sent me over to the Kiosque and I got in a compartment with Mr. R. & Mr. Hamilton. Wire and E. met me. Both well. E. full of our trip.

Sunday, Nov. 18. New York

[illegible] in. Had a long day. Came out in a taxi, did [illegible] in the taxi all the morning. To the jeweller's about my catalogue, to Mrs. Clark, 122 E. 57th ave. to Durand Ruel's about E.'s frame which is peeling, to the French agency about publicity, to Brentano's to look up some pictures, and to Rizzi's where I met E. and Enid on a lark [illegible] about dress. I enjoyed it. Then we met Wise for lunch at Sherry's. Afterwards went to Cook's about our trip, then E. & I up to Mrs. Norris's. She is looking very well in a lovely blue & silver lame evening dress, and a metallic blue and gold Persian mask with veil. Then home to rest. In the evening were over the plans for the house at Squam which will be fine.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.

Wire went with me to the French agency, left photos. Then to the [illegible] to see Mrs. Winslow, looked up Miss Norris's. She is going to be over in time for the opera. Met E. for lunch at the Waldorf. She took me to the Hippodrome afterwards. Got home at 9.20 P and all well.

Wednesday, Nov. 20. Boston.

Wrote out some material about the portraits in my room and had a lot of reporters coming to get material for their articles. Miss Norris's. After lunch went up to the theatre. Mrs. Hartwell and Mrs. Jones in and one of Mr. S. will rest it if I go abroad. Went to Mrs. Burnside and got picture of Mrs. Hamilton and frame from the studio to take it to New York with me. [illegible] at the act that for the first time I saw my exhibition of "Five Pictures". I didn't cut anything. It is the best I've had. Wire is very well. Mrs. Gray's cheque for Mrs. Harris's portrait with a nice note has come.

Thursday, Nov. 21.

Went over to Mrs Newton's early with the portrait. It is going to be v. like & very pleased. I wish we'd left it till I got back in Dec. as Mr. Newton, her brother, who is going to give her the oil, will see it at present. I kept the portrait up & we finished again (Young and well) when we came down to tea, did we smoke, yarn for July, etc. and [illegible] time for bed. I forgot to say that I wrote Mrs. Hammond Sunday morning early from N.Y. saying I was so sorry to leave in such a hurry & did not get time to see her & left the portrait & that if it was not right I would come back to Washington & touch it up & put it right. I decided that was the only thing to do as I couldn't afford it if it wasn't right & I knew it was good enough as it was. And yesterday morning I had a telegram from Mrs. H. saying that though the portrait was excellent in some respects it still lacked finish & that in justice to myself, being a [illegible] artist & a friend I must stay & paint it. Which I would have done, & I was. Good. I decided immediately that I would be there on Dec. 10. It is the only thing to do & I hope to goodness the weather is decent. So I got my ticket for Washington to-day. Mrs Newton quite well & known. Various other things I have done & to relate this evening in letters. Mr. Barnett has been very sick with troubles, & is to die when is the inquest to-day. This is the last thing for him, & I hope to have him here by 25th & in his own. Mrs Watts & the witness-magistrate gossips [illegible] O'Leary, & I will meet her at the Watts to-morrow at 11 & not as witnesses. Before I left Mrs Watts I arranged to take her at 4 o'clock on Sat. to see Mrs. Lorillard, the lion dresser, to ask for a job. Made an appointment with him for a gentleman's wife & asked if he would be nice & mind all right. Went home & found my letters & arrived & delivered them all the rest of the afternoon & evening. C.D. - went to N.Y. yesterday for a few days.

Friday, Nov. 22

got the papers O.K. Paid Watts & Mrs O'Connor [illegible] paid a preliminary $5

[illegible] Went to see Mrs Watts at 11, & [illegible] Mrs O'Connor & met her at the Watts House in connection with her [illegible] & [illegible] Came home & did some more addressing. Went out to Mr. Ives & stop it a, then to [illegible] for my suit & overcoat. Think he's very good. W. & G. called me up, a note from Mr. Parris saying that Mr. Hammond had written Mr. Watts how pleased he was with the portrait.

Saturday, Nov. 23.

Went up to Mrs Lord's early at 9 o'clock for my garments [illegible] Mrs. Lord's. Mrs Lord's [illegible] for her [illegible] Mrs Lord's & Mrs. Watts's [illegible] regarding things Mrs Lord does

She was very sweet. She is getting thing for Mrs. Bennett, Washington
a golden tea-set this, regarding money for flowers etc. Mrs. Ames is not making
nearly enough to pay for living expenses and is not doing a paying style
agressively, to get a better job. Stayed at home all the afternoon.
Wet and windy and the Harvard - Yale game. Wish I listened in on the radio.
Harvard won 10 - 6. I felt rotten, almost as if I had a cold. The fumes of
ammonia from the thing they wrap around your hair for a permanent (that
I omitted) nearly killed my eyes and nose and the whole process had exhausted me.
Had a letter from Mrs. Bennett telling me that I was having trouble from a cold, a nervous shock
and exhaustion. I filled envelopes and wrote cards, part of this after-
noon sitting over my radiator to keep warm and finally lay down for a
while and then felt better. Mamma wrote almost all my private
letters for me. I sent out 325 in all. 2.10. came home from N.Y.
. time for dinner and then Mr. & Mrs. Norris Swett in Atlanta, from Columbia
South Carolina, called me up from the Hotel Statler and I arranged to
go over and see them to-morrow about the portrait Mrs. Norris wants.
Filled envelopes in the evening. Wire & P. telephoned.

Sunday. Nov. 24 #

Stamped and sealed envelopes, did odd jobs in my clothes,
wrote letters etc. Felt it was time to go over to the Statlers to see the Norrises
at 12.30. Had a nice talk with them. Mrs. N. wants two portraits, Her
father and great-grandfather, and I will do them for 500 each. and will do
the great-grandfather, Joseph Rucker, first, get that done before I go away and
send it to Ler. Then the other I will get for enough along for her to take in
the Spring when I will take it to Washington, where I hope to be then for an
show and to paint Mrs. Hammond, and she will come up to Washington
from Columbia and I will finish it with her help as to coloring, expression
etc. I asked her
pointed out the color schemes of the rooms where they will hang and
think I have both pictures in mind. Went back for lunch. afterwards went
up to the studio to get my paint box and mailed all my catalogues at the
Letter box at the studio and in the corner nearby. Back to pack and press a
dress. Mamma was altering for me. Had supper and took the 8 o'clock
train to Washington. The Federal. Mr. Hammond telegraphed during the day that
Monday it was very dense and cloudy and not a good outlook for to-morrow
but I said I would go to see just the possible so as to be on the spot if the
sun was out.

Monday. Nov. 25

I got in to Washington at 8.20. Went to the Raynolds
where I had telegraphed for rooms. Had written Dorothy B. I would go to the
Hotel as I knew it would be too short notice for her to leave me. She called me
up as soon as I got in and said she had asked some people, Mrs. Fitzgerald & guest

but hadn't heard. However we decided I had better stay at the Hotel and it saves them making the move for such a short time. I got breakfast then went out to Mrs. Hammond's. He was all ready. The sun was out most of the morning but I decided to have the mirror to reflect light into the shadows and I tried and painted it in that way and it is a great improvement. Mr. H. says he is absolutely satisfied with it. Miss Betty Hammond his sister, thinks it is splendid and Mrs. H. thought that it was much better, just needed a little more definition in the eyes and to have him sitting up straighter in the chair. He wasn't looking very well to-day, was feeling badly from typhoid innoculations and looked as white himself that when he suggested that a cocktail might be a good idea I agreed, and he got one (I almost decided against it saying I had to keep sober) and it made the greatest difference in the expression and color in his face. Then a young Englishman named Grayell, who is visiting them, came in and talked to him and that made his look brighter and I think I got a nice expression in his face, all except the eye in the shadow which was not natural to-day anyway as it was hurting him and was a little bloodshot. However I think I can fix those little things to-morrow and it certainly is a good likeness of him. I stayed to lunch and then went over to 10 Rooty Kamblets with my paint box as Mr and Mrs Hammond had decided that the portrait needed to have a little color off the chin. I think I did have it a grain too ruddy, probably from having been sitting up on the model stand when I painted her. Any way I took a wash off and the chin is fine now. Mrs. Laymon came over and I pretty much had to see the Fusin Leagues rooms to see if I thought they would do for my exhibition in the Spring. I'm afraid they won't. Too small, too bright yellow a background and the whole atmosphere too unprofessional. Afterwards they took me back to the Hotel, where I waited a little then went out to see the Young Galleries 20th & S. streets. N.Y. - just a house with no overhead lighting. A modernist exhibition going on and I foolishly got into an argument, entirely friendly, as modernist art with the young son is crazy. He had to agree that the field of portraiture was outside of and unaffected by modernism and I suppose he thought to himself of art too, though I don't say how he could think that in view of the old masters' portraits which the dealers all still recognize and market. However I shouldn't worry! as I told him modernists' distorted portraits are only showing up favorably by contrast straight portraiture and the lack of good draughtsmanship is leaving the field open to those who can draw. Came back to the hotel had supper, wrote letters and this diary and read. E. & W. telephoned. Were overpleased that Mr. H.'s portrait is coming out so well. Mr. H. certainly means to do everything he can to push me now: and I think really likes me as I do him.

~~Tuesday~~ Sunday, Nov. 26.

Another very busy day. Thank goodness and I finished the portrait! I went out early so as to get a chance to study it a little before Mr. Hammond came down and also had time to shut my eyes and relax for 10 minutes before he appeared. My eyes have not been right lately. They have been irritated and weepy and feel drained. I think it came from the stiffness in my neck or rather the vertebra out of place and was aggravated by the ammonia when I had my permanent. However they didn't bother me while I was painting but were worse afterwards. I did little things all over, and Mr. Hammond sat on a cushion which brought him up a bit higher in the chair and changed the position of the shoulders a little taking away the slumped position in the chair that Mrs. H. didn't like. Also did a few things to the head and hair that made them O.K. and about 12 we sent for Mrs. Hammond and she came down and saw it and thought it was splendid and so did Miss Hammond and the young Egleston. Nobody had any criticism and I really felt I couldn't do any more to it so we called it done and Mrs. H. went up and had Les secretary make out my cheque ($2000) and I cleared up my things and took a taxi back to the hotel. Mr. Hammond stayed around all the time I was packing up and seemed really sorry to have me go. I feel I have a good friend in him now and that he is really fond of me. I like him thoroughly. He told me to-day of the part he had taken in Hoover's nomination, said it was nobody in his advice that Hoover decided to definitely announce his candidacy for president and not wait to be brought up as a dark horse at the convention. He said that he believed that Coolidge, in spite of his statements of refusal, would have accepted the nomination if it had been definitely offered him at the convention that he believed that the articles which are appearing in the magazines by Mr. & Mrs. Coolidge are an attempt on Coolidge's part to show his human side and make himself more popular with the people with a view to another term of office ~~available~~. It will be interesting to see if he does run. Mrs. Hammond asked if I would not like to show the portrait at the Corcoran Gallery and I told her I was thinking of having an exhibition in Washington in May and would like to have it for that and was going to talk to Mr. Bimmerguard and see if I could have the show there. Her suggesting the Corcoran's showing the portrait gave me a good opening with Mr. Bimmerguard and I went down to see him right after lunch. He was out at lunch and while I waited I talked to Miss Ada Rainey of the Post who was also waiting. She had a paragraph about me in last Sunday's Post and Mr. Clapsaw sent it around to me. There was a portrait by Boglo in the office evidently just brought in. I didn't like it, too red in values and modelling so that the head stood out beyond the frame but of course

cleverly painted in some ways. When Mr. Morningside came in Darkow him about a photographer for Mr. Hammond's portrait. Then had to go into the matter of the exhibition with Miss Tracy and others in the office. I had more to say. I was planning to have an exhibition in Washington and discuss the general possibilities with him as I didn't have the chance to ask for the Corcoran direct and wanted to Mr. Worthington have him suggest it but I said I would like to have an exhibition here and he took it like a sweet pea and said right away that he'd love to have it. It was simply a matter of dates and gallery space that they had so many requests etc. I had a few photos. with me and showed them to him though he said "O, I know your work", but I was glad I did because he knew Mr. S. very well and recognized him right away and liked it. Of course the Hammond connection will interest in the show will help a great deal. Perhaps when I told him that Mr. Hammond had said he would come down and talk to him about it he said "I wouldn't do anything for you Hays Hammond that I wouldn't do for you" and when I asked him what other place he could suggest he said "I'm not going to suggest another place unless I have to because I want to have it here" and he asked me to write him giving definite dates and the number and size of the canvases I could send, saying a small group of 12 or 15 portraits possibly a large show of 25 portraits + figure paintings though the other would be just as good. for my purpose which is to get He will lay the letter before his committee on exhibitions portraits to do here. Oh Anthony it was afterwards I decided when I wrote him to say that I would love the show anytime that they could have it, preferably in January but if necessary would wait till the autumn as that really is not any other place in Washington where I would like to have it and if it really is only a matter of dates that would settle it. I really think it is, particularly with the Hammond connection. I mean I think he really wants to have the show. When I left the gallery I went over to the photographer Wolfe 1709 New York Ave. and arranged for him to photograph the painting tomorrow morning. Then called up Mrs. R. to have a little chat and say good-by. Then to Dr. Stearns in the chance that he could give me a treatment. Luckily someone had given out and he could take me. He found a lot of stiffness in my neck and said that was causing the ache there, also that the anemia gave me what is known as a chemical cold. He said, as they all do, that I must have treatments regularly or the stiffness may cause neuritis in my right arm and then I couldn't paint for months. Nice prospect but I don't think it will happen. I shall go to the Dr. in D.C. that Dr. Barstow told me about and have regular treatments while I go back to Boston, then to Dr. Barstow. It always makes my head feel funny but the tension comes on again in twelve hours or so. They both say that vacations, the 3rd + 7th out of place are the real cause and that, the painting, bending up my arm, aggravates the condition. Back

the hotel and got a cup of tea and acted on Dr. Stearns suggestion. Read in my room and fixed over an evening dress, letting it down from the hip line, as the skirts are so much longer this year. Wired to E. telegraphing. Learned that the portrait is finished and such a success. I will join them on the train on their way up from Baltimore, where they are going for Thanksgiving. Called up K. and told her I was coming to-morrow afternoon. It will be a wonderful feeling to have a few days with the kids and all the rest of the family and nothing on my mind. Bonny will be at K's too and Jeanne & C.D. at Princeton and we will all go over to Princeton for Thanksgiving dinner with T.B. & J. and see the new additions to the house.

Wednesday, Nov. 27.

I wrote letters, paid bills and packed in my room until about 12. Dan left for the train for Philadelphia stopping at the photographers on the way to the station to see what luck he had with Dr. Hammond's portrait. The negative wasn't dry enough for him to make a print for me to see but it looked as if he had gotten a good negative so I told him to send me a glossy and a matt print up to N.Y. right away and I would write now if they were all right. Got on the train very comfortably. Couldn't get a parlor car seat as they were all sold because of the Thanksgiving travel but I got on board early and there was plenty of room in the day coach. I took a lunch of a sardines and an apple I had put up at the hotel. Changed at 4 at Phila. & got the Tamesdale train and K. and the three children met me. They have all grown quite a bit since I saw them. K. seems very well but looks a little tired as she has been having a strenuous time lately. Elliot came home soon for an early supper and when K. got the kids to bed, 8, before we went down to meet Bonny, taking Peter & Judy, then when B. had had her supper we went over to the dress rehearsal of some plays Elliot is in. The one he is in is called "Tiffles" by Susan Gaspell and it was very good, much the best of the three. Bonny left early into town Tuesday night & I came immediately after the last play leaving Elliot working over his sets. Dan was still packing, but he came along about 11.30.

Thursday, Nov. 28. Thanksgiving Day.

Bonny got out various jobs around the house till we settled about 11 as it was 11.30 before we got off for Princeton, E. & K. & B. & I and the 4 children in all in the car. Arrived there in good season. Everybody looked well and the house is lovely. The big new living-room and the guest bedroom we had not got out and this big room for his Africa animals' heads and skins, etc. is fine. I & Prof. Whitney of Princeton came out for dinner, which was a delicious one. The children were good as gold. After dinner [illegible] and we left about 4 and got back to B's. by 5. Then we began dressing & Bonny's and Lo Day, Thomas Hayes turned up, having

[illegible] Little and painted it too dark

Saturday, Nov. 30.

I called up Watty, the photographer in Washington and ordered two dozen prints of Mr. Hammond's portrait. Then went with E. to Miss Moran. My clothes are going to be very nice. Then to Russia and home to my green velvet dress for the Private View. Then to the gallery. All the pictures were there except Mr. Hammond and Dorothy Randall. Then to the Players' club where we met Wing for lunch. After lunch we went to see [illegible] Lockhart's Wife's little [illegible] Rose. Very disappointing) a [illegible] many [illegible] pictures, some good things and a good many poor things by well known members. Then E. went home to work and Wing and I went to see the Portrait Painters' show at the Gallery. We met Mrs. and Miss Pickering and Mrs. Lucy was not there, but it had been until a few days ago when they changed the gallery. Then to the Corcoran Gallery where they were just taking down Mr. Thomas' show. Mr. Hammond and Dorothy Randall were there and Wing is crazy about Mr. Hammond's portrait. We planned out the work and got it done by a little after five and I am just writing up the [illegible] before dinner. Mr. [illegible] and maybe plans for Mr. Wing in the evening. We all decided we must be back by 9:30 and may have to cut some of Mr. African's stories. Plans to do it. Very cold today with high winds. Only 22 at breakfast time.

Sunday, Dec. 1.

Byrd and two other men, Bernt Balchen and Harold June, have made a flight to the South Pole and back to their base in Antarctica in a tri-motored Ford plane, the Floyd Bennett. A history making flight showing tremendous qualities of courage, foresight and organization as well as skill in navigation. They had to cross a high mountain range and climb just enough altitude necessary to go through a glacier pass. Good visibility at the pole but no other mountains beyond to be seen, just the huge snowy plateau to the horizon on all sides. We read the papers and took Bow out for a walk, not as long as it is still very cold and windy. Went to a piano recital by George [illegible] in the afternoon. We were rather disappointed in his playing. He played Debussy wonderfully but other things, except perhaps Chopin, rather mechanically [illegible] was not a winning personality. Read aloud in the evening, the book on Mr. Africa.

Monday, Dec. 2.

The day of the opening of my exhibition. I went down to the gallery early to put the numbers on my pictures. Took photo of Mr. Hammond's [illegible] and she will send it to the Times Rotogravure. Are out for quality but [illegible] however as it probably will be better. Stayed around the gallery [illegible] room then went back to 1744 to dress and went with E. to the Colony Club [illegible] she gave for me before the Private View. It had begun to snow and was just beginning to get heavy [illegible] traffic coming out Park but got there in time enough.

Brookline & Jim were just arriving. Wife was there and Mr. Parris and Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Gibson and all the others arrived soon after except Dr. Stratton who was over half an hour late. We had to start lunch without him. We had it in a private dining-room and it was an awfully nice party. E. and I sat at one end of the table. Dr. Stratton on my right, then Brookline, then Mr. Foster, then Koolarine, then Barry, then Mrs. Parris, then Mrs. Randall, then Wife, then mamma, then Elliot, then Mrs. Gibson, then Jim, then Mrs. Foster, then cousin Lo and then E. again. A rather difficult crowd to eat, as many strangers and two men about but it all went very nicely. B. + I had a nice time with Dr. Stratton. He was very easy and genial, more so than I have ever seen him, and he is going to test chemically the colors I use to find out their permanence. After lunch we all went in to see the gallery. There were several people there already. Sally Grey downstairs just going out, and Alice Sommerich in the gallery although there wasn't a large crowd owing to the snow storm which kept away a lot of people there was a respectable number and everyone seemed quite enthusiastic. Dr. S. + Jim like Mr. Hammond's portrait very much. I have put it hanging in the center of the right wall as you come in, with Barry on one side and Thomson on the other. Beyond on that wall are Dr. Carter at one end and Mrs. Randall at the other. Opposite the door are The Village Portico, Blackburn + Mr. Gore (which looks very well and I am much pleased with it) On the left wall are Wife + little Wife in the center, Miss Arnold on the left, Miss Berry on the right and at either end Jefferson and Bobby Jones. On the wall to the left of the entrance are Self Expression and Anne Maria. The pictures are just the right number for the gallery and I think it is the best show I've had. The weather was so bad that a lot of people didn't come but there was a respectable number all the afternoon and everyone was most enthusiastic.

Tuesday, Dec. 3 to Saturday, Dec. 7.

I haven't had a chance to write in this all the week. Not that I have been so busy but I have been at the gallery most of the time in the daytime and in the evening I have wanted to E. + W. or gone out and when I did have a minute to write usually had a letter to get off or something. Tues. had lunch with Mamma + Barry and Barry's friend Miss Lorrison. B. almost an hour late. She left to spend the night at Greenwich on her way home to Boston. Mr. Powers, Dr. Carter's daughter had asked me to come to Morrison for tea but I decided I ought to be at the gallery and so telegraphed calling it off. Eric came over in the evening and gave me a treatment for my stiff neck and shoulders. Too violent, had quite a reaction and will go to the osteopath Wed. Wed. at the gallery in the A.M. and P.M. Went to Miss Morris's for a sitting first. Lunched with Mamma + E. and Brookline + E. at the Savoy. Mamma + E. to. went home on the 3 o'clock.

The photographer from the International News Photo Service came to the gallery and took my picture with Bobby Jones and others. Thursday. Went to orthopaedic treatment did me a lot of good, went to gallery. sent off photos. to Mrs. Hammond of his portrait. Julius got some orders. yesterday Mr. Swing came in. He is in N.Y. for some engineering society meetings. Delighted with the show and the way his portrait looks. Also saw J. Simpson College people and Miss Arabia seems to be O.K. I changed the mount a little and they all like it now. Had lunch with E. + Mrs. Klumph for Washington at the Colony Club. Mary came in to the show. We went to the theatre in the evening, Rachel Crothers comedy "Let us be gay". A very droll acted and amusing piece. Enjoyed it thoroughly.

Friday. Dec. 6. at the gallery in the a.m. mailed a lot of Mrs. Hammond photos. 5 autogravure retouchings. Miss Goell came in. a friend of the Thomsons. Liked P. of J. P.'s portrait very much. Had lunch with Mary Hibbard at a place on 56th street. Went afterwards to the 56th street galleries to see a Mrs. Ballard who had written me about an exhibition of portraiture we have in our collection, & she will work in an effort to get some of my shows for the Boston Art. Heard Prof. Thomson on the radio in the evening. His address in the 23rd St. theatre over before the American Photographical Society at the Franklin Institute, Phila. was broadcast and was fine. They are flopping off in N.Y. to-morrow and will come here for dinner.

Saturday. Dec. 7.

I went down to the photographers, Mangels Studios, 5th ave. & 36th street to have my photographs taken for an album of the members of the Nat. ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors. Oh I like the photos. I will order some but don't believe they'll be any good as mine never are. After I got through there I went to Dr. Van Riper the osteopath. Then to Julius's as he wanted me to write the titles on all the negatives he has of my pictures. Then to the Colony Club where I met E. & W. and Gertrude Klumph for lunch. After lunch to the gallery and spent the rest of the afternoon there. Mr. & Mrs. Hackett and Sally + Frank Rogers and Prof. + Mrs. Thomson came. They all seemed to like the show and then Thomsons like Mrs. Hammond portrait very much. E. left & I home and sat and wilted & I came along a little later, flopping in at Fuertes exhibition at the Nelson Galleries. I don't like the work is working now. Too careless and shabby and an unpleasant texture of the paint, in ridges with streaks of white for light lights all over. All Spanish subjects with a lot of portraits of prominent Spanish men, all of whom he asked to sit I guess as they are not here by their subjects. Nothing in the exhibition is for sale Frank Rogers says. The Thomsons came for dinner and we had an awfully nice evening. He told us about his war work in the war with gas bombs and of his own early discovery of radio waves in conducting some experiments with his students at the Franklin Institute, 15 yrs. before the announcement of the Hertzian waves, also his being the first to maintain that rays of

carried the aurora borealis. He is a wonderful man, so full of enthusiasm and interest in everything and so modest. Wire brought us a bottle of wine some that he had bought before prohibition from the N.Y. yacht club at Bar Harbor. The cap was not off and the wire was perfectly sweet when we opened it but somehow been forced down into the bottle and was floating in the wine. After dinner he and Prof. Thomson had a wonderful time fishing the cork out with pieces of copper wire and they found that it was all soft and spongy and that by getting it in that way and pulling up the little air holes in the cork had made the cork swell so that it had mighty dragged into the wire. Prof T. was just as interested and excited in making his wire apparatus to fish the cork out and getting it out as if it had been the most epoch making scientific experiment

Sunday, 19 Dec. 8.

I looked at the newspapers the first thing this morning to see the notices of my show. They are rather disappointing. One of them, the American spoke of my "hot color and my habit of painting my sitters always seated in half length" ending by giving an effect of monotony to the show. And another, the Herald-Tribune, Carlyle Burrows, said they were generally afflicted with harsh florid flesh tones but that they indicated an unqualifiedly straightforward and honest approach to the character of their subjects. The most annoying inaccuracy was one in the Art News which occupied the whole write-up in complaining the shiny appearance of the paint in the all except a few pictures which was painted 2 yrs. before the others all which pained by Mrs Ageing and another which said that as was usually the case, the self portrait was the best in the exhibition. I suppose the idiot must have thought that Self Expression was a self portrait. Though not knowing me I dare say could be told that it was the best in the exhibition. Wire thinks he must have meant auto matta was the self-portrait! Wire & Little Wire were reproduced in the Times rotogravure and looked very well. Some of the other critics used a picture. I was disappointed because I felt that we had taken the trouble to really review it as a study in the painting and variety of the sitters. Mr. Cortissoz is the critic in N.Y. whose opinion I really value as I called him up this morning and asked him if he would like to stop in and see the show. Of course the write-up has already appeared in his paper & I don't expect him to review it but I would like to have him see it as he was interested in my first N.Y. show and he sit never much of anything I've done since. He was very nice and said he certainly would see it this week and was sorry he hadn't been able to review it but that there were so many exhibitions in town etc. which there certainly are. N.Y. is a terrible place to hold your head above water in any way. We went out for a walk in the park and to Lord & Taylor's after lunch we read other papers and listened to the radio and I wrote to the Cuttings bureau for tea. Had a very nice time. He is very bright and intelligent and we enjoyed

quite little thing. It seems awfully funny his getting engaged so soon after that night he took me out to dinner in N.Y. I never would have thought from the way he behaved to me that he was seriously interested in another girl. Perhaps that was just his "line" until he got someone who fell for it. Any way it seems a funny match, they seem so casual and not a bit newly weds. I like them both though and would like to see more of them. Went back for supper, didn't have time to stop at Robins Lockwoods instead asked me for a cocktail party. Packed and listened to the radio in the evening and Will put me on the midnight for Boston. Very luxurious with a compartment all to myself.

Monday, 10 Dec. 4.

The train got in early and I got to the apartment at twenty minutes past seven before anyone was awake. Unpacked and looked over my mail. Went up to the studio after breakfast and Mr. Wilson has a servant for me, better than the Goddards' who gave out, as he will take the studio for all next summer too. I will arrange to leave it for a while in May if I need it when I get back from Europe but I hope very much to be in Washington then with an exhibition at the Corcoran. The frame for Mr. Bowlton's picture had arrived and I unpacked that and myself and cleaned the studio a little, then went out to Mr. Stratton's house for lunch with him and Mrs. Parris to talk over the portrait and try lights etc. The house is very handsome. Large rooms with really Italian furniture We shall probably paint in the big hall that has three tall French windows opening out into a garden and ~~[illegible]~~ court on the north side of the house away from the river. After lunch, which was a regular meal with Mr. Parris sitting at the head of the table pouring tea and Mr. Stratton and I on either side we tried posing him in various chairs. and Mr. Parris brought down his scarlet Cambridge robes and some black ones. We decided not to use either though. The red was too intense it made him look awfully yellow and I think a less formal portrait would be better for the Bureau of Standards any way. I am to go out to-morrow morning and make the sketch so I couldn't really decide on the set-up in the afternoon light. Mr. Parris drove in with me in his car full of errands he had to do, china and a little table to be mended etc. and left me at 2.9. He is a wonderful person for Mr. Stratton, and I like him very much. Though he is quite effeminate and has a big French [illegible] in the lounge in his bedroom, he is a real person and, I feel sure, is just and I can see is going to be a great help to me in [illegible] details of the sittings. When he left me I went down to my room, unpacked my things and took the photos. Mr. Wilson was in [illegible] I am up to be called early. Got a lot of work in the afternoon.

Tuesday. 20 dec. 10.

I went out to Mr. Stratton's and made the sketch for his portrait. I found him standing (now he rings to his frigidaire which is rather short and broad and too much turning) in front of the long refectory table in the hall with one hand on the table and behind him a tall gilded and carved Italian candlestick on the table at the side and at the other part of a gold screen showing across the room and a bronze bowl on the table. The background is the dark panelled walls of the room with the dark greenish blue velvet hangings of a doorway behind his head. He has on a dark blue suit and dark red tie and his right hand rests on the back of a chair upholstered in faded rose brocade and his left is in his coat pocket. It makes a nice colour scheme with his ruddy complexion and grey hair and I like the surroundings. Mr. Parris says his office in the Bureau of Standards was quite luxurious and of course this is the background that he should be seen in in his own house. I didn't stay for lunch as a man came to see Mr. S. on business and was glad to get back to the studio with my sketch and figure out the size of the canvas etc. It will be 32 X 40. I went home for lunch then went out and ordered the canvas at Rutherfords and did some more Christmas shopping. Sketch in newspapers shopping again in the evening.

Wednesday. 21 dec. 11.

I got up to the studio early at 9.30 and got the portrait placed on the big canvas, enlarged from the sketch. Mr. Mr. Mauffray, Jones came for me in the Packard at 10.15 and we took out the canvas and an easel. I got the thing pretty well started. Mr. S. grows well and I can see it is going to be a great subject to have him a bald head and square about the shoulders. The last time, Oct. a cute dog, a bit spoiled I may be visit (they call him Mr. Mac) his face fat in all is more like Mr. S.'s than any person I've coming home in the middle of the morning to play with him. I stayed for lunch. Had a nice time. Mr. Parris showed me a lot of [illegible] in Mr. S.'s library. Mr. S. [illegible] over the mantle in the hall where we are painting. At first I didn't recognize it was the same boyish head, but then recognized his head and paint it the same as we did in Lo's Station. I was admiring his features and taking true focus and character out of him. I would rather be the man who sat as distinguished portrait of him. The car took me in and left me down town, and I did a little more work. Wrote letters out and in the evening. Wire to Cunningham. Thursday - nice day at Princeton where Wire gave an address on the church and Mr. newspapers at the annual luncheon of the Princeton graduates club at his invitation and 13 workers gave a luncheon party of Chapters

Thursday. Dec. 12.

Went out and painted on Dr. Stratton's portrait but did not stay to lunch as I had an appointment at 2.30 with Dr. Barstow. After that did Christmas shopping and stopped in at Helen Souter's studio to order a portfolio or letter case for E. for Christmas. In the evening went to a Folk Dancing Party.

Friday. Dec. 13.

Wire arrived early having come on on the midnight and had breakfast with us. He had an appointment at 9.30 at the Statler with three men, the officers of the Morley Boat company and expected to be through with his business with them in time for us to possibly lunch together, anyway to take the three o'clock to N.Y. I have decided to go on for Saturday and Sunday so as to be there for the last day of my exhibition. It was too dark to paint so I only went out to Dr. Stratton's to get my [illegible] which Wire wants to take on to N.Y. to have a canvas bag made for it so that it will be easier [illegible]. [illegible] is telephoned [illegible] I could [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] for me and [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] things [illegible] lunch. Then I went up to the studio, sent off some [illegible] to [illegible] of pictures I would show in Washington in the Spring, [illegible] Christmas cards printed, went down town and got [illegible] and [illegible] presents and was back at the apartment [illegible]. Wire telephoned that he couldn't make the 3 o'clock and [illegible] the [illegible] to the 5.00 I went over to the B.R. station and [illegible] and [illegible] lunch and packed and [illegible] [illegible] etc. [illegible] for the train. [illegible] telephoned again [illegible] to meet [illegible] and asked me to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] that he [illegible] that he wanted to [illegible] the [illegible] before [illegible] [illegible] going to be turned down. He felt it coming and that was why he called me up. to make an interruption. Then suggested lunch and during lunch talked in retrospect about what he thought had thought they could accomplish (he wanted the Morley Boat people to agree to a contract giving him [illegible] selling rights of their products or rather making the Wood Co. sole agents for it on a commission basis). The result was that after lunch they asked to leave the room for a conference, and finally came back saying they had decided to accept, so that Wire met me at the station for the 5 o'clock having turned it at was almost defeat into victory. We found E. Ack. in New York having had a good meeting at Roosevelt House, at which they had voted her the money she needs for her work on the educational committee.

Saturday. Dec. 14.

I went to Miss [illegible] first to try on clothes, then to

the gallery. No special news. A few notes and messages from people who have been in. Ran to Louis Chaisson, 126 E. 59th to get the label fixed for Bobby's frame (they had Wise's name wrong). Then met E. + Wise for lunch at Sherry's and after lunch E. went down to Roosevelt House to give her lecture on Mexico and Wise went over to the Chanlain studios to order my photographs for the Women Painters & Sculptors albums. They are not very good but are good enough for anyone to want one and I shall get a few glossy prints to leave on hand. Then to the gallery where he left me and went to hear E.'s lecture. Several people came in during the afternoon who I know, Mrs. Rosen, Eleanor Potter, Mrs. John Henry Hammond. Much pleased because Gertrude thinks I've improved a lot and is quite crazy about Mrs. Hammond's portrait. E. + Wise came after the lecture and I got the label on the backs of the 3 pictures to go to the Women Show — Village Portraits. Self Expression + Mr. Sunset - and said good-by to the show. I hate to have it come down, as it really looks nice and is the best show I've had. Quite seems to have been the great hit. In the evening we listened to the radio. Re-record a act of Faust broadcast by the Chicago Opera Company from the stage. It came through wonderfully and I enjoyed it.

Tuesday, Dec. 15th.

We went out for a walk with Pan, then came back and E. + W. took photos. Speech notes in the week for Italy [illegible]. Kay Cassatt, E.'s friend came to call and went up with us. When we came down we + E. talked in the front room while I wrote a long letter to Woolworth giving the directions about collating and shipping the pictures from the show and Wise mended E.'s old music box for little Wise for Christmas. After lunch Wise put me on the train for Boston the 3 o'clock. Got home O.K. everyone well except E.D. who has a cold.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.

I went out and had a sitting with Mr. Stratton. It went finely and I got a lot done. Am quite thrilled with it. Had a letter this morning from Mrs. Rumsey saying that I could have one of the Grand Hall galleries for a show of 10 or 12 pictures May 10 to 31. I am thrilled, though I'm afraid it will not be a very good light. It is not on a plan and the lighting is tall windows all along one long side which will make the majority of the paintings, those on the wall opposite the windows shiney I am afraid. However of course the only thing to do is to accept it and perhaps we can fix the lights somehow, tip the pictures forward + cover up the bottom of the windows + mirrors. If only they don't shine so badly as to make viewing them do more harm than good the prestige of having a show there will offset the unbecoming light and I can't believe that it is as very bad as Mrs. Rumsey would have [illegible] it.

Before the sitting I went over to see about a frame, a frames on W. Broadway street. Tomsberg. who had written me and got some moulding and took them out. Decided on one and gave the order when I got to N.Y. & the studio after lunch. Had lunch with Dr. J. & Mr. Parris. He seems pleased with the way the portrait is going. In the afternoon I did a lot of errands and ended up at Annie's barber shop for a manicure. She is in quite a flutter because she may be married any day now to Dr. Bennett. He has had his trial out but is still at the hospital recovering. She has got a room for him across the street from her and has the license. She says of course they will just be married by "a peace of justice" and will keep on living as they are. I'm afraid he is taking on a lot of expenses that he doesn't know about as she has been charging things. Christmas presents and clothes and can't have been making enough to pay for them, let alone paying her living expenses. She pays Annie 8 or 10 dollars a week. Perhaps a Christmas cheque we are just last of 75 will help but I'm afraid that will go to Trousseau" as she needs absolutely everything in the way of clothes of course. Did up Christmas presents in the evening.

Tuesday. Dec. 17.

Too dark to paint so did errands and after lunch went out to Dr. Billings. Stopped at the printers for my Christmas cards - had my name printed on some I bought - and got home early to pack the Christmas box for Torresdale. Did up Christmas presents, wrote letters etc. in the evening. It rained all day.

Wednesday, Dec. 18.

Still raining and dark. Mr. Moulton came to the studio to get the clothes and the hand in his father's portrait but it was too dark to get much done. I went to the Sewing Circle luncheon at Rosa Clymer's then down town shopping. Wrote letters in the evening. Dr. Cortes came to call. He was Ld. gone as Chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Liberia on the West coast of Africa.

Thursday, Dec. 19. ✳

Still dark and poured most of the day. A severe storm in other part of the country where it was colder. Snow & sleet in northern N.E. I went up to the studio where I wrote letters etc. Stopped and mailed packages and went to the Library to see the Herald Tribune Rotogravure section of last Sunday. Mr. Hammond's portrait came out and looked well as we missed it when I was in N.Y. In the afternoon went and got a manicure then over to Helen Scott's in the evening just to get the writing done as she has been waiting for me to give E. for Christmas. Addressed Christmas cards etc. in the evening.

Friday, Dec. 20.

Sunny and clear at last. Went out and had a sitting

with Dr. Stratton. It is coming nicely and I am much pleased. Got the bird in to-day. Came home for lunch and went out to Dr. Billings for all the afternoon. Had my teeth cleaned and he replaced a filling and then at the last moment it broke when I was biting on the carbon paper for him to file down the bite, so I have to go again. He took the filling all out it being easier wise it was still soft and filled it up with cotton temporarily. Addressed Christmas cards in the evening. Wire telephoned. All well except that he is having a terrible fight with his wood about the presses. They say that the Hearst papers are seriously considering putting in Wood presses and they are using lies and every method possible to discredit him and his press. Also the foremen who are paid a commission on the Hoe presses tell the papers that I naturally don't want to change to Wood presses and they are making as much trouble that end. I know who has charge of re-organizing the press rooms of the Hearst papers may decide that for the sake of peace he will have to order the presses they want, even though he knows the Wood presses are far superior. Wire has heard from the Morley Motor people and they want him to come on next week. I hope it won't be Monday as I have an engagement for that night. Bonny + I are dining in Woburn with the Dennys

Saturday, Dec. 21 Clear and cold.

I went round to Dr. Dennys office early and he gave me my first inoculation against typhoid. I had him do it in my leg so that I wouldn't have a sore arm for painting and I hope it doesn't knock me out the way it did 3 years ago before we went to Spain. After that I went up to the studio and Dr. Stratton 'phoned for me there and I went out for a sitting. It went very well though he wasn't looking quite himself, having had a digestive upset. So I left the final touches on the head until Monday and would rather do it when I have the frame anyway and hope to have it then. After the sitting he sent me home for lunch as both he and Mrs. Paine were taking trains for week-end visits. After lunch I went down town and did some Christmas shopping then up to Dr. Lewis and got a nurse. Home for dinner and read and addressed Christmas cards in the evening

Sunday, Dec. 22.

Stayed at home all day, except for a little walk in the afternoon when I went out to the drug store to do an errand, got 4 miles out. Felt all right from my inoculation, except that my leg is sore. The International Photo Service picture of me in the Bobbs dress parade came out in the Herald Boston Sunday Advertiser section and Dr. E. Washburn Freund who writes the Art column of this in the Boston Herald p. m. wrote a paragraph about mine. not that though he did think "Self Expression was a [illegible] portrait. C. + Wire telephoned. They are off for Baltimore on Tuesday and Wire may be on in Boston Thursday or Friday to sign the contract with the Morley Motor people.

Monday, Dec. 23.

Cloudy and mild and too dark to paint. I did errands in

the morning, home for lunch. Then went to Dr. Barstow's, down town again to get him present and to Dr. Bowie's. Bonny + I went out to Dedham for dinner with the Charlie Amory's in the evening. Charlie Higginson for us and drove us out and a major whose wife was also at dinner drove us in. Mrs. 9.15 Salter, Mrs. Armstrong, was there too and we played bridge afterwards.

Tuesday, Dec. 24.

Wire telephoned this morning about 9 that he will be in Boston on Thursday. He will come from Baltimore West. night, will come to breakfast and he and I will go to dinner and the theatre in the evening + he will take the midnight back to N.Y. I got theatre tickets for "Wings over Europe", a theatre guild play which is about the only thing worth seeing here just now. Also got him berth back on Thursday and a flowers for me on Friday. I am going in for the Private View of the Women Painters and Sculptors which is Sunday afternoon and thought I might as well have Sat. in N.Y. too. E. will come on here into Hope right after Christmas and go to the Rice's for over Sunday so I shall have to go to a ball in N.Y. for the sake of appearances. I did my last Christmas errand to-day, went up to the studio to give money to the elevator boys and a gen and general I got for Mr. Wilson. In the afternoon took Nina's present, a pink negligee and slippers to match down to Lee at the barber shop. Mrs. Bennett is out of the hospital and is settled in a room across the street from Lee so they will have Christmas together. He has got her a wardrobe trunk which he paid $100 for. She told me. She seems pleased but not really happy, because I think at the bottom she is not in love with him as she thinks she is and knows he is. I feel that it's the best thing it can be for many reasons, I feel really in love with him she would be happier and would show it in lots of little ways, in the way she would [illegible] him etc. and in many other ways more about his needs and comforts and happiness and not be so occupied all the time with the things he was giving her and [illegible] she was doing a nice thing for herself in marrying him. I hope it will come out all right and it may but I sadly fear for him because I don't think he is getting a fair deal. I walked home across the common and it was quite a nice Christmas Eve. Not too cold and a little snow on the ground and the State House looked lovely all illuminated. Bonnie + Jim arrived from N.Y. about quarter of seven and we had dinner and then opened our presents from them and they ours, before Edith Strajo's car came for them at 9 o'clock. Then Mamma + C.D. + B Bonny + I went down on the hill to see the carollers and hear the carols. We stopped in at Mariam Shepard Talbot and at the Fosters where Dublin friends of B Bonny's. Then took a taxi home and hung our stockings and put out our presents.

Wednesday, Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

We opened our presents after breakfast and had

a very nice time. Nina & Dr. B's sweet came in to call about 12, Nina looking quite festive in a red velvet dress and toque and big string of pearls. He was looking very well, considering his illness during which he lost 25 lbs. he said. He still seemed rather weak and subdued but we all liked him and I think Nina is lucky if she could very really fall in love with him. He seems fond of her but in some ways it seems a queer match, almost as if they were both so sick of living alone that they wanted to make a match of it and were really rather more taken with the idea of being in love with each other than really being it. However it may turn out all right. Nina gave me an awfully pretty pearl and crystal necklace that I'm afraid the girls too much for or rather will have to pay for sometime someday and a flame colored chiffon evening handkerchief. I had several nice silk underclothes things from Brookhill, Nan Elliot, a lovely purse from Ramona, a basket with jam from Mrs. Dr. Lawton, a photograph frame from Bonnie, writing pages (from Wong), bookmark and towel, amethyst bracelet from E. and a lovely pin, marcasite and green, from Wise, a book from Percy, loads of Christmas cards, a lovely little French evening bag from B. & Jim etc. After lunch I went out for a few little things for the little Christmas tree we had in the middle of the table at dinner. Grace & Randy came for dinner and I thought it would liven things up a little and make it more fun to leave the tree with jolly presents for everybody. So I got some foolish things yesterday but needed a few more. When I came home I fixed up the tree, then lay down for a while then dressed for dinner. Grace & Randy came and we had a gay time - good time. Randy & I went over all the old Christmas music and we played & sang and reading and the little Christmas tree and jokes were a great success.

Thursday, Dec. 26.

Wise arrived early for breakfast and took me up to the studio before he went to his office and worked on my picture. Mr. Moulton came for his sitting and I finished with him about 12.30 and went home for lunch. B. & J. were there having come down from Groton where they apparently had a nice but not very thrilling Christmas and they took the 3 o'clock to New York. Wise was not able to join us at lunch, but he came to the studio about 4.30 and we went out to see Dr. Hutton's portrait. I think Wise was a little disappointed in it. I imagine he cannot see it isn't finished but he couldn't quite realize that. Also the light was not very good on it. Anyway he thought it looked too old and that it made him look too stocky. However I'm not worried as I know just what I want to do to it. It practically never pays to let anyone see a portrait before they're finished and after all I had only had five sittings in it! and I've got it to the point where little things would make it like him

and give me the expression I want and I was waiting for that any way till he came back from his vacation rested and relaxed. I shall have to get Dr. Stratton more interested in me but I wasn't ready for the last things on the head anyway and didn't want to finish it until he was looking a better color and more rested. I know I'll get it of course but when the time comes will have to get him talking to me about writing that interests and pleases him, possibly the children he knows in Washington and is so fond of. It is really nearer done than it or he realizes but the one sitting that will finish the head will have to be a piece of psychological work as well as painting. Mrs. Hamond was so interested in me that it was sometimes distracting in the more purely technical early stages and I have been glad that Dr. S. wasn't but now I'll have to make him interested to get the right expression. I couldn't do it with Bacon Wood but I think I can with him all right by just talking to him about himself and his interests. We dropped in at the Walker memorial Building when we left Dr. S.'s house to see the Bacon portrait of Prof. Thomson and it is rotten, worse even than I remembered it who that I know so well what he looks like. It has a little fat body and short arms and the head doesn't look anything like his. I'm really surprised that Bacon let it out of his studio. And to think he got $5000 for it! Wire left me at 2.54 to dress while he went to the hotel. Then called for me and we had dinner at the Ritz-Carlton and went to the theatre. "Ships of our Europe", a Theatre Guild play of a tremendous discovery of a young scientist who lays before the British Cabinet at 10 during which the possibilities of his power over the energy in matter. He wants to use it to liberate mankind but they all see its danger and reject it except the minister for War who wants to use it to destroy England's enemies. When they refuse to accept it he becomes fanatical and threatens to destroy the world and end just as he is about by the ministers of War as the only way to save them all and the world from destruction appears one head over head and a letter is brought in from the Secret Society of Scientists of the World in Secret conference at Geneva saying that they have hit on the same discovery and are forcing all the governments to adopt it under their Scientific Control. It was quite an interesting idea but the treatment in the carrying out, - strong acts too long - and often illogical and over acted. However we were glad to have seen it. Wire went back to ... the night we have dinner up his entrance with the Morley Mat juggler whom they after an all day's discussion and dealmaking of their lawyers on ... He will engage a room for me at the Roosevelt and I will go to ... so right for the W. men's picnic Mrs. Sunday. Ernest Hogan will be ... Rice's which is why I have to go to a hotel instead of to 194.

Wed. 27.

I went up to the studio and worked hard on the

morning, getting the place in order, some last classes, washing my tea cups etc. which were black with dust and getting things ready generally for the tea for Miss Arnold's portrait. Rendy telephoned yesterday and asked me to have lunch with him at the Brunswick which I did and then went to 259 to dress and get something for the tea. Then up to the studio. It all went very quietly. 10 or 12 Simmons graduates, members of the first class which is giving the portrait, came and they all like the portrait and Mrs. Guild will come in for one more day next week and we will take it out to the college and hope it will be in to hang and they will probably have the unveiling at the commencement exercises next June. They all left about 5.30 so I had time to wash the tea cups and leave the studio in order before I went home to dinner. I packed my trunk and did odd jobs to my clothes in the evening and got on board the train for N.Y. about 11.30. I called up E. & Hope at Mrs. Rice's during the evening. Both well and cheerful and Mrs. Rice asked me to come at their Sunday afternoon when I get back from N.Y. and spend the night and go in with E. & Hope the next morning and I am going to hope I shall probably have to leave early to get in for a sitting with Mr. S.

Saturday, Dec. 28.

Arrived N.Y. went to Roosevelt, got unpacked, called up Wise and had breakfast. Wise came down about 10 and we got theatre tickets for to-night and to-morrow night and arranged to meet for lunch at Sherry's. Rendy went to the office and I went to Stern's and got a birthday present for Ellicott (fur-lined gloves) then up to the Wissic Gallery to get my album I had left there, back to the hotel and up to Sherry's to meet Wise. He was delayed at the office and didn't get there till about 2. After lunch we went up to the Rockhill Museum on Riverside Drive. Wise had seen it advertised so much he wanted to see what it was like. Handsome building with galleries full of pictures by Corot. Some of them are in color and decorative finish but I fail to see the appeal and large following they have. Simply to gratify my capriciousness in not wanting to accept what Wise and Mrs. Wise and Mrs. Wise's friends, critics etc. are held up to me as masterpieces which seems to indicate the weakness of those who admire it and support it. Afterwards we drove back to the hotel for a while and Wise insisted on going up in a taxi for the afternoon of my N.Y. show. Then he went home to dress and lie down and came back for dinner which we had here at the Roosevelt. The play was "Bitter Sweet"; a musical comedy, words, music & book, also staged and managed by Noel Coward the young English playwright. We enjoyed it very much. Evelyn Laye is the leading star and lovely,

afterwards we nipped in at the Roosevelt Grill for something to eat and to watch the dancing. Very amusing and amazing the women there at 4/5 a cover charge alone.

Sunday. 29 Dec. 29.

I slept quite late but was dressing when Wise called me up to say that he was just getting up and would I come up later for lunch. So I had breakfast and got up to 144 about 11. Read the papers etc. and went over something Wise has written for a publication called the Art of Printing Books, an exposition of the duty of readers for it's own good and for the benefit of those who try to support and encourage the writers, - not quite badly but more in figures of speech to appeal to people's imaginations. After lunch we went down to the Private Views of the Women Painters and Sculptors Show at the Galleries of the Fine Arts Society. They hung two of my pictures - The Village Policeman and Self Expression - and the Village Policeman is reproduced in the catalogue. We were quite pleased with the way they looked but not altogether satisfied. Afterwards we went to Robin's Townsend's studio for cocktails (which we declined) and to hear him sing his settings of some of Wise's verses. He sang "Flight", several times by request and another one about clouds, a Summer idyll, I think. Wise felt a bit foolish in the role of a poet. but got quite a kick out of it I think. We dined at the Sherry-Netherlands and went to see a Spanish dancer, Carola Goya, a lovely creature and a joy to watch.

Monday. 30 Dec. 30.

Wise came down to the hotel early and got me on the train for Boston. I got in at 3.20, went to the apartment, re-packed my bag and took a 4.55 train to Princeton to spend the night with Mrs. Rice. Hope & E. were there. Mrs. Rice took me up to their rooms where they were resting and we had tea and then I took a hot bath and got a rest before dinner. Just Mr. & Mrs. Rice and E. & Hope there and we went to bed quite early as they had had a strenuous day tobogganing and ski-ing. Hope has grown a lot and her face is changing. It is now getting longer. She is a dear kid.

Tuesday. 31 Dec. 31.

I was called early and had my breakfast in my room as I was taking an 8.33 train to Boston in order to have a sitting with Mrs. Thaulow at 10.30. His car came to the studio for me at 10. The sitting went well and I think I squared it a good deal. Will have it ready for Mr. Parsons to see after one more time if, & when I come in for lunch. E. & Hope were out so went over to the train with them afterwards. Then went to Mrs. Simmis and got another shot of typhoid virus. The last one only gave me a sore leg and I hope that it will do. Then to Mrs. Bristows, stopping at the Art club to see the exhibition of a new society of Contemporary Art, mostly modernistic and boring. Dined self-conscious

effort to make their work different only makes for a certain rareness. It seems to me the only genuine way to get genuine originality and individuality is to paint things as you sincerely see them, and in getting the fullest expression of that, technique will not obtrude itself, will take its place as the language that it is. The modernists are so afraid of having technique as an end that they deliberately change things when they feel they are making them too much what they look like. Wire telegram: everything going well and he is almost absolutely sure that he can get off with us on the 11th. Wrote letters etc. in the evening. Dina telephoned that she is now Mrs. Barnet. They were married last Sunday by the "peace of justice" and though she still has her wrinkles the last treatment and goes to the barber shop every day. She is staying with Jim most of the time I guess in his room across the street. She raised the negligee and slippers I gave her were loudly admired (in a perfectly decent way) she wore them the first night and he was crazy about them. How could Max take it that! She don't really care for him at all. She said she was very happy and worked thrilled but I think it was mostly at the idea of being married. It may last if they're sensible enough to keep things reasonably pleasant and I suppose many grow into something deeper.

Wednesday, January 1, 1930

Had a sitting with Dr. Thalheimer and all but finished the portrait. Mr. Parris gets back from Washington tomorrow morning and it is practically ready for him to see. Dr. Thalheimer was a bit bothered and fussed up when he came in. He usually is when he comes from his office where apparently there are lots of little things that go wrong and irritate him, and it must be pretty hard to have a lesson in the middle of a busy morning for the sitting. He is very nice to me however and Boo, the dog, immediately puts him in a good humour. He is such a nice dog, so sensible and sizes us up well. He has learned that when Dr. D. comes back to the house when I am there it means that he is just going to stand like a statue and not be able to play with him but there is a chance that if he drops his ball at my feet and looks at me very appealingly that I will kick it across the room for him. He knows perfectly well that I walk up to the canvas to paint and back again and so he drops the ball carefully right in my path sometimes rolls it with a flick of his tongue against my foot. Naturally too much of it is rather distracting to me when I'm painting and then Dr. D. only has to say in an ordinary tone of voice "that's enough now Boo, go and lie down" and he minds immediately and doesn't bother us again till the next rest. Dr. D. had a lunch at Mr. Wabeke's as he brought me in town after the sitting and after lunch I went up to the studio and

stretched the canvases for mrs. Norris's two portraits, Mr Farrer's and great grandfather's. Joseph Rucker, Ben Switzer & Miss Olivers studio for tea for a few minutes then over to Mrs. Gardiner's Palace for a new years Reception given by the Cypsey Society. The Palace was beautiful. Lit with candles and orange chinese lanterns in the patio, which was full of white cyclamen and hyacinths and mimosa. Tea was served in the big tapestry hall which was full of people. I saw one song and people stood around in the dim light and listened. Gramma went with me and we saw lots of people we knew. Mr. Clark who we asked to dinner sunday night and Mrs. Stillman who introduced Mr. Joseph Chandler, the architect. Everyone was complimenting everyone else in their appearance and the dim light was setting off beauties. I love a word they had never run the English out, I think it would. For the evening 2 more letters.

Thursday, Jan. 2. Went down town & bought a new hat, also left my visit card to be redone. Were up to the studio and painted on Mrs. Stratton as it D.V. wouldn't sit. He had an address to prepare for the Woman's Republican club. Got Mrs. Stratton ready for, Miss D. Tenney, called her up and made an appointment for Saturday. Home for lunch. While Gramma was resting in the afternoon I went to Wrightwood T- rooms & practiced with Mrs. Stratton but had to go back at the 5 o'clock so we couldn't have the theatre party we had planned. He said E. thought he ought to have night work as not be on the sleeper two nights in succession & I think Miss Hill will be busy to get ready & rest and particularly she is to be up late & at Sunday night to [illegible] going to [illegible] & [illegible] is coming up for a few days. After lunch I went to the dentist, got Miss Hill on the 5 o'clock for to-morrow, went up to the Levis and had my hair shampooed, getting a quick like my hair but think I shall let it grow in next summer, and went home for dinner. D & the main & I read material for my talk on my "experiences as a portrait painter" before the Castalogica Club in Cambridge to-morrow afternoon.

Friday, Jan. 3.

Wise arrived about 8 o'clock and after breakfast we drove out to Dr. Stratton's. Mr. Parris took the car in for us and he & the Dr. were there and Wise had a little talk with him about the gymnastic and laboratory he wants to raise money for for Tech and arranged to come back and see Dr. D. again in the P.M. He liked the [illegible] very much, thought it only needed a little thing - liked the round composition and rest - up and feels sure that it will be all right as to. He told me afterwards that he didn't know why he got in such a funk about it last week, that it must have

been because he was tired. Next he asked me it was going to be fine now. He took me in to the studio & after D.S.'s car took us both in turn after leaving us. Paris and him at the office and went to keep his 11 o'clock appointment with the sculptor Mr Jagger. He got the cold all right and got through in time to have lunch with Norma and me at 2.30. It was too dark and rainy to do any painting but I got the drawings made of the two portraits for Mrs. Norris. Went home to dress for my talk and for lunch after. Lunch Wise took me out to Cambridge in a taxi and then went to D.S. again. He telephoned before he took the train that he had sat in front of the portrait studying it for about ¾ of an hour while he waited for D.S. and was sure it was going to be finished that D.S. was to. The Cambridge Club affair was quite an occasion. It was the opening of their new club house at 100 Mt. Auburn Street, a very good-looking brick building and the main part of the afternoon was taken up with the various speeches connected with the dedication of the new building. The mayor of Cambridge spoke, a clergyman offered a prayer, various ex-presidents etc. spoke and they put a sealed box under the corner stone. The ex-presidents and their wives sat on the flower decorated platform and there were about 500 people in the audience. Miss Hamilton was very a few words at the close of the dedication services and then Miss Hamilton the chairman of the day unveiled me. I spoke for about ¾ of an hour. Wonder how it was awfully glad when it was all over. I had them about 15 or 20. Bobby Jones, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Berry, Blackmur and Agassiz and they seemed to like it and afterwards when I had to make bows with every one in the receiving line in the tea room downstairs they all seemed quite sincere when they said they had enjoyed it. Wrote letters in the evening and went to bed early as I was awfully tired.

Saturday, Jan. 4.

We have heard from Berry that she reached Richmond safely and plunged right into a hunt breakfast. Her quarters seem O.K. and as nearly as she can tell she is going to like it. Though it was a bright sunny day I decided not to paint in D.S. until Sunday morning because I know he will have so much less on his mind then and probably look more rested and I want him in good shape now to get the finishing touches in. Also Miss Morton was coming up to the studio at 11 and I didn't want to put her off. I went up early and painted on Mrs. Rublee, Miss Morton and Dan Foster came at 11. They liked the portrait very much. Miss Edith M. made a few good suggestions, a slight change in one eye and the set of the nose and they both thought the hand was quite a shade large. I can fix all those things easily however and arranged to bring it to the apartment about 12.15 on Monday. Then I am to see what I can do

I heard of the worst connection like that to go over this morning and received your letter with my Japanese lilies. I did am to bring that and several other flowers was down to try in the room when I bring the portrait. She liked the portrait so much, said it was a little on [illegible] that it moved her deeply, and the [illegible] almost began to cry so that I had to turn away and talk about other things to give her a chance to recover. I really am quite pleased with it and it certainly looks like the photograph and looks alive too. I went down town to meet Nina for lunch and Dr. Bennett was there too and we all went up to the Stables Café Russe. He is already telling Nina she is too extravagant, that she must realize that he has to study in the evenings, can't go out every night to a movie etc. and I do think Nina will find that he has more common sense and not [illegible] live in thrills and excitement. They are probably going to Washington in February where he is to lecture at [illegible] and Nina wants to get more going to do that to bring in a little more money and I will give her a letter to Miss Rolland and see if they can't use her at the Lectures Bureau. Nina said in an aside that she would like me alone as she is coming to the studio on Tuesday—and [illegible] hasn't been married a week yet! However I say one thing right as he seems sensible. When I left them I did a few errands then went back to the studio to work some more on graph [illegible]. Home to press my dress for a party given by the Folk Dance [illegible] in their new quarters at 87 Beacon Street. Irwin Howard came [illegible] before dinner. After dinner went to the party. Not very exciting as usual. Folk songs most of the evening which was rather fun. I [illegible] a book into Dr. Reed. Much colder and a high wind.

January 5.

A clear, cool sunny day. I went out to [illegible] Dr. R. [illegible] it very well and finished it. He was in good spirits and Dr. [illegible] came in the room occasionally and chatted with us. They [illegible] delighted with the portrait. Dr. R. talks of having Rodya make a [illegible] of it and we took it into the living room and tried it in the light where it is to hang while I am abroad and it looks beautifully in the room. They drove me in town as they were going in for lunch. In the afternoon going over my clothes, pressing out my desk drawers [illegible] Mrs. Chalmers. Hardy came to call and we played Dan Tey and some [illegible] games. Wrote letters etc. in the evening. Wire to E. Hartford. Bath and getting things cleaned for going away. Starts to go off and snow [illegible] as we will be there all day but of course we must get [illegible] it up and it really would be foolish to, such a wonderful chance [illegible] and heavy as well.

Monday January 6.

I went up to the studio. Did the two or three little things that Mr. Moulton's portrait needed then painted the rest of the morning on Mr. Rucker's. Took a taxi with Mr. Moulton's portrait, the ship model which Mamma went at 259 while I am away, and four flower paintings to Miss Moulton's. She wanted to try the flower paintings in their living room as late as we would use of them or possibly a landscape that I shall paint in Italy to go over the mantel. We left the portrait and it looks very well and they are delighted with it. So that done. Home to lunch and afterwards went to Dr. Lo Savio's for my last visit for typhoid, to Hatfield's to have some panels fitted to my paint box. Ordered paint etc. Then, Then met Mamma at Solon Hinds to try on dresses. They are having a role because of a fire they had a while ago. I got two, a green woolen and a figured silken, green, yellow and rose evening dress. It looks awful but it is lovely. Will get new green slippers to go with it. Then to Bonwit's where I got a blouse marked down. Then to the Guild with Mamma to see Charles Hopkinson's exhibition. Some damn good painting in it and I hate his working the same way and doesn't go modern. Dr. Clark came for dinner and we spent the evening mostly talking trips. He is going on a tractionscan cruise in April. He also went through my album of photos of my portraits so I have done a good many things in the last few months that he hasn't seen.

Tuesday January 7

I went up to the studio early and painted on Mr. Rucker all the morning. Nina came for lunch and we went out to a restaurant near Bonwit's, Ave. and after words back to the studio for a cigarette and a talk. Nina and "George" after being married only 8 days are already having differences of opinion and the talks of his short comings and the unkind things he has said to her in as impersonal a way as if he was writing to her. I'm afraid their love, what there is of it, will have to be handled pretty carefully and the flame fanned or it will go out. They really were only married on the excitement of the idea of being married. Nina says he is sure it will come out all right, that he is a nice kid and has some good points and may change. I don't believe they either of them will change fundamentally but if they are fond of each other they'll work out an adjustment. When Nina left I washed my brushes etc. and went down town to try and get some shoes. No luck, couldn't find what I wanted. Went to Dr. Barstow at 4.15 then home to dress. Packed my trunk all the evening. The Expressman will call for it to-morrow morning. Begin to feel that I am really going.

Wednesday. January 8.

Went up to the studio and painted on Joseph Rucker.

it's going along well but the frame hasn't come and I'm afraid I won't be able to finish it in time to send it to Mrs. Norris before I leave. I went to the S.C. lunch at E. Sothern's and had a very nice time. Sat with E. Hunnewell (Caroline comes out next year) and Mrs. Fairbanks and Mrs. Morse whose husband owns the Paladin. Mrs. F. said that Sally Norfolk is quite miserably - nerves break down. I must call her up before I go. At 2.30 I met Mrs. Guild and Miss Stoddard at the studio and we took Miss Arnold's portrait out to Jamaica and tried it in the girls' lounge where it is to hang. The wood panel over the fireplace is not very becoming to it so I shall try and get a piece of cream or old gold Fortuny print in Italy to hang behind it. Miss G. the executor or something, who had the janitor come and hold the picture up from us was very optimistic about the portrait as I hope it will be a success when it is hung next June. Afterwards Miss Stoddard drove me in town to Saks 42nd St where I was to meet Mamma to try on dresses that we were having altered. We went further to Stagg's for a manicure then got my shoes at the Arch Preserver shop. Wrote letters and paid bills in the evening. Mamma got my ticket for me and did a lot of small errands which was a great help.

Thursday, Jan. 9.

Worked hard at the studio all the morning, cleaning out the closet and emptying drawers and getting it ready to rent. Jean Parrelle has taken it till October and will move in to-morrow. Mr. T's man came and took more paintings to store, T boards and the Hallways for which I shall have room in the Washington Show when I get back and the Old F.A. and La Farge's to the art club exhibition. On my way home for lunch I left Jorgen Rasch and the bare canvas for Mrs. Norris together with Mr. T's vine and will finish them the first thing when I get back. I wrote Mrs. Norris this evening that I was awfully sorry I could not get the Jorgen Rasch done before I left but that I'm positively would have been some little change in it so that she would have had [redacted] to bring it to Washington in any way and I would have them both ready for Lectures. After lunch I went out and did a lot of last errands, got my traveller's cheques etc. $500 worth, and went sometime at the English Speaking Union at 4.30. Lady Claire Annesley spoke on the League to Enforce Peace and Frieda Inescort, the actress, appearing now in Boston in a Theatre Guild production of Shaw's major Barbara, was guest of honor. Wrote letters and paid bills in the evening. Wrote Brooks that I have had much or good year that I think I can get along myself finishing $100. a month for a while at least. So I am [redacted] my own financially now and hope I can swing it. I have

about 4,000 in the Swing Book, 2000 in Tel & Tel stock, about 800 in each of my checking accounts and 500 due in Miss Arnold's portrait, 250 or 750 I'm not sure which due in Dorothy Rosedell's (I am not sure what they mean to pay me for it 1000 or 1500. I told Lay my price was 1500 but did say when we seemed to think that was too much that I would do it for 1000 and thought that was all I was going to get until she mentioned that she had told someone that they were paying 1500 for it. Perhaps I did so perhaps they have decided to pay me my regular price. She has made two payments, 500 and 250) Also there will 1000 on the two Norris portraits when I get back in the Spring and if I get even one portrait to do in Washington I might be able to live in pretty good shape because of course my expenses for the next 3 months will not be heavy and the Washington show won't be so very expensive as I don't have to pay for the gallery. I also wrote to Charlie Hopkinson, an appreciation of his show at the Grand. The Transcript write-up of it by Gwendolyn Kleene, who is a nice girl but doesn't know much about painting, showed up a lack of understanding and appreciation of his wonderfully able and direct technique, his sincerity and freedom from pose and the interesting originality of his outlook that I felt quite indignant and wanted to let him know how I felt about it.

Friday, Jan. 10.

I went out to Dadot's and got a weave. Then went over to see Hamm at the Casson Galleries to see an exhibition of interiors by an English painter Rowles. He was painting in the Throne Room in the Palace in Madrid when we were there 3 years ago and two of his paintings of the Palacio Real are in this show. His work is a little too detailed and dry, lacks unity of relation, to my mind. I don't like his interiors as well as Walter Gay's or Billinger's and Johansen has done much nicer ones with figures. Home to put the laundry in my bag and went to the station. Hamm and C.D. saw me off and Grace Edgar stopped in to say good-by while I was out at the hair dresser and left me a rose. I hate to leave Hamm alone but K is probably coming on for a visit in Feb. and she has a lot of resources in herself in the way of reading. I wish she had someone though just to talk to all the little things that happen or refer to doings over in the daytime because of course she has Louise David in the evening to talk over the events of the day over. She has been so dear helping me get off and has given me so many things. Clarence Buford was on the train and we had lunch together and he stayed over in Tiffin 4 o'clock discussing everything from diet and safety razors to world politics. Wish met me and we just got up to the apartment in time to dress for dinner. Brookie came for dinner and we had a very nice evening. Cookie has notified us that the

steamer was late in getting in and does not sail until midnight instead of noon to-morrow so that gives me a chance to see K. & E. who are coming up to N.Y. to-morrow to go to the automobile show with Sally & Phil. So I called K. up and we arranged to get together to-morrow. Little K. is staying with her and will be coming up too.

Saturday, Jan. 11. "At Sea on the "France"

A very leisurely day, pretty hilly seas before we sailed. We slept rather late and I was glad of the chance to do it as I was pretty tired. Took Pao out for a walk & C. who was staying in bed while W. went down to the office to [illegible]. E. & I met him and Jim & B. for lunch at Sherry's then Wise & I met K. & E. and the others at the automobile show in rather a ride spirit of the little English car, three lady auctions, at the Hotel Shelton. Sally & Phil have bought one. Too small & stiff to be practical. Afterwards we went over to the Grand Central Palace to the Show proper and saw the new air-cooled Franklin, the new Ford sport wheel drive etc. The crowds were out in force as usual, wild mad. On the way home we stopped at the Ford salesroom on Broadway to see the new models. I was very glad the Cabriolet #1764 and Wise says that is the car for me. It is much better looking than the roadster and more practical, more than worth the difference in price and I may get my order in as soon as I get back. I should be thrilled to have one and it would make the greatest difference in the trips I would accomplish. We [illegible] would do etc. We rested before dinner, then packed our bags and about 8 o'clock took two taxis with our luggage, except my trunk which was waiting for us at the dock, down to the ship and went on board. Our stateroom is very comfortable. We found a lot of flowers, letters, telegrams etc. B. sent us some lovely Valentine roses. Brandt & Hanna Peters, and a telegram and D. & Stratton a big fancy box of fruits & ginger. He sent E. some roses and she had lots of flowers and a big basket of fruits for Mrs. Hazard. We spent the evening getting settled and writing letters, went to bed about midnight and we sailed about 1 o'clock, slipping down the river very quietly. There are only 284 first class passengers and we could take 500 so it is not crowded and is nice and quiet and peaceful.

Sunday Jan. 12. At Sea.

I slept until after eleven o'clock, quite a lot of motion and E. was nervous to her first dinner. I would leave her if I didn't think I might get sick and gain the U.S. She did too but it didn't help us. Her French seemed frightfully inadequate to her. We spent a very lazy day, just loafing around and reading our books in the [illegible] deck chairs and a pleasant dinner and a sleep. French fellow, Mr. Boyer, the [illegible] the Mrs. Press and the owner of the Washington Star is

on board and Wise knows him so he has had several chats with us. His wife stays in her stateroom most of the time, in fact we haven't seen her yet, as she has an affection of the vocal chords so that she can't speak above a whisper. He loves the ocean, has a 60 ton yacht, and goes to Miami Florida in the winter. He travelled a great deal and lives in Washington when he is at home. Has rights of the Hyperion for a year, not sure. I saw him writing letters last night before we reached. A lot of people stayed in their staterooms to-day. We were in the Gulf Stream very soon and it got warm and muggy.

Monday. Jan. 13. at Sea.

A lovely day. Warm and a smooth sea. Wise stayed in his stateroom all the morning, sleeping late and having a massage. E. & I read and played deck tennis. After lunch Mr. Noyes brought Mrs. Noyes up and introduced her and a Mrs. McKnight that E. knew in connection with Roosevelt House came up and spoke to us. Also introduced Lord Ludlow. They come from Minneapolis. We went in to the movies at 3 views of Morocco and a cheap comedy. Then Wise and I walked on deck till tea time. Spoke to the Hyperson girl and to Mrs. Jaeger Whiting. Horse races in the lounge at tea time. Wise bet in three horses each race and won everytime - twice for E. and once for me. We read about the work in Mrs. Africa and went in to the smoking room for the auction pool with Mr. & Mrs. Knight. We bid for three different numbers and one number 523 we and two together each digging in for it. The run yesterday was 534 so I'm afraid we're pretty low but they say we were losing up time then and now will be going slower. We'll know at noon to-morrow.

Tuesday. Jan. 14. at Sea. *

another lovely warm day. Loafed around all day, reading, watching the deck tennis tournament etc. Mr. & Mrs. Minot Steele Barlow are on board. He knew us all when we were children out at Blue Hill and we came up to our table at Breakfast time and asked if we were Miss B's nieces so when I came down I went over and spoke to them. He looks just as I remembered him except that his hair is gray. He is having trouble with his eyes and is almost blind. Had a nice time visiting with him. Also nice talks with Mrs. Noyes. The run was 520 so we did not win the pool. Gala dance after dinner but we were reading about the book for Mrs. Africa. The Whitings and Polly Parkinson (Emmons) played bridge at a table near us with her daughter and niece.

Wednesday. Jan. 15. at Sea.

Still warm

Slept very late then sat out in the sun on the after

deck and played a little deck tennis with Wise. Showed Mr. Noyes my album after lunch & rather left it to him to show Mrs. Noyes. Stayed in most of the afternoon to see the movies of a trip through Africa. Were very disappointed when they weren't much good and we missed an after noon in the sun watching the deck tennis tournament and I missed a chance to play with Mr. Macknight who had asked me to when we could get a court and when I came out he was playing with someone. Horse races in the lounge at tea time. A nice evening listening to the concert and talking with the Noyes and Barlows. Took a walk round the decks to see the moon with Mr. Noyes before I turned in.

Thursday, Jan. 16. At Sea.

Lovely and sunny in the morning but quite a swell on. Got up late as usual and spent the rest of the morning on the after deck playing deck tennis and talking and showing my album to Mildred Barlow who asked to see it and to Mrs. Whiting. We had a very much disp last night because of the rolling and people in the lower decks got roused when the water came in their port holes. The Bal masque was to have been to-night but a notice posted up said that "According to the persisting rolling it would be put off till an other night." Had tea & rather a drink with Mr. Noyes in the smoking room. Listened to the concert and read about a book on Sicily after dinner.

Friday, Jan. 17. At Sea.

Ship still rolling but not so badly. Seasyl has kept me from being seasick and E. is all right now too. Played a little deck tennis with E. between showers in the morning and after lunch again with Wise & E. and Mr. Knight. Mr. Noyes introduced us to the Princess. She is the widow of the late King Emanuel of Portugal - an ancient. Very much made up, face lifted and ungloriously red finger nails. She was on deck in a steamer chair with Mrs. Noyes and asked to see my album so I brought it out and left it at tea time in the lounge & showed it to Mrs. Macknight and Mrs. Barlow and two friends of the Macknights. Mrs. McK. paints a little herself. Turned in early as we want to be on deck early to-morrow morning when we come into Teneriffe.

Saturday, Jan. 18. Teneriffe.

Wise knocked on my wall at 6.30 and I dressed immediately and went out on deck. It was a lovely morning and the sun was just rising. The Barlows and several other people were already on deck. The coast of the island was most jagged and mountainous with precipitous cliffs rising out of the sea and the lower slopes bare of the mountains terraced and with little white houses clustered in the valleys. The town of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, the capital of the island is what we were headed for and a nice fine

and stone breakwater that makes a good harbor. There were a lot of ships lying inside the jetty, steamers and fishing vessels. Immediately small boats came out with boys to dive for pennies, the pilot and then a launch full of Spanish officials. It looked a bit like a soldier and is a good deal like some volcanic formation. We would not see the Peak de Teide, as we were [illegible] because it was [illegible]

[illegible]

for us – American cars of all makes and vintages. We had arranged for a car for ourselves and got off almost immediately with a guide, who turned out to be absolutely good for nothing, as the first visit with the chauffeur. We drove through the town with a great toting of horns along an excellent asphalt road that wound up and down the hills and valleys in a general north westerly direction to the town of La Laguna. The country was lovely and the views of the mountains and sea very fine. Everywhere the slopes were terraced and little huts, some thatched and some tiles tucked in at different levels. The people walked along the roads or rode donkeys and camels and the children ran out and called "Peseta, Peseta" as we drove by. The women carried huge baskets and bundles on their heads, usually balanced on a pad or on the crown of an absurd little straw hat, such as English railwaymen wear. We decided that some British tar had given a hat to his best girl in Tenerife and she had worn it and set the fashion. Everything, the town, little houses etc. and people was thoroughly Spanish and a very good Spanish spoken with something the same accent as in Mexico. As we got over the first mountain range the country got more fertile. At Laguna we stopped to see a marvellous old tree, the dragon tree, in the garden of an old farm building now used as an ecclesiastical seminary. It has a short gnarled and twisted trunk and at a height of about 12 ft. [illegible] branches all radiate leaving a glade where several people can stand upright. They had a ladder leading up to this and everyone took turns climbing up. The foliage is fussy and cactus like and the whole tree is quite symmetrical and round like a big bush. They said the sap stood like blood and was supposed to have medicinal value. When we left the tree we visited the cathedral, not much and an old church, and took some photos. Then went on and over the last mountain range, La Cumbre dominating the valley of Orotava. Here the country is much more fertile, watered by streams from the mountains and water brought in little aqueducts. Also there are frequent showers caused by the hot winds passing over the snowy peaks of

houses and everywhere and then we heard a bird we rarely in the houses. The native men are yellow green, the pure yellow having been imported from the mainland.

Teide, endearing and falling in the valley beyond. In consequence the vegetation was very luxuriant and the slopes of the hills were covered with banana groves, mostly owned and cultivated by the English. The little frijo bananas that we found so welcome in Spain. Everywhere the gardens were lovely, hibiscus, bougainvillea, camellias, palm trees of many kinds, little yellow flowers, violets etc. growing beside the road. We went first at the head of the valley to Villa Orotava, a lovely old town surrounded by gardens, vineyards, villas and farms. We went first to a lovely old house with carved balconies, built for a private house but now used as a headquarters for native embroidery by the Louvre in Paris, with a few little shops on the ground floor. A young Frenchman in charge showed us all through the house, all empty except for the rooms that they use for the lace-making etc. He took us up on the roof where there was a most marvellous views of the surrounding mountains and down over the roofs of the town to the sea with Puerto Orotava a cluster of white buildings palms etc. on the coast. We then drove down there for lunch at a little Spanish hotel, food typically Spanish and awful. Once more we were thankful for the bananas though the meat wasn't bad. After lunch we drove to the bathing beach and just as we got there a shower came and it was perfectly beautiful. The huge waves were rolling in and breaking on the black lava sand, the gray clouds hid some of the high green cliffs of the headland beyond and in others we could see the sun still shining. It simply poured and we took shelter in the bathing [illegible] and finally gave up waiting for it to stop and drove into the town [illegible] they as well as we could to the Botanical Gardens which we walked [illegible] the rain though it began to stop soon after we got there. Then we [illegible] back to Santa Cruz. The sun had come out by the time we got there and we were warmed and dried out on the terrace of the Hotel Quisisana [illegible] with the help of some hot tea with rum in it. I had a cold anyway and was feeling rotten, but felt much better afterwards and don't think the wetting did me any harm. It was lovely in the sun on the terrace with a wonderful view overlooking the harbor. There was a man there selling Tenerife embroideries and I got a big drawn work table cloth for mamma. Then we went down to the shops and I got a tea cloth for K. and some nice embroidered pajamas for Nina. Apparently you have to bargain for everything and Wise beat them down for me. I hate to do it and am too apt to take a thing at a figure that I am willing to pay for it when I might get it for less. Finally we went on board quite tired but having had a wonderful day.

Sunday, Jan. 19. at sea

Slept quite late and then wrote letters the rest of the morning. We were quite close to the African coast by noon. Cloudy and showers all day

is we sat indoors all the afternoon too, reading and writing postcards. Mr. Mack asked me to play deck tennis but we couldn't because of the rain. Early in the afternoon they stopped the ship and had a simple ceremony in memory of a man who fell overboard at that same last. A long. a year ago. He was a fireman and though they hunted around for him a long time they never found him. The capt. the chaplain and all the officers and crew collected on the after ship and deck and a prayer was read and the flag dipped and we left him a silent ocean. The passengers came out to watch and it was quite impressive. In the evening they had the Ball masqué and Wine and I was the parade and beginning at about 10.30. I then turned in as we had a long day ahead & I was up early. Enjoyed in bed for I was so I was feeling a slight digestive upset and wanted to be sure and be all right for to-morrow.

Friday, Jan. 23. Casablanca.

We got up at 7.30 and found we were lying alongside a big stone pier in the harbour of Casablanca. Over piers and a breakwater and several big ships, including the French Mediterranean fleet which came in while we were dressing made it seem a very modern and busy port. The white houses of the arab quarter with a few minarets lay clustered near the water front and along the harbour, down the coast were the modern, white buildings of the new French quarter. It is wonderful what the French have done to Casablanca in the last ten 20 years that they have been in charge. The automobiles were lined up on the dock, busses for the tourists but we had arranged for a private car. A good many picturesque men about in fezes and Turkish trousers, turbans etc. and bright colored barrows and sticks spread out for sale at the foot of the gang plank. We left about 9.30 and drove to Rabat, about ~~100~~ 50 miles, across flat open country, beautifully cultivated fields, no trees except occasional palms or pepper trees or eucalyptus ~~&~~. Most of the fields were ploughed & being ploughed with the oddest teams - mostly camels and a little donkey, and a cow or a donkey or just a camel. The men of course in turbans, white burnous clothes, sheepskin slippers etc. wonderful picturesque. We also of goats and sheep with their arab shepherds little clusters of arab huts, dark brown tents & little stacked round grain huts looking like Lapp huts, men and women grazing along the roads & fields & women on foot, women with children on their backs, and all along the road and in the ploughed green fields, which contrasted nicely with the dark red earth, yellow mustard and bright orange calendulas, poppies and other flowers. It a stopped several times to take photos and the grass and plant were so engaging. The country was in, just a little way from the coast of a plateau & the mountains were hazy. Every couple of miles we passed a little village of the arab huts & tents & we had 80 kms to Rabat which is on the coast north of Casa so that we had the sea in our left all the way. We drove into Rabat through an

of the old gates in the orange pink crumbling wall, and stopped to photograph the crowd in the little market beside the wall with the moorish arch of the gate as a background. It was most picturesque and typical. Outside we drove through the town of Rabat which is one of the coasts of the Sultan and a busy city & the old Kasba is original walled city which rises from the cliffs at the mouth of the Bou-Regreg river overlooking the sea and across the river to Salé, very picturesque with its white buildings and minarets. The harbor and shipping of Rabat were in this river right under the walls of the Kasba. The walls are orange with moorish arches and the entrance besides us through one of the alhambra. Outside are a lovely garden which leads down to a little cafe on a terrace overlooking the river and harbor and in another part a little native settlement with its white washed houses and narrow winding streets. There was a constant stream of arabs of all types, water men with the goat skins of water on their backs, veiled women carrying children, etc passing through the big arch of the entrance to this little village and to a fountain in the little square inside. It was mostly of course but so picturesque. In ancient times this Kasba also housed the sultans school for training the pilots of the many pirate ships that put out from here and Salé - really Moorish and the ruins of the building with a fine tower and fortress walls are still there in the part where the old garden is. Now there are many little shops with native artisans at work, painting furniture and brass, weaving rugs etc. in these walls. After seeing the Kasba we walked across the beyond open place outside the walls to the modern hotel, built by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique where all our cars were drawing to get lunch. Saw our various acquaintances on the boat there and at different times during the day though we really were behind the regular tours as we stopped so much to take photographs. After lunch we bought some souvenir things from the men who had offered their wares on the ground in front of the hotel and also went to the native shops nearby and got some brass. The woman there pointed up to the sky to a brownish pink cloud in the distance and told us they were locusts and would soon be over us. That they had had them almost every day for the last two months and that they were ruining the trees and crops. I was thrilled to actually see a swarm of locusts a pretty near view. They got nearer and the air was thick with them, like big brown grasshoppers about 3½ inches long. They settled thick on the vegetation and some native boys were running around waving their jackets at them to drive them up and the ground was spattered with their droppings and with the tail heads they dropped in and after. They started for the next two or three hours as we were around city things and were quite exhausted when we got back to the boat. I wrote letters and [illegible] governors residence [illegible] were dancing a [illegible]

oleanders, and flowering shrubs, mimosa, hibiscus, roses, [illegible]
[illegible] palm, orange and lemon trees, bougainvillea etc.) It
was most interesting. The gardens were full of men, women in bottom
turkish trousers and fezes. (bright red ones in contrasting regions) and gardeners
all shouting, hoeing in the cans and beating the trees and shrubbery
with long bamboo canes to keep the locusts from lighting. They
had evidently been very successful because the gardens were in
beautiful condition. They took it all good naturedly raising to enjoy the
shouting and one big nourish boy was amusing himself by standing at
the barrier trying to knock down individuals as they ran by and
called out to us with a grin as we went by "La chasse!" In some places
they were burning smudges to keep them off. They gradually passed over
and we saw them like a brown drift cloud in the distance. They say the
French government is in despair about them as they seem to be getting
worse and more frequent. We also went up to the Tour Hassan a
most interesting old ruined tower near which some Roman pillars and
walls are being excavated. C. & I went up the steep inside to the top
and except for the swarm of locusts around us would have had a fine
enjoyed the marvellous view of the river, sea and the two white
cities at the mouth of the river. Outside the city at a place called [illegible]
Chellah we visited some ruins, a walled place, originally the site of an
early Roman colony, both a burial place for the well-to-do citizens,
and a refuge from the desert who used Rabat for many generations
after the fall of the Roman empire. The old graves are there and
the crumbling remains of a mosque and a small modern
mosque and a place where the women come to wash their clothes. —
only a trickle now as it has been very dry and very smelly and dirty.
Several white-robed pattering waited upon with their babies pressing
around the steps of the mosque. They knew it in fact when they saw us looking
at them but two very gayly dressed and painted girls on the entrance
were most anxious to have us photograph them — laughing with delight when the
camera clicked. They took no attention of covering their faces and one of
them was a very pretty girl, white skinned, good features. Perhaps they
were "bad women" and that was why they were unveiled. We are sorry
we are not sure but we hope for the best. After leaving the gov. general
whose visiting cards were first requested by a tall dignified negro dressed in
dark blue with a white turban who then escorted us solemnly through the gates
we drove to the Sultan's palace. Here we were very [illegible] [illegible]
the gates [illegible] by 35 horses in his harem. Then we went to
[illegible] the Tour Hassan hotel for tea and then went to the native market place
in the narrow streets to buy and get a watch for the boat to leave us [illegible]

go on foot. We got a boy to act as guide and followed his red fez and bare brown legs through the crowd, winding through narrow passages lined with little hole-in-the-wall shops on either side. It was getting dark and the only lights were the flares in the shops and lanterns carried by men on donkeys or on bicycles or in funny little horsey cars, all these were along all mixed up with the people on foot and the continual noise, cries of the venders of various things, blowing of an occasional motor horn, every now and then we came slowly through the crowd, were quite surprised. We managed to get to our destination without being run over & it is a pleasure to see billowing burnooses and turbans on bicycles or crowded in the trams and inside of the shops, & also the Arab women, I do like to see Arabesca, looking like big bundles of laundry. By the time we got back to the car it was time to go on board with our purchases which we did [illegible] the customs inspector at the gangplank didn't look at our purchases. Pretty tired & will to bed early. We arrived at Gibraltar

Tuesday, Jan. 22, Gibraltar.

We arrived about 7. Went ashore about 9. Sent cables, did errands at the drug store where I got quite a lot of perfume very cheap. Went back to the boat at 11 as we were all exhausted. I bought a lovely shawl, pale pink with a fringe shading to deep rose from the man who was selling them in the tender. Lay out on deck in the sun until lunch time and gradually got rested. Gibraltar was lovely with clouds at its summit and the sun gradually coming through. A beautifully sunny afternoon. We sailed at 2 and all the afternoon were so far off shore that we could not see the Spanish coast. I felt much better by 3 o'clock and played two sets of deck tennis with Mr. Macknight against a Mr. Ward and a Miss Scarlett. So many people on board it is almost like a house party. Had a nice talk with Neville Barton afterwards and then we went in and wrote E. & W. the voyage and the Princess for tea. The food is fine, wonderful service, but the cruise part is very badly run, no one directed "Fun" was dissatisfied & the stewards passengers were not at all part of it. This should be good, can't speak enough Spanish and yours not [illegible] the people on board. We have met [illegible] at the table [illegible] about trips and the guides who are absolutely no good. Wish will write about French Riviera.

Wednesday, Jan. 23, [illegible].

We got up late and wrote letters all the morning. We reached Malaga about 1 o'clock and had an early lunch after

to spend the afternoon in Rio. At least we missed all the beauties in the entrance to the harbor and it was announced that we should go up to the dock at 10 o'clock. We just came out and were trying to anchor and waiting to swing around towards the dock but almost immediately we began to run up yellow quarantine flags and the captain was evidently afraid we were going aground because we cast off the tugs and we backed out of the harbor into the deep water again and anchored there. Then there was a long delay before the tenders came out to take us ashore and all sorts of reports and rumors got about. The Conte Verde came in just as we backed out and we hoped immediately went to her and then word was passed around that there were only three tenders in the Harbor and that we would have to wait possibly two hours. Then a notice was posted that there was to be a tender, but possibly only one and that it would only take 70 persons at a time, and that we should take up a position sitting on trunks or anything they could find near the door where the gang plank was going to be and we waited and waited and waited. Every now and then we hoped we could go up to dock to eat but it wasn't until quarter to five that a tender actually came. By that time we had decided not to go ashore that night and I hope you were glad we did, last time we got to Cook's and we were just in time for the tender (down a very steep gangplank) when we heard the announcement "This tender will positively leave at 10 o'clock." In other words we should have had to wait another hour and a half. However, the tender was a fine one and it was quite a nice trip ashore and the view from the water as we came in was very fine indeed. We found C. & the Hoyts in the smoking room. We found out afterwards that there were tenders back and forth all the evening and we could have gone perfectly well. It was just typical of the mis-information and bad management of the entire part of it all along. We had a quiet evening on board. Very few passengers kept late note of their own pursuits. Whiting asked to see my albums and the Parkinsons stayed along while he was looking at it and looked at it too and seemed very enthusiastic.

Thursday. Jan. 24. 15 cruising.

We got up early and went ashore in the second tender at 8.40. The harbor is very nice with a long stone breakwater with a lighthouse on the end of it and stone piers opposite ~~with long ramps sloping down into the water from the top of the city~~ and the city lying in a ~~big~~ hollow with hills rising back of it, on one of which are the Exposition grounds and buildings. The famous Rambla or main street of the city with its wide promenade in the middle begins quite near the harbor and then also is the Columbus monument. Very ingenious inscriptions at its base in gilt cosmos from Columbus story around the pedestal and a tall craft with Columbus figure at the top. We drove straight to Cook's. no tables. Then out to the Exposition grounds. It was so early that there were very few people about, mostly men

swooping up the streets and the gates in the gardens but it gave us a good idea of the general lay of the land and the architecture of the buildings before we invaded the different ones. It is all beautifully done, nothing skimped or tawdry is done for effect and the National Palace which has the art collection is a beautiful building. It is very effective as you enter, the grounds with terraces, pavilions and fountains before it and the long vista of the main drive with buildings on either side leading up to it, but I liked it best from the back where you get the Gothic towers etc. against the hills beyond. The gardens at that side were lovely and the trees and shrubs, walks, seats, fountains etc. looked as if they had been there for years. From the left hand end of the ground where there is a broad terrace you get the fine view of the harbor and the city. After seeing the ground in general we went to the Gothic Arts building which we wanted to see and though very interesting the exhibit is poor (the exposition having closed officially a few days ago) we saw an intaglio process press, for color printing, made by the Intaglio Co. in England that we are much interested in. After that we went to the Spanish Village which was fascinating — a section of the ground enclosed by a high wall with towers in which are reproduced in the actual colors (not just basic effects) buildings, plazas and bits of streets from various Spanish towns. The people in the houses were in their local dress and all was made in each locality were in place. It was wonderfully real and perfect in every detail — everything except the smell and the dirt in the streets. I bought a Spanish doll for Judy and we wanted to get one for Alden but after deciding it was too hard to get it home. We saw several of our fellow passengers there. After that we went to the National Palace and it was simply beautiful. Ancient embroideries, carvings, jewelry, tapestries, painting etc. have been found from churches and private palaces all over Spain (some beautiful tapestries and some tapestries from the palace in Madrid) and details of architecture reproduced. The richness and beauty of the Spanish art of the past was all there and among the exhibits were every now and then life size tableaux beautifully and effectively lighted, giving scenes from various incidents of Spanish history. Up the magnificent stairway, carpeted with specially woven Catalonian and Madrid rugs on the second floor were the picture gallery, two or five contemporary artists had been honored with a gallery each, Zuloaga, Benedito, and one or two others (not Sorolla or Anglada) I loved some of Benedito's work very much. Got quite thrilled by it and it made me crazy to paint. After that we went to the modern art galleries in a separate building. 10 different countries represented. Pretty awful modern stuff. In the Hungarian room Sargent's portrait of Alfonso XIII and a smaller one of the Queen. Right side up this time but did the same. It was weak but made him look like Alfonso. It's just how one sees it I suppose and not the fault

for lunch. After lunch we tried to see the cathedral but was closed until 3 o'clock and as bout left it 3 in we didn't have time. The outside of it was beautiful and we took some photographs of a lovely convent yard in an old palace near by, now used to keep the children, and in the picturesque narrow street beside the cathedral, Calle Obispo, which is opposite by the bishop's from the cathedral. Then to the boat. We had a fine luncheon, the wine really finished and interesting in everything artistic and historical and surprisingly well informed. He spoke Spanish & French and came in 5 the National Palace and went all around with us making a fine guide. Spring back on the tender with us were Mr. & Mrs. Owyn who had been entertained by their boys in shore, and he and his party were on the dock to see them off. When we got back on the France I packed and got a shampoo before dinner. We all went to bed early as we arrive early in Algiers to-morrow. We sailed from Barcelona at 4.30 making we could stay longer. A most attractive city.

Jan. 25, Algiers.

We arrived at Algiers about 7.30 and docked. We went ashore with all our hand luggage about 9 leaving our trunks for the France to take on to Naples, where we will get them when we arrive there. E. had an attack of indigestion from getting overtired so we went right to the hotel, the St. George, high up on the hill in the outskirts of the modern French part of the city - a beautiful location. The hotel is very grand with lovely gardens and we had a most comfortable suite of three rooms, two baths, hall and sitting-room. E. was so exhausted she went right to bed and Wise & I rested and got a little unpacked and then went downstairs where the Cook's guide was waiting for us and went with him to Cook's to see if any cables had come and then to the Kasba or native quarter. We drove up to the top of the hill above the city where the old fortifications are, now used as a barracks, and from there walked down through the narrow little winding alleys of the moorish quarter to the water front, our car meeting us below in the square in front of the cathedral. It was tremendously picturesque and interesting, though very dirty. There had been a heavy shower a few hours before which had washed down the steep streets somewhat but had left them muddy and slippery so we had to go slowly and we took plenty of time stopping to take photographs and to look in the cafés and little shops. The streets were so narrow that the houses almost overhead in some instances and in many doorways were picturesque groups of Arabs & Turks & types of all sorts sitting in the dark cafés, playing dominoes and drinking mint tea. Various foods, peanuts, fruit and sweets of all kinds were displayed in the

little booths with their wares sitting among them and always a continual stream of arabs, negros, turks, jews, men, women & children passing up and down the streets and the doorways or talking in groups or squatting against the walls. They were filthy and some of them diseased looking or deformed but they paid no attention to us beyond staring occasionally and didn't seem to mind much being photographed. There were a good many women out as it was Friday (their sunday) is the one day in the week that they can come out but they all had their faces veiled below the eyes. The guide told us that they have to veil themselves when they become engaged at about 8 yrs. old and after that are always veiled in public unless they're very ugly. Not the men are allowed 3 wives by the koran and that the generally have the one the pictures of the most beautiful one and that they all work knitting rugs and embroideries for their husbands. That the men do not except the one cooking. After the arab quarter we went through the European quarter, though I couldn't see much difference in the types. Very fine looking and dignified men on the whole, very picturesque. Then visited two mosques and baths. We stopped in front of a mosque and the guide said he thought we could go in for a minute if we stopped in our shoes at the door and we did and stood back in the shade and saw the men come in and wash their feet, and the whole place with its dimly lit white-washed interior, lighted domes, rugs in heaps and the voice of the muezzin chanting the koran from his high pulpit where he could be seen in a pointed tall hat reverently against a stained glass window. It was very interesting but we didn't like it as they long and were out. After that we went back to the hotel, had a bath, had lunch and started out again, this time to see the exposition d'Essais & botanical gardens, lunch out on a very fine table as the French do that kind of thing. After that we drove up over the city, through the modern French residential quarter, and got a wonderful view of the harbor and the French lying at the dock. It seems to be right for smuggles. Then we went to the school where the little girls are taught the rug weaving. They begin when they are 7 or 8 and work until they are married, when they simply work in the same way for their husbands. They tie the colored wool through the warp with their left hand like lightning and cut the ends off with scissors held in the other hand, following a design of the pattern pinned up for them to see. It seems terrible to think of them sitting in front of the thing year after year, their little fingers flying in and out but they don't seem to mind it, chatted and laughed as they worked and it is quite a sight. A lot of men were also weaving. They get 1 franc

a day is that with less than 20 it. and I my work 8 hours a day. The days were lovely and we would have gotten more but could not make the arrangements for singing etc. in the short time we have here. By the time we left E. was tired out we were back at the hotel for tea. She stayed upstairs for dinner and felt ~~as~~ better. We all turned in early as I didn't feel very well either. I think the ~~Bisk~~ water doesn't agree with me and am going to try Evian. To-morrow we start bright and early for our motor trip to Tizi. I got some good cards written and a long letter to Mamma this morning. A bit of English jungle in the hotel which is very novel & attractive but very attractive particularly the terrace and gardens with palms, mimosa & lemons, bougainvillea, hibiscus, roses, etc.

January 26. Algiers to Bougie

We got started about 9.30 in a fine Renault car with our boogs on top and a very nice French chauffeur. We drove through very fertile country, first flat and then now rolling to Azazga ~~to~~ where we stopped for lunch. It was lovely all along with fields freshly plowed, almond trees in bloom, wild flowers beside the road and mountains, sometimes snow capped ones, in the distance. Each town we passed through had its busy market place as it was Saturday, their market day, and we passed continual streams of Arabs and as we got up into the mountains Kabyles on foot & on donkeys carrying their purchases from market. The market outside Tizi-ouzou was a marvellous sight. I suppose thousand men in their burnooses and fezes or turbans in a walled enclosure with donkeys, goats and all kinds of live stock as well as meats and vegetables for sale. They stood around in groups bargaining or loaded their purchases on the backs of donkeys and outside in the road were standing the motor buses that had brought some of them from distant villages. Near the hotel in the village, ~~a~~ across the café where we got lunch there were rows of them, passing all the time, ~~a~~ sitting ~~joint~~ the horses on their mats. The lunch was pretty good though the ~~in~~ waiting especially for waiting up etc. was not up to par. The café was very fair passable to one of the Arab accommodations and I daresay in ~~hotel~~ Bougie will be better. The afternoon's drive from Azazga to Tizi was very magnificent. We crossed several ridges of mountains and the panoramic views were marvellous. Steep gorges with rolling ~~hills~~ hills, little Kabyle villages ~~on~~ on tops of mountains and here & there ~~on~~ sometimes on the slopes of hills but usually on the peaks. The most inaccessible places being of course the most favorable. Below were the slopes under cultivation. Grain, ~~fields~~ fields and wheat, fruit trees, and olive trees. And a good, or excellent road, ~~was~~ found in the steepest places ~~was~~ stone walls and with stone bridges across ravines, wound like a ribbon along the

mountain sides. We passed at times through large cork forests with the cork stripped from all the lower part of the ~~[illegible]~~ trunks of the cork oaks and saw piles and piles of the cork neatly laid out for shipping. The hills were dotted with flocks of sheep and goats with their shepherds standing in [illegible] and [illegible] and we frequently passed groups of Arabs and Kabyles on donkeys or on foot coming in their hoods from market. We did not reach Bougie until almost dark but it was light enough to have a wonderful view of the gulf of Bougie which is so nearly surrounded by mountains that it looks like [illegible]. The hotel was [illegible] in charge and [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] fires in funny little [illegible] in our rooms and brought us tea. We were [illegible] the only guests in the hotel, though they said they had [illegible] the day before. [illegible] we got plenty of attention at dinner which was fair. I was pretty tired but [illegible] out [illegible]. After dinner we went out to take a little walk but it began to rain so we came back and I tried a gambling machine in the hotel lobby, lost 10 francs and went to bed early. A house across the street with a mechanical piano kept me awake quite a while.

[illegible], January 21. Bougie to [illegible]

A bright, sunny day. We had breakfast early in [illegible] room and got our baggage on the car and all started by 8.30. We couldn't [illegible] the [illegible] of Bougie but its setting is a most striking location with hills rising behind it and a high cliff, Cape Carbon, with caves and grottoes in it at the entrance to the harbor just beyond the city. It was beautiful as we looked back at it from the other side of the harbor as we drove on along the coast [illegible]. After the gulf of Bougie the road goes along [illegible] cliffs, [illegible], right overhanging the sea. In places it is tunnelled through the cliff and is a very beautiful drive, [illegible] like the [illegible]. As we left [illegible] until we entered the gorge [illegible]. For a distance of about 5 miles you go through the most stupendous gorge I have ever seen. I suppose there are few places like it in the world. It is a narrow, [illegible] cleft through a range of mountains, probably made by some tremendous [illegible] [illegible] the river and follows one side for about half the way then crosses over on a [illegible] ft. bridge to the other bank and the sides of the gorge are so close together in [illegible] that the sun can never get to the bottom. The road is ~~blasted~~ tunnelled [illegible] the sides of the mountains in some places and [illegible] with [illegible] in others and everywhere you get the most marvellous views up and down the

gorge. We stopped several times to take photographs and I hope got some good ones though it is almost impossible to give anidea of the place from a photograph. The scenery after we came out was wonderful too. It is wonderful for rockiness and every where, way up on the sides of the mountains the fields cultivated, but it all seemed to me after the Khalat el Akba. By the time we had gotten up to Setif on a big bleak plateau, where we were to lunch, I had gotten very cold and there were snow clouds all around and some showers of cold rain so we were very grateful for the hot bricks they gave us to put our feet on in the Salle à manger. Luncheon was excellent and the hotel nice and clean. Setif is quite a place, evidently a strategic position as there were big barracks there and lots of French troops. From Setif on to Constantine the country was more cultivated, wheat, olives, fig trees and palms, now beginning to appear. It rained hard when we got to Constantine but stopped by the time we got there so it after having tea we were able to get out and see a little of the town. We could not get a taxi, it being Friday and his chauffeur off duty the Frenchman who was in the hotel with us kindly let his Renault station bus go for a drive around the town. The hotel is quite good and wonderfully situated on a hill looking over to the hill on which that strong fortress is built and the wonderful part of Constantine is that the river Rummel makes a loop around three sides of the rocky plateau on which the city is built and it has worked away a deep gorge making the city practically impregnable. The guide book says that it has withstood eighty sieges and I don't wonder. It is connected to the mainland, so to speak, by a neck of land on which is now built the modern French part of the city with a lot of new apartment houses going up, and bridges across the chasm at two different places, ~~The old bridges~~ were natural ones with the river flowing under ground where they are and ~~one of them~~ are down about half way down to the bed of the gorge and were modern, one a suspension and the other a steel arch. ~~The~~ The road around the city at the steepest side where the cliffs are sheer and drop straight down from the plain below ~~for~~ is cut out of the cliff in places it is tunnel in places where you can look way down on the plain below and the river as it enters the gorge with cascades down the cliffs at its sides. It was mighty marvellous, like being up in an airplane. Our hotel, a modern hotel, comes down to various points of vantage. From the top you can see the path built for visitors to the gorge, called le Chemin des Touristes, winding its way along the sides of the rock about a quarter of the way down to the river where is a natural bridge and in the fading afternoon light it looked quite a nice walk and the little path not precipitous. It was too late to go that afternoon and with daylight we couldn't go anyway as we didn't like the idea of the climb up out of the gorge but E. & I thought we would take that

part way through to - narrow raining before we start. It had got dark and was raining so we drove back to the hotel had a very good dinner and went to bed early. These "French" "Swiss" hotels are excellent. Very clean, new building often in site with beautiful views, good French cooking and a pleasant atmosphere of willing service and trying to do everything to make us comfortable.

Monday, January 28. [illegible] to Taupo

a lovely, sunny morning, cool a days after the rain yesterday. We got a native guide and [illegible] went through the gorge of the [illegible] - a most awful experience - Wise did not like the climb necessary so he drove us to the place where the path goes down into the gorge and then drove round and met us at the road at the end. It took us about [illegible] to walk through, and the path was everywhere very good, fitted with hand rails where necessary and with steps where the grade was too steep. We zigzagged down the most upper part of the gorge, with trees and ferns and vine cultivated [illegible] and almost as soon as we got down to about 20 ft. above the bed of the river the path led in the gorge under one of the biggest of the natural bridges. The light was dim. It was quite dark, lighted by a few glowing overhead and there were several cascades down the sides. In some places the path led under them, falling in a fine mist. About half way through the gorge the path crossed the river on a swinging bridge of planks and the views up and down the gorge were wonderful. After a while we came out of the gorge and saw some huts and some of the town of the city on the top of the cliffs high up over our heads and the cliffs were full of holes where pigeons who were flying about very above us had their nests. As the gorge widened we could see the wood and the country beyond, a bridge crossing the river and the car with Wise and the chauffeur standing beside it way below us, waiting for us. The path gradually led downwards to the roadway and we were out and could look up at the main cliffs across the river on top of which was the city. It was about 80 steps. We drove all the morning through mountainous country, getting some most wonderful panoramic views, and stopped at Hamman Restoration for lunch. The hotel here is an establishment thermal resort for the use afforded by the hot springs near it and after lunch we walked in the grounds and saw the Springs - the most curious effects of mineral deposit from the hot geysers [illegible] we went round. As we [illegible] we passed a field covered with funny little sugar-loaves of grayish stone about 6 to 15 ft. high. Extinct geysers and the cone was the piling up of the mineral deposit around the edges as the water had spouted out. In some places many [illegible] were steaming pools of clear water with a white rim formed in the stone and the earth had melted in places and ferns and plants had grown. There is an old legend that these cones were a maiden [illegible] to stone with the [illegible] of steam and hot water, the cones

the marriage was to be incestuous that of a man with his sister who was so lovely that he couldn't bear to give her to any other man in marriage and the rocks are very superstitious about the place and it is treated and accursed. The effect from the hotel and the road and sea for the baths are much larger and the mineral deposits left by the water are very white with the geysers pouring over them and huge clouds of steam rising. The effect is of a cascade of snow in curious ribbed shapes. The water was just too hot to keep your hand in and tasted and smelled of rotten eggs. They are generally beneficial and alkaline. On the way to Harmon Kedoutine we stopped in a little town to take a photograph of a stork's nest built right on top of a church steeple. As I was getting out of the car I slipped and fell in the mud, ruining my knee and tearing a big hole in my stocking. It was only a scratch but as the skin was broken and covered with mud and the flies of the gutter the muck got into it with French help where the proprietor in deus a ex machina got a jug of hot water from the little tube near his house and produced alcohol water, iron, hygiene and some other disinfectant, I think. It was very ok I bottled it and tied it up with a clean handkerchief of mine. She was so nice and refused to take a cent for her trouble. The afternoon drive from Harmon Kedoutine to Bône was through still more mountainous country with glimpses of the sea as we got nearer the coast. The roads are excellent most of the way in places where they are being repaired where there are gangs of Kabyles with women outside them breaking the stone with sledges and hammers. The French man in charge of the work evidently camps out along the stretch of road they are working on having the labor of the locality, evidently the poorest part of it as most of the men on these roads were very ragged and poor looking. We passed them walking two and two and usually they had a sort of caravan or shelter with the French man's life at the wheels. Every where there were flocks and vegetables as men ploughing and the little clusters of thatched huts or mud houses of the nomads sprinkled over the vast panorama of mountains and hills with an road winding like a white ribbon over them. Bône is a very attractive seaport and the Hotel Victoria-Splendide where I is beautifully situated, outside of the city on a headland overlooking the sea and a bathing beach with bathing cabins and tower above it and back of them the attractive houses and gardens and palm trees of evidently the best French residential section of the city. We did not like Bône. There were few people about and we were almost the only guests in the hotel as we were at the height. Of course sometimes they have a big crowd of tourists and then nobody but us. The whole city is quieter owing possibly to the crisis in the U.S. Stock market in the field. The French landlady was very pleasant and spoke English. There were the loveliest gardens and the view of the sea magnificent.

[illegible] it 8 o'clock as we had a long day before us [illegible] a good road having it to ourselves when we crossed [illegible] Tunis. It was [illegible] and sunny but clouded over [illegible] 11 o'clock [illegible] A sun in all day [illegible] it [illegible] the [illegible] Tunis [illegible] is a pleasant and very comfortable and our chauffeur, Adolphe Poirier an au- [illegible] cork oak [illegible] off the tree it leaves the exposed part a smooth dark reddish brown. at first [illegible] we decided that as we couldn't see any paint splashed around on the rough part that it was the natural color of the tree. Les Oliviers where we stopped for lunch was high up on some hills covered with cork oak forests. It was a very attractive hotel in orange stucco (terrible color) resembling like a hunting lodge and the luncheon was delicious. We had a long drive during the afternoon to cover the rest of the distance to Tunis but broke the trip with a stop at Dougga to see the Roman ruins there. They are said to be the finest in No. Africa and are very interesting. They are on a rocky plateau in bleak rocky country and a few miles beyond the picturesque arab village of Teboursouk. There are some rugged arabs living in stone huts among the ruins somewhat resembling some of those of the Pueblo Indians. It was beginning to rain when we got there and we wandered through the ruins in a fine mist with gray clouds over all the bleak country around us. The most outstanding and most beautiful thing left is the facade with pediment and corinthian columns of a temple to Jupiter. Nearby are the foundations and mosaic floors of some private houses and the mosaics are in wonderful condition, some whole rooms missing a stone missing and the colors showed up beautifully being wet with the rain. Nearby was the amphitheatre, the stone seats cut and beyond among olive trees a triumphal arch and the ruins of an aqueduct. There were fragments of statues and columns all around but of course all of the best things are in the museum in Tunis. At the foot of the hill there is a Punic tomb which looked very fine but it began to pour then so we beat a hasty retreat to the car and had a long, wet drive to Tunis. It got dark long before we got there and as we were both tired to begin with, and hungry, and [illegible]

dress wonderfully well, making good speed even though it was wet and
slippery and got us to the Tunisia Palace Hotel by 7 o'clock. Had
dinner and went to bed early as we were to be able to make the most of our
day we day in T is to-morrow.

Wednesday January 30, Tunis.

Showery all day. We had breakfast about 9 and then
went to look to see about our boat tickets etc. I was feeling pretty tired
but we went at about 10 with our courier and drove which we were
invited to for each day so we had not planned to visit Tunis or
Carthage but the most exciting is changed to a day earlier. We drove first
through the city and the beautiful Belvedere Park, to a lovely terrace of
gay garden [illegible] from a mosque here. A set of [illegible] is the
park overlooking the sea. It is a most beautiful examples of moorish
work. Much tiling with little glass set at the openings
of the [illegible] and one can see through it. They say when the sun shines through
it is very effective. Too bad we had to see it in the pouring rain.
From there we drove to the entrance to the souks or bazaars in the
native quarter. In the square where we left the cars to go on foot through
the souk there were a lot of soldiers lined up, dark skinned negroes in large
red hats and white burnous and dark blue coats, a fine-looking lot of men. The
guide told us that the Bey had just arrived in his motor car and that
there was a guard of honor consisting of 600 negroes allowed him as his
body guard by the French government. In front of his palace was
[illegible] his carriage drawn by 6 large grey mules mounted with outriders
and with [illegible] and their rears. The Bey is a new ruler having
come into office about a year ago at the death of the former one. The
succession does not go to sons but to the oldest member of the
family, sometimes a cousin. This Bey is a man of 60 and at first he
had some trouble with the French government but now they are on
more friendly terms. We have been impressed all along with the
[illegible] in which the French [illegible] this country.
The natives are protected by the laws which [illegible] and
religious and the French do not interfere with this way of living. Excep-
tions for education where they can take advantage of it if they
want to and the manner of all industrial activities by the French provides
work for the natives. Thus the country is being developed and its
resources [illegible] by the natives. The work at
Tunis was very beautiful. Much the most interesting and attractive
we have seen. It is much cleaner too and the people both the
[illegible] and those living in town more prosperous and of a higher type
[illegible] Jews in the souks of Algiers and Bone. It was a

labyrinth of narrow streets paved with, covered over head in most places sometimes with a sort of lattice of beams with matting over them (it started soon after we arrived at the souk) but the first impression is purely one of a crowd of people in the brightly coloured dress of arabs, moors, jews etc. passing along the narrow streets lined with the little shops each one with its shopkeeper squatting among his wares. The different things sold each had its separate part of the souk, the metal workers, the leather things, the perfumers, the cotton and silks, the beggars the forges etc. In the forepart of the bazaars the little shops were full of men and boys working on the red eggs or figgas. The guide said it was done by women. The eggs were first dipped in white paint by the women, then dyed and fired until the work was all matted and smoked, then brushed for a long time with bunches of the tough plant. Bunches of this were lying around, while many were at their velvety best and many shops of the pitted kind is gone. Then the women blacks varnish was made and put on. It was all tremendously interesting and picturesque and I wish we could have stayed longer and seen more of it, but E. was getting tired and it was near lunch time. I got a brass box and I an ebony tray and some perfume and E. a cigarette box. While we were in a siren suddenly blew and lasted for several minutes, the guide said it was from the minaret of the mosque near by and was blown every day at noon and soon we saw the minaret. One of many we saw, here entering fingers of down the centre of the streets opposite each other, with a bunch of what looked like fish bones projecting in every direction on each side of it. After lunch we drove to the museum which is situated in a building of the palace, the part that was originally the grand vizier's palace. It is not a very old palace but some of the workmanship in the interior and ceilings in one of the rooms was very fine and the collection was exceedingly interesting. It included fragments and statues of Roman objects and architecture which had been dug up in the neighbourhood of Timgad, among them a Roman bust and a wonderful mosaic floor which promises to be a most beautiful floor when more of it is uncovered. There was also a very interesting collection of things belonging to a Greek vessel that was supposed to have been wrecked off the coast and had been sent for exhibition with a cargo of objets d'art which were being brought to Africa to be sold and was a part of some order. One headless and armless woman statue, known as "la Vénus de la Regia" is the best. It was beautiful in the lines of the figure and the flow of the draperies. From the museum collection there was a [illegible] of some of the stones and we bought a few pieces of ancient pottery, beautifully designed and carved and a long flat bowl. In the grounds of the museum are beautiful specimens of the native

work in [illegible] etc. and some of the [illegible] of a high class sort which have lots cases of costumes etc. It was a fine [illegible] and by him when he is in evidence but we went through the whole, and some of it and saw some fine pieces work all thing there. just as we were leaving an attendant told us guide that work had come to the palace of the King's son had been sentenced by him [illegible] months imprisonment there and that he would be arriving shortly. Of course any visit to see or visit any part of his prison but the guide said it might be for his political opinions. In affairs with women the TB had not approved of his relations [illegible] in his own household among his wives. There was a bit of expectancy immediately about the place and a few officers turned out [illegible] way when it again. Of course we wanted to [illegible] but did not like to be hanging about to stare at him when he came out in his car so we got into the car and waited for a while so that we could see him from there without his knowing it and finally he drove up in his motor with two men, an officer and an [illegible] got out. but the entrance to the palace. He was a tall [illegible] with a small face and was a dark eyed good looking man, [illegible] height of about 35 or 40. He turned and bowed in our direction before he went up the steps and again as he passed the entrance beside with the officer. It was all very exciting and I'd like to know what he was in [illegible] for. By this time it was getting late so we drove to the hotel for our bags etc. and got in touch the station for Palermo, the [illegible] of the Italian line. Said good-bye to our nice French chauffeur who drove us and our baggage to the dock. We sailed at 7 and dinner almost immediately. A very good table for a boat of this size, 5000 tons. The most interesting and amusing lot of passengers, a very different nationalities and types. Americans in the majority and a pretty [illegible] of 3 at our table. They had all been taking the Mediterranean cruise, Africa and Adriatic some of them had travelled together on others on across each other several times. It was surprising [illegible] about the galleries of [illegible], Italian, French etc. One woman was [illegible] in a middle western accent say "We have something [illegible] factories in our town too!" and it was as good as a play after dinner when they got together in the little saloon and swapped experiences and [illegible] photographs. One group of four nice-looking American girls [illegible] to be [illegible] Miss Fiddler had three girls like we were taking on a trip abroad. She engaged me and spoke to me, and they are going to the Hotel Igiea in Palermo where we are going as our mail probably [illegible]

Thursday. January 30.

I was waked early by our arrival at Trapani where we lay beside the dock, presumably loading or unloading for about 2 hrs. The authorities came on board and had to see all our passports and the fact that there was another Brown on the list mystified them and caused great excitement and gesticulation. The interest came to me in the dining-room and I said the gentleman wanted to see me & went forward to the 2nd class saloon where they were going over the passports & they displayed the usual curiosity and after a while let me & the other Brown on with great politeness. All the morning we went down the west of Sicily near enough to see the high cliffs and it was showery all day and the cloud effects beautiful. We got in about 1:30 but were a long time getting off the boat. They had 8 men working at it, looking up people in our party of the passengers & officials expected to arrive in Palermo and seeing that they were on a black list of those not allowed to enter and finding in Munro's pocket a letter from the superintendent about us in our passport. Consequently we were very careful not to let in people he doesn't want. At the hotel there were some letters to sign and fill out, passports to be shown etc. and they say that your passports are often demanded at any public museum or gallery. We finally got to the hotel which is a splendid and beautifully situated one looking the harbor with a lovely garden in front, tennis courts etc. close to the sea. Had tea as we had had lunch at 11:30 and took a taxi & drove around the town a little as it was getting too dark to get much idea of it but to see the gaying painted carts and ornamental harness on the mules and donkeys and the situation of the city is lovely with the hills rising all around it and the harbor in front. To bed in early as we were tired.

Friday. January 31. Palermo

Still showery but lovely and sunny when we got up. The guide and car came for us at 10 and after going to the garage to change to a better car as we are selecting now the one which we shall use on our drive to Castellamare, we drove up to San Reale. The old church and monastery on a hill back of the town. The Church [illegible] was built by William the second one of the Norman kings in the 12th century and is an extraordinary combination of the most marvellous mosaics, gold backgrounds with natural colored marbles and other stones. It is generally moorish or Byzantine in its arches over the nave, the columns of which are alternate white and dark lines of mosaics in geometric patterns and little arches with windows in them all above the arches up to the gold and many colored [illegible]

which is now made modern having been restored are friezes in mosaic with scenes from the bible. The choir and whole upper part of the church are covered in this way and the columns, altar rail, floor etc. have the mosaic in delicate patterns of black, gold, dull red and green on the gray stone ground. The whole effect is beautiful in the extreme and I suppose one of the finest existing examples of work in mosaic. The royal chapel in the palace which we saw later is a still more beautiful example. St Luis was completely covered with its mosaics and the deep blues of lapis lazulis are used with the gold with effect. In proportion to its size it is very plain and ~~severely~~ severely beautiful. ~~It was~~ The original church is said to be the most beautiful palace chapel in the world. It was built before 1132 by Roger II in Arabic-Norman style and the roof is very elaborate, also the whole interior is effective. A beautiful gilded iron door, very, like lace in iron, leads to the ~~ra~~ nave and the only jarring note in the whole place is the hard old wooden pulpit of the ~~middle~~ ages on a pillar set in the middle of the nave. The ~~altar~~ rail of this chapel separates the choir and altar. The pulpit, organ loft and all are beautifully decorated and the wooden ceiling is so rich that one realized the years that had passed & were those days used so unsparingly & seldom. After we saw the interior of the church it was cool to sit out in the garden beyond the cloisters from which you get a lovely view of Palermo and the surrounding country and the sea. The cloisters were very beautiful, made with grouped pararesic arches and the columns in pairs supporting them were beautifully carved & decorated with mosaics in twisted lines & geometric figures, one of wine. In the patio was the usual garden with cactus, palms, roses and other flowers and the old norman square ~~was~~ in the corner, added to the picturesque effect. The church is built of the orange stone much here and is mellow and warm in effect and very beautiful and ~~resembling~~ resembling it. In the adjoining buildings and leading off a corridor we passed through to get to the garden were extensive rooms filled with ~~boys~~ boys and there also is a girls boarding school here. Education is not compulsory in Italy but ~~some~~ some is trying to make it so and is beginning by not granting a license as guide to a man unless his children are attending school. When we left monreale we drove to the Royal palace and went through the rooms of state used by the royal family whenever they were to Palermo which is not often and ~~some~~ some were very fine. I remember the big cane ~~sofa~~ & spears sofa and a few brocades & ~~velvets~~ velvets and marble topped tables

stood around the walls but for the most part the big rooms were empty and the only things to see were the wall paintings and decorations the huge Mandelaia with hundreds of warriors and the large and symmetrical blocks in the marble floor and glided ceilings. It reminded me a good deal of the palace in Madrid though of course not so large and with the bare floors quite empty and deserted looking. The oldest part of the palace the Moorish tower was the most interesting except of course the chapel which I wrote about above. When we left the palace it was almost lunch time so we went back to the hotel and had lunch intending to go out again with the guide at 2.30. E. was too tired to go however so we lay down and Wise and I went with the guide to the museum. It was quite interesting, mostly Roman and Phoenician remains dug up in Selinunte and Segesta and other places. It general was the afternoon and all we did after we left the museum was to go to bed. Here I got a letter from Bonny (had one from Nina yesterday) none from Mamma yet, to the museum of modern art and to bed up on divan for E. for the garden at Boboli. The modern art gallery was quite interesting, very little modernism, I like Simoni's sculpture better than painting especially the one of Garibaldi a lovely statue of the Virgin and a huge group known as of the terrible slaughter of a regiment of 500 Roman troops in Abyssinia about 1882. The paintings were mostly large historical scenes or story telling canvases, well painted in an illustrative way such like the ones we saw in the modern art gallery in Madrid. There was one Sorolla, quite a nice one of a young girl, and a very portrait Watts of Rossini in charcoal and white chalk. When we left the museum we went to get E. to drive you. The guide took us to a shop down the harbor front where they sell the kind of cakes that they were eating and when we described what we wanted they said they were not using that kind now but they gave us the address of a man who had one for sale, so on the way back to the hotel we stopped at his shop, and bought a pot of it and when they rolled pate and back in the little half kilo jars. Pate was a large fat man with two children. We bargained with the guide with the proprietor and old man in black cape and hat & felt hat who was sitting and sat in his little office all the time and helped us. Back outside. We passed a surprisingly low figure because being blind, the guide told us he couldn't see that we were foreigners. Anyway we felt it most unusual to have it pointed out and taken to look at to be stopped. The name on it was from the 17th century and when Wise wanted to buy E. to see it

to-morrow and not decide until then. The old man said that there were some other people interested and it might be gone by to-morrow. Whereat Wise had the guide tell him that if it had been here since the 17th century he guessed it would be here to-morrow. The old man laughed at that and his skin was drawn like parchment over his cheek bones and said that anyway he had had it here himself for 45 years. He was a fine old type and I would like to have painted him. Back to the hotel for tea, a bath, dinner and wrote a long letter to Mama in the evening.

Saturday, February 1-

Still rainy in fact worse to-day as the sun didn't come out all day long and it rained most of the time. After a rather late and leisurely breakfast we went to the cathedral. Was not tremendously impressed with it except with the signs of age. The interior is cold, gray stone and the various regals are not particularly beautiful. The tombs, big porphyry tombs of Frederick II, his wife Constance and Roger I were interesting and some of the jewelled crowns, monstrances, etc. in the reliquary were very fine. Among them Queen Constance's crown. Afterwards we walked to the church of San Giovanni dei Eremiti beyond the square where the palace is and that was very beautiful especially the little cloister and the garden with its pots standing over ancient passages. Roman and Arabian and moorish work. The church is small, the oldest existing example of Norman architecture, built on to what was a moorish mosque. Nothing is left of the interior except some fine Byzantine pavements in the nave, just the bare earth for the floor and the walls and ceiling with its moorish arches and domes. The cloisters are lovely, small columns in pairs, some of them twisted, some from the 12th century and the whole place overgrown with roses, vines, cactus and other plants. Through the arches you get glimpses of the old Arab town of narrow streets, high houses, many of them with gardens on the roofs, and over everything goes down right to the sea. It is all crumbling and old and a mass of arches, some of them the moorish ones on a lower level now. Not the cloister and gardens of course, they have evidently been kept for the gaping tourists to walk through from the garden gates. They have a real old gateway at the entrance and a ruined arch and tower above it, so always as we can never tell what they will be ordered for. When we left San Giovanni we just passed one of the funny little carriages and drove to Cook's where we got a taxi and got back to the hotel quite late for lunch. On the way to the dining room we met Caroline McFadden and her mother who had arrived from Syracuse last night. Mrs. had had a fall on the ice and had broken a rib. She was upset about it and her leg and about everything. She didn't quite get over it on the way

introduced but said "you look like Mrs. Wise Wood" and it turned out that she is a cousin of E.'s who she hasn't seen for years but used to play with a great deal. They told us about a marionette show in the afternoon and we decided to go to it after we had been to the water front where E. wanted to get some photos of the fishing boats. So after lunch we got a taxi and though it was raining drove down to the harbor front and E. took some photos of the fishing vessels with their one big sail, lateen rigged, and the boats roomy and high sided and painted in bright colors. It is too bad that the sun wasn't out as we would have gotten some awfully picturesque subjects. After that we drove to a shop in the Via Maqueda and Wise got some wooden socks and some gloves. Then to the marionette show which was down a little side street, the Via Divisi off the Via Roma. The theatre was very small and the audience composed almost entirely of children who were evidently thrilled in anticipation of the show. The walls were covered with crude paintings in bright colors of scenes from Saracen and Norman love affairs from the plots of the plays. As soon as we were seated on the rough wooden benches they supplied, bought, I found newspaper clippings from the London Daily Mail and the Christian Science monitor, articles about the Italian marionettes and their tradition and about this particular troupe which is made and acted by three Greek brothers who travel all over Italy & Sicily with their puppets and who are descendants of a certain Gaetano Greco who was a famous puppeteer and wrote the plays which are all founded on ancient stories of Saracenic & Norman times in Sicily. The exploits of Roland etc. The show began with a clown puppet who made some kind of announcement and then danced in wonderful style and going to music of a piano which [illegible] like a honky-tonky. The children were delighted and kept standing up in their seats so that we could hardly see. We stayed through the first play in 3 or 4 acts. A valiant knight in armor who had a terrific fight with another knight over a fair maiden and cut his head off neatly, then another man with may have been the hero was murdered in his bed and there were dragons etc. and lots of fights of knights in armor. They were very well handled more skillfully than I may say of music, though not much so. We left after the first place as it was so crowded and when I left my seat to see if I could see better standing up at the back some horrid German women tried to shove E. over and climb over her and it made her mad and she refused to move and I don't blame her. Back to the hotel for tea and dinner. Sat with Mrs. McFadden who was at dinner in spite of her broken ribs and a party of 4 English people. We got talking about Bobby Jones and Wise went and got my albums to show them. Mrs. McF. [illegible] but the others were playing bridge by that time and looked at one or two of the pictures my. To bed early as we had to get up for our [illegible] to-morrow.

Sunday. Feb. 2.

The guide and the car came for us at 10.30. Still showery. We drove to Segesta taking the road along the coast. Everywhere vineyards and olive orchards and almond trees in blossom and wild flowers beside the road. Of course there[illegible] was at this season not only rows of ~~[illegible]~~ gnarled and twisted stumps with bamboo sticks at each one, but every inch of the hillsides is covered with them and it must be lovely later on. We had several showers, of one of them a hail storm and got some beautiful cloud effects with the mountains and sea. Sicily is certainly a mass of mountains. We passed through several small villages and what few people there were in the streets miserable and cold in the rain and looking quite Spanish with their plaid shawls. Finally way off in a lonely mountainous region the road rounded a curve and we suddenly saw the temple of Segesta set in an amphitheatre of hills. At that distance the temple looked almost complete and very lovely. When we finally got there we stopped at the little rest house at the foot of the plateau where the temple is and ate our lunch in the car. Then we went up to the temple and though there was a cold wind blowing the sun came out so we could stay around quite a while exploring its construction etc. Of course the roof is all gone and the floor inside filled up with grass grown earth and the columns and pediment crumbling but it has stood wonderfully considering that it was built in 5th[illegible] B.C. and probably this is due to the fact that it is built in solid rock. There is a deep ravine beyond it with a little river at the bottom and the green covered hills with their terraces stepping up [illegible] behind that. In front of the temple the country falls away in rolling hills giving a most lovely view of the surrounding country. The columns [illegible] are not fluted so that the theory is that the temple was never finished. The main part of the town covered a hill to the S.E. and we went up that hill on donkeys (I had a small horse named Antonia) to see the ruins of the Greek theatre. It was some climbing up the steep winding path and a most marvellous view of the surrounding country. The theatre was very interesting and beautifully located in a natural curve of the hills with the seat looking beyond the stage for a most beautiful view of mountains with a glimpse of the sea. It began to rain again and we saw thick gray clouds coming so rode down again but got caught in quite a driving rain on the way down. It was not too cold and was rather fun and my little horse picked his way down very carefully. The drive from Segesta to Castelvetrano was through another [illegible] kind of country, rolling hills, which I guess is characteristic of all Sicily and we passed some very picturesque hill towns. Castelvetrano was quite a place. [illegible] going in any direction leading [illegible] frequent squares where there usually was a Spanish church. The hotel was a modern building, originally a private house, on a rather narrow street. [illegible] and arranged with the owner to have him

run it as a hotel in order to provide a stopping place for the night for visitors to Segesta and Selinunte, which we shall go on to-morrow. We were the only guests in the hotel at present and there was a great rushing around to get us settled, bring us tea etc. The little Italian chambermaid took charge of us and was awfully nice, bringing pitchers of hot water for the wash stands in our rooms. There was no bath tub only a toilet for general use and the place was cold, narrow stairways etc. but everything was clean and perfectly possible for one night. When we had tea we went out and walked around a little. Our guide joined us. In front of the hotel a number of boys had collected, some waiting for the escorts to appear (a brilliant fiasco from the tourist-traffic standpoint) and some for more attraction we could not make out. Not at first in a dark doorway down on the road. When we got there and could see more. The crowd was evidently expected to make an opening through which we could see what was in the dim light boys dancing in couples to the music of a guitar played within. The man running the place stood in the middle to direct traffic. A circle was cleared and the boys danced round with little quick neat steps in perfect time, two steps and one step in the modern step dance. The guide said they paid 30 centesimi an hour (about 2 cts.) and they seemed to be enjoying it hugely and kept it up until 10 o'clock that night. He said, in a reversal of the Moorish attitude, the women came out of the houses very seldom and never alone, that they only danced in private parties with members of their families and that before the war he could not so much as look at a woman who was with a man at all or he would have had to fight a duel with the man. Next door to the place where the dancing was was a doorway with boys' names written on it and the legend "after work." Painted above it over the facetti arms and in other parts of the town were seen "Balilla", "after school." The guide told us they were boys' clubs, a Fascist idea, encouraged by Mussolini, in fact obligatory, and this was one. The hotel was a little theatre for the production of plays written and acted by students, a sort of amateur dramatic club. I suppose to bring out and encourage any literary or dramatic talent. Castelvetrano is evidently quite a prosperous town judging by the shops which looked quite modern, and it is the seat of an old aristocratic family who owned the vineyards around it. After a very good dinner at the hotel we turned in early to keep warm. Our little chambermaid had put hot water bottles (mineral water bottles) in our beds which saved the day or rather the night, though I could not sleep much because it was getting noisy in the street below and the roosters started crowing, one very close, at 12 o'clock and kept it up until the church bells began for early mass.

Sunday, Feb. 3.

A foggy morning, but clears up again during the day. However we are up early and have a run before breakfast. We set out

right after breakfast to drive to the ~~summit~~ to see the Greek ruins of Selinunte. The road runs straight through, mostly cultivated, flanked with broads and vineyards and fields of yellow and white wild flowers, a kind of daisy and mustard, with occasional umbrella pines, grim sentinels in the hedgerows and groups of olive and ~~silvery~~ pear trees. Below it lies the sea, ~~silvery~~ bright, misty and blue. On a rocky promontory above the sea at the mouth of a river and with low marshes on the other, are the ruins of the temples of Selinunte. The town itself was behind it and on either side beyond the ravine that is left of another gulley of temples. These ruins are now in a large grassy enclosure of broken columns, fragments of pediments, huge blocks etc. ~~scattered~~ for a space, not yet excavated, ~~of~~ about ~~a~~ 1 x 1/2 miles, ~~covered~~ with this was set up a few years ago in the acropolis in an attempt to restore something of the ancient buildings which stood there. The belief is that these ruins of the city which was destroyed in 409 B.C. and has not been occupied since except by wandering tribes were shattered by an earthquake and ~~the~~ the huge ~~stones~~ ~~were~~ ~~piled~~ ~~in~~ ~~confusion~~ ~~as~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~now~~ certainly looks so. The huge drums of stone which were cut in the quarries a few miles away at Campobello lie toppled over on their sides, roughly in line and it is believed that these groups of temples on the E. hill were in course of being built when the town was attacked originally by the Carthaginian general Hannibal Gisgon, allied with Segesta, Selinunte's rival, in 415 B.C. 16,000 resistors were put to the sword and 5000 carried off to Africa as captives. The remainder, only 2,600, escaped to another Greek town Acragas. The Greeks tried to build it up again and founded another colony here in 407 B.C. but it was conquered and was destroyed in the 1st. Punic war in 409 B.C. Since then it has not been lived in except by stray ~~wild~~ settlers who built rude huts etc. in the ruins and the Moors did take to it as a stronghold to withstand the attacks of the Norman kings. They don't know when the earthquake took down what was left of it so that there is very few of the ~~complete~~ ~~ruins~~ etc. to ~~show~~ ~~anywhere~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~world~~ leave outside of the whole world which they show the greatest ancient temples in Europe. We went first to the acropolis and wandered around among the jumbled mass of green and rose colored tufa stone which was set off beautifully by the silver gray green clumps of wild fennel with yellow ~~flowers~~ ~~through~~ the ruins trying to find out what part of the city the temples etc. We could see the worn grooving stones where chariot wheels had passed through ~~the~~ gateways in the walls ~~and~~ ~~which~~ in the sides where the gate ~~of~~ the town ~~was~~ ~~evidently~~ was. We saw a ~~the~~ ~~entire~~ field with the ~~ground~~ ground covered with weeds in bloom in high dense undulating ~~waves~~ ~~wonderful~~ material to be excavated some day. The guide said the ~~work~~ work was to be known over from Africa, but we thought it more likely that it had been done by ~~the~~ ~~Italian~~ ~~government~~ the Italian government. On the beach below were flowers of

Sleep in the ruins with picturesque ragged boys as shepherds and we of us would as a handful less of cash as we had found. E.A. The guide were ahead at the time just going into the house of the consierge to see the little model of the town as they suppose it was, and the town came up to us with the coins to sell them. He quickly went behind a wall in terror though when the consierge looked back to see if we were coming and asked us not to tell that we had bought them. We paid him 10 lire, (50 cts.) for 3 or 4 of them and of course do not know whether any of any value historically or not but we have one we got from a shepherd at Segesta and one a Roman coin from the ruins at Syracuse and it will be interesting to show them to someone who knows something about the subject. We didn't get out of the car to see the ruins of the two temples on the other hill because we really cared see all there was to see, as being apart archaeologists, from the rest. In the fields there were two huge drums of wire evidently left there on the way from the quarry to the temples when the city was attacked. We wanted to go to the quarry but as the time was not left did not continue and so drove back to Castelvetrano to this hotel for lunch and left it here for the drive back to Palermo. Part of the way back was on the same road as we had over at night of the temple and Segesta as we passed. at Partinico we took a different road, inland through the mountains, instead of along the coast and down through some of the most marvellous mountain scenery I have ever seen. The road wound high up on the mountain sides which sheer down hundreds and hundreds of feet in places the walls were broken down. We went through the most fascinating little hill town, montelepre, with crooked, narrow streets on steep hill everything except the floor of the houses which must have been cut out of the solid rock was on a steep slant. Soon we saw Palermo and the valley behind spread out beneath us and came down the most breath taking road I have ever been on, most steep grades and hair pin turns, we were quite thankful when we got down safely though the view was marvellous. Our late evening at the Villa Igiea. Saw Caroline M. Taddeo and she said her mother was not as uncomfortable, was in bed and was going to have an X ray taken tomorrow morning. She is to leave with the girls she is chaperoning for Taormina on Thursday and I would be very sorry about leaving her mother alone if I could get a nurse for her etc.

Tuesday, Feb. 4.

We got up while it was still dark, left the hotel at 7.00 for the 8.15 train for Trapani. We had to change at Marsala which we reached about 2 o'clock. It had a important & marvellous journey, The railroad runs right along the sea most of the way, sometimes through little tunnels, miles and miles of

and olive orchards and vineyards. Took our lunch with us from the hotel. Reached Taormina about 3.30 and drove up in the hotel bus which climbed higher & higher up a steep road from the sea. Marvellous views. Etna, snow capped with a few clouds at the summit but no smoke that I could see. Mt. Taormina is also very beautifully situated and so picturesque. After tea and getting unpacked a little we went for a stroll along the principal street where all the fascinating shops are and from which lead picturesque alleys up and down the hill. We used to [illegible] and found that it is immediately [illegible] by each American who comes. We walked along to the plaza at the end where you get a wonderful view of Etna and watched the sunset for a while, then back to the hotel for dinner. A woman came up and spoke to us after dinner. Said she was in the [illegible] war, a nurse. Lives from Dallas, Texas, has one daughter. Wanted to know how we liked the trip etc. Very pleasant and intelligent. Told us some of the things we ought to see here. We know we are going to love it and are so glad we are to be here for a week. A wonderful place to rest in. Lots of English & Americans but always get talking, strolling around and the attempt at boxing in the room in the garden. Sun rises at the hotel, our [illegible] is on the [illegible] side, a suite with sitting room, 2 bedrooms and 2 baths, with a balcony and little garden of our own. Looking out over the sea. Do wish Jim could get over here and back to Taormina with us from Rome but may get over.

Wednesday, Feb. 5.

We got up rather late and stopped in our room for a while writing letters and journals. It was cloudy but the sun came out about eleven. Much warmer than the other side of the island. We went out for a walk, stopped and bought some leather things and an embroidered blouse, then up to the ruins of the Greek theatre on the top of a hill looking northwards. Such a beautiful location and marvellous views. Several people up there, strolling about and sitting in the sun. Two artists sketching. Intend to paint to-morrow if the sun is out. The theatre was built by the Romans, in red brick. Some of the columns have been set up. The [illegible] have been all re-moved and the whole interior is grass and full of wild flowers. It has been pretty much stolen to piece for building stone at various periods and some stone has come to the modern [illegible]. Back for tea and after lunch we rode in donkeys up to Castelmola, a tiny town perched on the top of a craggy mountain behind Taormina. It was a terrific climb and I didn't feel very secure as my saddle was awful. I

wanted to ride astride and ordered a mule saddle but they sent the other and it was awfully uncomfortable. It is funny arrangement of two pommels on either side so that the right hand one didn't do any good except for something to get hold of. O us donkeys were E.'s Violetta, mine Georgina and W.'s Gabriella and their drivers were very amusing. E.'s kept up a steady stream of Italian with Lucy and she got a lot of practice and as we went up the steep zigzag path to the accompaniment of cracks of the whip on the donkey's backs and cries of "Ai, Giorgina!", "Avanti Violetta!" I have would have been a most wonderful view from the top but unfortunately a fog had come in brought by the sirocco from Africa and we couldn't see three at all. The coming up and below us were the jagged peaks of other hills one of them crowned by Castel Lucania, the old fortification of Lucania. We were half way up. It is over 1200 feet above the sea. The town itself is a depressing little place as was almost the case in the Calabrian towns, little stone houses with rotten wooden doors, looking as dirty and tumble about and all dirty and neglected. Most of the inhabitants were out and kept very much on the qui vive where we dismounted, sitting on the stone seat built around the parapet at the edge and playing tenpins with some old worn wooden pins and a big stone to throw at them. We walked up to the town, took a few photographs and then came down by a better road with a few goodness. An automobile road they are working on which will make the ascent possible in a very short time but which naturally the donkey drivers look upon with disfavor. It is quite a matter to go "giu" on a donkey and say "ho" and "hola mula". We arrived at the hotel just after eight and had tea and went to bed quite early.

Thursday, February 6.

A lovely sunny morning. I went out watching right after breakfast in a little square called the Piazza San Carmine because of the little church of San Carmine there. I painted the facade of the church, cream yellow with a red brown door and some clothes hung up to dry along the front of the church and spread on the steps (white and a vermilion shirt) and I got in a little boy who came and sat on the steps and worked on some chairs he was repairing. I had quite a peaceful time and got a fairly good sketch. About 6 or 8 children who lived in the square were my audience but they were very good and a little ten year old girl in particular was a great help, holding my canvas in the wind but blew over when a breeze came up. Back to the hotel about 12 washed brushes etc. and E. & W. came in from the garden where they had been sitting all the morning in the sun and we had lemons and then motored in an automobile and drove down to Scala Fenicia, a pretty little island. Just like in the little boys books. Two rocks with a few trees on one of the rocks, brown-boarded row boats tied and were moved

out to the grottoes which are under the rocky headland of San Andrea. The water was a wonderful blue, almost as if it had bluing in it, though they say not as blue as Capri and the grottoes were quite impressive. The rock overhead and all around was honeycombed and where the sea washed against it was rough with coral formation which just under the surface of the water showed in patches of bright orange. The boys in the boats were selling bits of this coral broken off by them and we just were just for a minute. The road goes on the other side of the cape a bit as large. Back in the boats there were small fishing boats drawn up, in one or two we saw owners who go out and fish at night with flares and sleep in their boats during the day time. The boats are brightly painted and are quite colored almost like a Sicilian cart. After that we got into the car again and drove along the coast and then turned to a village perched high on a hill. It was a heavy pull and we were afraid of the clutch and several times from the village as we lost confidence in our chauffeur as we didn't stop to see the church but came on home. Had tea etc. The Bartolis tried hypnotism on Peppino and there was some native dancing after dinner in the hotel. Sicilian boys, sunny, lively and quick little chaps.

Friday 6. February 7.

I rang again and I got up quite early and made a sketch of Etna with a big cactus in the foreground from the terrace in front of the Excelsior Hotel. Had a lovely peaceful time as before, but and me and through the clouds and cloud shadows were changing all the while I got quite a nice sk. It was fun and I want to try some more heads upon painting now. Back to breakfast found a big bunch of mail. The first I saw had from Gemma who also forwarded a lot of bills, circulars, invitations etc. and a letter from Nina. After breakfast we took a car and went to the lava beds left by the eruption of 1892. They were most impressive and interesting. From a distance you could see the lava coming down the mountain side like a black snake as looking like a hermit crab and when we got to it we drove right up into it on good roads that they have made ~~Sicily is still coming in places~~ and stopped and got out of the automobile in the midst of it saw a little stand at a man had set up there to sell picture post cards of it. It is still moving in places and is warm when you pick up a little piece of it. It was a most impressive scene of desolation with the black stuff piled in hills and rolling with waves full up here and there on the hills, probably where a house was or the chimney like the man told us was right under where we were standing. The whole town of Bronte and Adrano and Belpasso, Nicolosi, Catania, covered and all. The great mass was called Monte Capitano and all is property. We rode the lava around slowly, about a mile in

24 hours but that it was so hot Pringle couldn't get near to get out their [illegible] and belongings. They brought out the saints and relics from the church and set them up with tapers around them and prayed but could not stop it through the little church on the edge of the town having been partially opened was now being re-built in splendid by a man who said "If you no turn any bricks I make you the poor." There was a crowd of children trying to sell us pieces of lava and an old woman beggar who were all quite a nuisance and it began to rain so we went along. It was tremendously interesting stuff and I would like to have stayed longer and have taken more photographs of it. Back for tea and then E. & I went out shopping while Wise had his hair cut. The shops here are mighty fascinating. Both sides of the little "main street" are lined with them full of Italian embroideries, jewellery, pottery, etc. There is an awfully nice English establishment for the native embroideries - Mrs. Hicks - where we got some nice Roman striped silk handkerchiefs to wear as headdresses next summer. Back to the hotel into our rooms by Wise's French windows through some pretty gardens they are making at one end of the hotel. Dressed Wise on the lawn, had dinner quite late and went to bed not long after ten. The [illegible] are now being served from troughs. Wise sent a telegram to-day telling Miss Fraser to notify Stanley that Ada Daly is not to be in Worcester at present - we prefer Bristol to it. Wise had to [illegible] train coming down from Paris so that he had decided that as there had been practically no visitors coming in since the Wall street smash he expected a bad year in [illegible] and did not feel he ought to take on the expense of Miss Daly next summer. For the present the company is all right with orders enough to [illegible] to keep them busy for a year but it is often not till he gets back to a quiet time and in order to carry on the expenses he may have to [illegible] his capital into the business.

Saturday. Feb. 8.

A lovely sunny day. I felt rather tired but went out and sketched all the morning in the square in front of the "cathedral" on the fountain, looking up some steps that are very picturesque. It is a subject that needs more figures going up the steps and I took me or two goes at it and will try and put some figures in from them later. am not crazy about the composition anyway. The Bartows stopped for a minute on their way to see the lava fields and E. & Wise called on me in their strolling about town. Back to the hotel for lunch and after lunch showed my sketches to the Bartows who are leaving tonight for Rome. They liked the first two best. Then we went on donkeys up to Castel Taormina which is the ancient fortress high on one of the craggy peaks above the town. I rode astride this time and liked it much better. E. had Victoria again and loved her more and more. She is a

nice donkey and such the last we've had. Nice, Mariano, had to be shocked on the hind quarters every step of the way to keep him going at all, — the driver explained she was not used to carry my weight. It was good fun and a beautiful afternoon and we stayed quite a while up in the ruins from which you get a marvellous panoramic view in all directions. It was built by the Normans and Saracens and they used a lot of the Roman and Greek bricks from the ruins of the amphitheatre and other buildings I suppose. There is nothing there now but the walls with holes for leaping over and passageways and steps leading up or down. Look at towers etc. and the old cistern from which they got their water supply. Still with water in it. You see specimens here of all through design of the hand-hewn bricks, with the workmen's thumb print on the bricks found in various countries and it is very interesting. The Greek, Arab and Spanish have left the clearest marks architecturally and the people we see by birth that prove all types, light eyes and dark skin, golden hair and white skin, (the dusky driver's little boy, 7 yrs. old, who walked behind Mrs Dudley pulling him back by the tail to keep him from getting too interested in our talk, always had red cheeks and bright eyes and a little dirt will in fact show very dark since it looks like soot.) this gives it a rich warm coloring) when we got back from our ride we had tea & c. and I wrote and did some struggling with the water letters. I got an embroidered linen dress for today at Siracusa; 3 metres for 3 dollars. Isn't that a wonderful bargain. (It is a beautiful piece of work for the women of Sicily in reviving what was becoming a lost art. She got samples of the old pieces and worked for years training the women and now she has about 400 women and girls reviving, mostly in their homes. and the industry is so revived that all along "main street" as we call it here, are the little shops selling beautiful embroideries usually with one or two women inside busily sewing and even in the little villages you see the women sitting in the doorways with their embroidery. She said the girls were lazy at first and used to run away when they were supposed to work but now there was much more begging. Of course the tourist supports I surmise though there are vineyards and almond orchards all around but it has been a hard winter for working and there are so many little shops and so many hotels.

That the Sicilians want and make a lot of out of the tourist trade. The Mc. Faddens pretty turned up at dinner time. Mrs. MacF. is better and came on by train. We have sat on them to talk to you as we went to our room after dinner and read a book on Sicily by Marion Crawford about.

Sunday. Feb. 9 *

A very peaceful, restful day. We had a late breakfast and as it was cloudy the early part of the morning we wrote letters. Then went out about 11 and strolled about town, stopping in a few shops for

post cards etc. (most of the shops are open Sunday morning apparently) then wandered down to the Giardino Publico which is a perfectly fascinating place. Like everything else in Taormina, except "main street" which runs horizontally along the side of the hill. The gardens are on the steep slope and terraced with wonderful views of the sea and Etna. They were originally the private grounds left by her to the city of an Englishwoman who lived here for years and devoted her time and money to making these gardens, setting up in them ruined arches, architectural fragments of all kinds overgrown with ivy and glossy myrtles etc. trees vines and look outs with seats etc., towers with arches, fountains, stone steps etc. with cypresses, palms, trees and flowers of every description in beds and growing in huge jars on walls and terraces. It is lovely and we wandered around for quite a while. The sun came out and C. got some nice pictures. The air was sweet with violets and almond blossom which are all in bloom now, and the birds were singing, and it was really lovely. Back to the hotel for lunch and after lunch tried reading and writing in the hotel garden which are also lovely but it was too cold and windy, the sun having gone over, so we went to our sitting-room, very comfortable with good steam heat, and wrote letters and rested for while about 5.30 when we went to see the dancing and have tea in the hotel lobby. Sunday afternoon the people of the hotels come from all around come to the hotel for tea dances and it was quite amusing. They did not strike me as very high class looking people, most of them I should say from the sixth floor where we have lived here has not turned out the highest type of Italian. It is in some ways part of the evening as the hotel was old, a high ceiling room up from the water. We must be back early in April and we were going over our schedule and deciding what we would do. We leave here to-morrow night for Naples. Have loved Taormina and am sorry to leave it. Would like to do some sketching but did not do much. Time passed away.

Monday, Feb. 10.

Cloudy and a cold wind and I didn't feel very well having been a bit upset in my digestion the last few days. I think it's the food or some water I have been eating after dinner. We strolled out mooching occasionally in shops up to the Greek theatre and went all over it more thoroughly into the guardian of the little museum and saw the little collection of archaeological specimens and curios there. Back to lunch and after I was settled in my room for a little nap, I got a chance to write to Mrs. F. etc. I must do it if the sun came out but he didn't want to stand in the cold wind. I really gave it up. I walked to some ancient ruins against the coast line a little distance. They are lovely now and I'm so sorry I wouldn't do it. About 4 we went out again for a walk, you never get tired of wandering along the fascinating little lanes Victoria Emanuele is main street, and ended up at the Public Gardens where Miss Clarke, Miss Wood & Mrs Hoskins joined us and

Carmelite convent and has fixed it up most artistically with antique furniture, carvings, ecclesiastical paintings etc. He keeps open house and Mrs. Lingo the woman from Texas, told us about him. He was very cardinal and since and turned out to be a distant cousin of Wiss's, his family being born of Dragon stock and from the same part of the country, Tuscany, where Wiss's future's family came from. I must see a family likeness too. He is not much of a painter, an old-fashioned water colourist - and speaks with an English accent. Quite a lot of people of different nationalities, English, Italian & American came in while we were there and we had tea at a long refectory table. It was all very friendly. Two English girls who sat near us had flown across from Tunis to Palermo in two hours, a regular line and that is the going every day from Palermo to Naples in 2 hrs. and a half. They said it was wonderful except that it made them feel sea-sick or I suppose you would say air-sick. Back to the hotel by car and we left Taormina very regretfully by the 9.57 for Naples. It is a lovely place and I want to come again and do a lot of painting. A few weeks later when the weather is warm. It would be heavenly. E. & S had a compartment together and were very comfortably fixed. So much better than our sleeping car arrangements.

Tuesday, Feb. 11. Naples.

Pouring rain as we came up the Italian coast so that my first view of Naples when we got there a little after 10 was in the rain. However it is probably a good day to-morrow. We spent the rest of the morning getting unpacked and settled in our very pleasant and comfortable suite in the Grand Hotel right on the marina looking across the bay to Vesuvius which we only caught a glimpse of as we passed it in the train as the clouds were too thick all the afternoon. After lunch we took a taxi to the museum and had a most interesting time, with a guide, seeing the statuary excavated from Pompeii and other places. I found a lot of my old friends that I want to draw from again and again at the Art School. The old Silenus, the Narcissus, Bacchus and others. I was realized before that they were found at Pompeii. Just thought the Romans bought them over from Greece and didn't know the casts we worked from were the actual size of the originals. All the writing would have said it so much more literally if I had been told. Some very fine portrait busts, Negro, Caucasian, and many others. A head of Socrates and they are finding new things every day at Herculaneum. When we left the museum which we had to do at five it was closing we walked round a little way to get some air-mail stamps to get some ear-rings for me which Wiss is going to give me. I didn't find any that are just what I want. The city is fascinating. Some buildings are more modern than I expected but still picturesque and interesting. Came back to the Excelsior Hotel for tea. Unfortunately it rained

as well as ours. Home for a rest and to dress for dinner and stayed downstairs listening to the music which was very nice. Mostly Puccini played with a great deal of feeling. Our trunks have come and I had a little from Norma and one from Jim. He + B. are going on a trip to Jamaica sailing Feb. 12. Mamma rested well, written Jan. 24 but not heard from me yet of course. Said he had nothing in the Art Club Mon. I gave Mr + Mrs B nine instructions to send the Old T.A. and La Sevillana. The notice came of La Sevillana's regulation but no mention of the other pictures so I'm afraid Mr + Mrs B may have forgotten to send it.

Wednesday. Feb. 12.

A lovely, sunny morning, but cool. The first thing I saw when I opened my shutters was Vesuvius across the bay with the sun on it, a column of smoke and steam and the old castle-fort of S. an Elmo at the entrance to the harbor silhouetted against the blueness of the skies. It was lovely. We had a very nice, tranquil breakfast in our sunny sitting-room and about 10 took an automobile to drive out to Pompeii. A fine new straight road has been built by private enterprise, toll collected at each end (I would like the guide book) which makes the trip from Naples to Pompeii possible in half an hour instead of 2 hrs. We had fine views of the volcano all the way out and took several photos. At the entrance to the excavations, we got a guide (one that was not much good as it turned out) and spent about 2 hrs. wandering through the ruins, through the streets with their huge rough paving stones, worn in deep ruts by the chariot wheels and with their big blocks of stepping stones for crossing the street at intervals. We saw the theatre (one first big excavated) and a very fine private dwelling with central court with statues and well painting in the various rooms leading off it, most of these things found are in the museum at Naples or at Pompeii and so there about all there is in the city itself is the walls of the houses with one or two fine mosaic fountains in the gardens, a few broken pieces of statuary around, the vat for the wine, some oil and stone mortars etc. for grinding corn. all very interesting and it is a much bigger city than I realized and there is still a lot unexcavated. It was buried in ashes and the people killed by the heat and fumes in 79 A.D. after having been terribly destroyed in 63 A.D. by an earthquake and rebuilt by the Romans. The amphitheatre came first. It is now silent and the active cone is right beside it. It was quiet to-day too with big clouds of smoke belching forth and going toward the sea. I was in the direction of the boys so that we went through the smoke for quite a distance. It looked like the atmosphere when there are very bad forest fires at home, the sunlight was obscured and we could smell the fumes, sulphur not metal. The guide who we had at Pompeii was no good but read me bits that were worth while. He said that with eruptions of lava the people could escape but the buildings were destroyed, whereas with ashes the people were killed but the houses were

not so much dust. In the museum, which we visited before we went to the hotel across the road from the excavations for lunch, we saw the casts of some of the victims. They have made sort of plaster casts of some of the bodies that they found imbedded in the ashes which had hardened around them, leaving, when the flesh, and what was left of the burned clothing had rotted away, a rough mold of the shape of the bodies with the skeleton still inside. Into this they poured plaster then when it had hardened removed the outer covering of ashes and the result is ghastly white roughly modelled figures with the bones showing in places. (The skulls were almost always exposed in some of them and you could see the end of huge bone specimens), and in the positions in which they died, usually writhing in agony at the heat and fumes. One of them is a dog half on its back suddenly struggling. They are very graphic and make you realize the suddenness of the explosion and awful character of it. There were about half a dozen of them and I don't see why they haven't found more except that probably most of the victims were entirely consumed by the heat and only those were so quickly covered that they didn't burn up entirely. There are also casts of charred rope and cloth and a blackened loaf of bread and lots of metal implements, tires of wheels, locks, bars, utensils etc. It was all very tragic and interesting and the excavating work must be fascinating. After lunch we drove back to Naples, did some shopping, chiefly looking for coral earrings for me and then went to the Borgo the aquarium which is the park in the boulevard on the water front near where our hotel is. The fish and undersea life are beautifully displayed in large lighted tanks and they were fascinating. I saw of the weirdest looking things. Octopuses, eels, serpents and all kinds of Mediterranean fish. After that we went up to Bertolini's for tea. It is high up on the cliff over the city and there is an elevator that takes you up from the street level. The cliff is cut right through the cliff and you enter through a long tunnel first. When you step out of the elevator into the hotel lounge on the room the most marvellous view is laid out before you and this afternoon it was particularly beautiful which is the most picturesque time of day and the moon rising beside it. In warm weather they serve meals right out on the terrace overlooking the whole city and bay, but now it is all glassed in with windows. The two Boston girls, cousins of yours were sitting at the next table. They are on their way to Egypt. Home for a rest and dining and listening to the music drawn[illegible] in the evening. I shall never forget that marvellous view of Vesuvius in the sunset glow.

Thursday, Feb. 13.

A beautiful day, clear and sunny, and we were early and eager to start on the Amalfi drive. We left the hotel

sharp at 9, good car a Fiat and a very nice chauffeur. We went out the Amalfi road passed P[illegible] again (Recovering 9 [illegible] very much sorer yesterday) through some little towns beyond, all market gardens, wonderfully fertile and flat fields, cauliflowers seem to be the chief crop. Just now any way and they were covering them and for miles we passed carts full of crates of them or being loaded. As we began to get into the mountains there were more vineyards and lemon orchards, the latter covered with [illegible] net to keep off the frost. As we got higher up into the mountains the panoramic views [illegible] always the width of [illegible] simply marvellous and the road wound higher and higher. At the highest point where there is an old look out tower in the pass we got out and took some photographs but of course it is impossible to get the effect in a photograph. The road down the other side of the range was fascinating. The character of the country in those mountain villages was entirely different. Fewer trees and general sterility and almost immediately the [illegible] began, streams and waterfalls and the road wound down the hill. In a lovely little valley with villages above and below with [illegible] bridges across the streams. Soon we saw the Gulf of Salerno and came down through more villages to the little town of Maiori and [illegible] on the coast, nestled [illegible] on the beaches between the steep craggy hills and high cliffs. A little beyond Maiori where apparently [illegible] was spread out in yellow carpets in the public square to dry. The road climbs up to Ravello and climbs up in zigzag curves along the steep side of the valley. Ravello lies on the top of a ridge with a wonderful view of the sea and only one road Maiori [illegible] on one side of the ridge and no other valleys and precipitous hills, all [illegible] and watershed right to the top on the other. The terraces are really built [illegible] and must be hundreds of years old. The little town was very picturesque and we went to various places to get the view, the terrace of the Hotel Belvedere being the best. Also went through the gardens of an old Norman and Saracenic castle also owned by an american family named Reid. We stayed in Ravello [illegible] passing down the steep road again and along the coast drive to [illegible] we stopped at the Hotel Luna [illegible] for lunch an old convent for [illegible] The convent was built away up on the side of the cliff above the town and there is a broad ramp and steps leading up to it and many sorts of stairs, little to [illegible] up. The view from the terrace of what was an old cloister is lovely and after [illegible] stayed out there in the sun for a while and watched some fishing vessels coming [illegible] getting ready etc. [illegible] we had arranged for the car to [illegible] over the most beautiful drive along the cliffs, cut out of the rock and [illegible] tunnelling through the spurs of the hills, all along on promontories and rocky [illegible] were the old round watch towers built the Saracens to look out for the [illegible] in olden times, dropping down into a tiny little beach and then [illegible] so that we could get down to it by land we saw the ruins of a lot of

little stone huts and the Manxmen said it was a place where the pirates lived and had their stronghold. There was a little waterfall at the very down near the house and a lovely little beach between two high rocky cliffs that formed the entrance and it was a perfect place for pirates. We also passed the ruin of a road that was washed away and slid into the sea when they had the landslide and storm in 1924. The damage said 240 families were rendered homeless and fell into the sea. Since then the road is regarded and a concrete drive way leading from every up in the mountain side down under the road to let the sea water at the rising floods flow and prevent their being damage. The landslide came after heavy rains when the hillsides were all loosened with the water and this guiding it into the channel would prevent that happening again though I shouldn't think there would be other houses built on that hillside now. We reached Douglas about 4.30. Drove to the Hotel Victoria, situated on the high cliff overlooking the Harbor, as most of the hotels there are, with elevators to take people down to the sea level, had tea and then drove back to Douglas, passed Peggie again, and then going into the Peggie road further along towards Douglas. The country was wonderful in the pink sunset light and the water of the bay a real aquamarine with the hills rose violet. Back about 6.30. A most wonderful day and I'll never forget the beauty of it. Wired Jo we are going to Isle of Man, and that it's the isle stay here and she and get a boat.

Friday, February 14.

Wire and I had breakfast early and got on board the boat for Douglas at 8.30. Raining very heavily and we thought we were going to have a perfect day though it was a fine cold in the boat waiting the start of the day. We stopped at Douglas to take on passengers and Miss Caroline MacFadden and her three children waiting on the pier evidently going to Douglas for the day too. Also a German family who we noticed right away because they were in riding habits, the woman and girl with velvet caps on their heads, and who later were very much in evidence because they were so rude to the other passengers. We got to Douglas about 11 and after leaving a few passengers at the pier the boat went on around the bay slowly more to take us to the Three Peaks. Soon we saw a fleet of little blue and white row boats and as it is common standing up in it rowing out from the shore to meet us and we dropped anchor and they came alongside and took us off in groups of two or three and rowed us over to the pirates. It was then we were getting into one boat that the German family distinguished itself first, absolutely refusing to let the guide pass when he wanted to get to the gangplank to assist the passengers. We explained that he wanted and they must leave him to help any way but he was an official but they waited in a solid row and he finally made a rush and left a place for him to go through. At the next they showed it up before he could get there. When Wire had got into the boat, he made a face and had us around to the gangplank on the other side of the boat. The attendant there just to us would hardly find it

in the side of the yellowish cliffs. If a blue rock and blue above it and not rock
it and the boats have to go in one at a time and the people in the boat
have to get down in the bottom of the boat and put their heads way down.
As it was I felt the top of my hat touch as we went through. I made it another
up over and for about 100 feet as nearly as I can tell in the dim light
and other back into the cliff for about 90 feet. The water near the entrance
was a most beautiful blue where the light from outside (it was about 12 and a half at 12 and a half at noon) struck
it and Wise said that if the sun had been out it would have been bluer. But
was it was extraordinary and the rocks in it and the air bubbles etc. made beautiful
streaks of silver. As your eyes got used to the light you could see the blue reflected
on the grayish rock ceiling and sides and it was a most extraordinary effect.
There were quite a fleet of rowboats there must have been 20 and the boats
men inside in the dim light were hardly distinguishable and seemed to appear
from nowhere in the depths of the grotto when they suddenly came near you
whereas those between you and the entrance hole made a dark silhouette
against the vivid blue water. The boatmen sang songs to get the echo and
kept rowing to show us the sides and a passage way that they say leads all
the cliff for 90 feet and one goes through formations, one that looked like
a human head. It was all quite weird and impressive. When we came out
through the hole again we by the boatmen pulling the boat out by a
chain along the rock we got on board again and were rowed to the
landing place and took the funicular railroad up the steep hill from the beach
to the town. When walking up we had bought so many side and
depositing all kinds of things to beggar women, children, boys, women, strings of
beads etc. like the little ones on both sides. We had had at the Quisisana
a most delightful luncheon, the food, good service and the whole got
over. We were given coaches to drive us to Anacapri another little town and back.
It would not be at Anacapri if you between high walls so that you can't get out
and the air is wonderful going up. When we got back to the square again we
had about half an hour before the boat would back as we went over the
side and a few other people to some terraced gardens on the other side of the
town. Then looked down on a villa Krupp has built there. Then when the
boatmen began again to get on board the boat and get back to Naples about 6.
It was a perfect day and would have been better if the sun had been out
and it had been warmer and I feel two and Wise says it is that the island is
having a very warm and bracing season. Of course its natural beauty and
its old ruins the same but there is no picturesque native life, no donkeys, wagons
or carts, no gaily dressed women with their water jars on their heads
which abound in the part of Naples and Sorrento which is so much
visited, no begging children, no beggars on the streets and it is fine
to see. The funicular railroad the steam up from

the sea and the negatives we saw were women trying to sell us beads and speaking a few phrases of first one language and then another as they guessed the different nationalities of the tourists and a few gentle workings of the umbrella and parasols with over the shoulder. You might get more into the atmosphere of the place if you stayed there but the dust goes out every day and later on the daily flood of tourists must ignore it and the motor busses must make it dis-courageing to the natives to try to use the narrow roads. They still have carriages to take you around it and probably we would have liked it better if we had taken one of these as some of the other people did but we didn't really have time to. We found E. quite pleasant and settled at the hotel and he had been to the Casino Rive and had found out about our visiting accomodations. We shall sail on March 25 from Naples on the Princessa Marina N.Y.-Azine 7 and touching at Cannes and Gibraltar. Turned in early as we were tired. Have got tickets for the opera tomorrow night. Trovatore.

Saturday, Feb. 15.

Rainy and cold. We spent the morning in the museum. Went through the picture galleries, a good many bare spots where pictures have got to the big exhibition of Italian art now open in London. I suppose the best things, but there were some fine Titians left, one a big unfinished portrait of three members of the Farnese family. (the Pope and two nephews) painted just before Titian died at the age of 96. a fine portrait of a Venetian woman by Giovanni Bellini? Whose name I didn't know and Mantegna, Riberas, Bellinis, Filippo Leppis and others of the religious early paintings that I am not so crazy about. We also went through the galleries full of things excavated at Pompeii, most interesting, brass beds, tables, lamps, metal articles of all kinds, cooking utensils (one beautifully perforated colander) and food, bread, nuts, raisins, dates, prunes, grains of wheat etc. charred and black but recognizable. All very interesting. Also saw the gold jewellery which being gold had not been effected by the heat and it was surprising fine in workmanship and design. Saw after saw of glass too in beautiful vases, bottles etc. Had no idea they had found so much stuff and so much of it is beautiful. Also saw the very fine collection of Greek vases of different periods. Back for lunch and afternoon with Wheat out for a while while E. rested. Got some things, not many, as it is a bit pricey in jewellery stuff, and went to the fine restaurant Rive on the side of Vesuvius. Rather dreary in the rain and into the open country etc. Used up for the winter. Back for tea and out to the opera in the evening. Trovatore Giuseppe Verdi Verdi. The opera music is very fine and E. says all Italians feel it is their opera. Written in 1914. A good performance with much pep and enthusiasm for the music both on the part of the

[illegible] and the audience and they were [illegible] and [illegible]. I loved it and was sorry we had to leave in the middle of it [illegible] pretty late and [illegible]. thought we would see the [illegible] [illegible] stopped all [illegible].

Sunday. Feb. 16.

Packed and got off comfortably at 12.25 for Rome. Lunch on the train. Arrived about 4 and the sun came out as we got there. Drove to the Palace Hotel where we have a most luxurious suite with big sitting-room. The hotels are all so empty now, so few Americans travelling because of the stock exchange smash in the autumn, that we get reduced rates everywhere and got our sailing accomodations back on the Vulcania [illegible]. We are sailing on Mar. 25. from Trieste and are due in New York April 7. After we got a bit settled in our rooms we went out to take a little walk and see a little of the city and I am simply thrilled about it. We went out to the Pincian gardens and got the wonderful view of St. Peters and the city, looking down the Spanish steps. The cloud effects behind St. Peter's dome were wonderful and the whole thing so impressive that with all I had been reading about Rome on the train (Marion Crawford's Ave Roma Immortalis) it gave me a great thrill and made my head ache. The Pincian gardens were lovely and the busts of all the men in Italian history so impressive. We walked on back to the hotel through the Pincian gate built by one of the Popes. Our hotel is across the street from the Palace lived in by the Queen mother, Queen Margherita, and evidently one of the royal residences still though we don't know which member of the royal family occupies it since her death. Read aloud Crawford's Ave Roma in our sitting-room after dinner. Feel a bit overwhelmed at all the things there are to see here and the magnitude of the city and all it means in history.

Monday. Feb. 17.

My first day in Rome and I am tremendously impressed by it. In the first place it is a beautiful city as it is now, with mellow ochre and cream buildings the old stones and the dark green of the pines and the cypresses. You are continually coming on ~~imposing statues~~ beautiful architectural details in old fountains etc. and being struck by big vistas with imposing monuments and in the midst of it all beautiful fragments of ancient Rome. Then beside being beautiful it makes a tremendous appeal to the imagination through its evidences on every side of its history and all the picturesque life that has gone on and all the events of such importance to all the civilized world to-day. It has a richness of past that is present and living and yet a feeling of energy and ambition and modernity. E. & V. say they feel a great difference in this respect since they were here before ~~[illegible]~~ before Mussolini, not only here but in all Italy, a feeling of go and aspiration. This morning E. & V. went to the Borghese palace and gardens. We didn't come as we had to

with Cupids. It was a lovely morning, sunny and crisp. I must go to Cooks which is now almost across the street from the hotel but I found no mail for me. Then we took one of the carriages that are all over the city and drove through the Porta Pinciana to the Pincian gardens to the Borghese palace now a museum with the fine collection of paintings owned by the city of Rome since 1902. The palace was built in the early 17th century by Cardinal Scipione Borghese, whose uncle Pope Paul V, had conferred on him various positions in the church that he amassed quite a fortune. With it he had this villa built with the ground floor as a museum for works of art and he became a patron of the arts. One of the artists he was especially interested in was Gian Lorenzo Bernini and he commissioned him to make several large statues and a bust of himself for his collection. Bernini was also a painter (was a portrait painter) and painted in quite the Velasquez manner and looking like Velasquez's portraits. He and Velasquez met in his visits to Rome and at one time the Velasquez painted his little daughter in the garden of the Villa Borghese, now in the Prado. Bernini became a very successful architect and there is full of elaborations, bridges & fountains which he designed. His statues in the Villa Borghese done when he was under 20 yrs. of age are the central pieces in the elaborately decorated rooms of the villa. Of course David's Goliath is one of the finest things, the head (which they say was done from his own face looking in a mirror holding the sling) seems a little small. The other statuary is lovely, Apollo & Daphne [illegible] in the Borghese gallery, and was founded in 1820 by the state to appear the original collection which is now part of the Louvre. The rooms, being so elaborately decorated with marble inlays, mosaic floors etc. are the chief interest, many I didn't like the ceiling paintings, too bright in colors. Upstairs are the paintings the outstanding one being [illegible] Titian's [illegible] (which is very beautiful). The [illegible] I did not like, Titian's [illegible] was [illegible] I did like very much. Others that I liked were a fine Ribera of St. Jerome, a Paolo Veronese and Bernini's self portrait. We found the Burtons there and went around with them a good deal of the time. They are at the Excelsior [illegible]. Among the other interesting things was a little architect's rendering of the facade of the palace in the XVIII century with the [illegible] open square in front filled with people quite accurately painted, showing the costumes and life of that period. When we came out of the villa we took a carriage again and drove through the gardens, getting out occasionally to walk down some of the paths with their [illegible] and [illegible] statues and fountains. There were lots of kids that would be wonderful [illegible] and groups and palms [illegible] and in a bit of sad

stationary and I simply must get out this again to paint before we go. Back for lunch and almost immediately afterwards we started out again for a general drive through the city. Wire went too and we started in a carriage but found it too uncomfortable for three so stopped. It is a task after we got to the Coliseum. We drove out through the tunnel built by Hadrian [illegible] under the palace grounds on the Palatine to the Coliseum and the temple of Constantine where we got out and wandered around for a while taking it all in, then to the Forum, which we only looked down from the street so we shall make a special trip for that. Then up into the Capitoline hill where we got out on the big terrace by the Garibaldi statue to see the wonderful view of the city from there. Then down and into the Modern City and to St. Peter's. This is one of enormous scale and tremendously impressive and Michael Angelo's dome is wonderful, but except for the light effect due to its size and the general effect of its enormous floor with the people walking about until they become almost little black dots way down at the other end of it, it is not beautiful to me, but rather cold and severe in effect tho' its proportions are beautiful. Of course with its history and all it stands for it has a tremendous hold on the imagination and you feel you are seeing one of the sights of the world but one in which ordinary, pretty more than mere beauty impress you most. We wandered around quite a while, stopped for a minute by the statue of St. Peter, to which the people come up and kiss his toe which is almost worn off by the thousands who have kissed it and then put money in the box beside him and offer up a prayer to him to let them in to Heaven. Some of them we noticed just touched his toe with their fingers and then kissed the back of their hand but many of them actually kissed it and it is extraordinary that so many thousands can really believe in it. The heroic size marble statues over the tombs of the Popes are very impressive, also the part of the floor, the exact arrangement of which Charlemagne asked to be copied exactly in 800 A.D.. When we left St. Peter's we drove around by Sant' Angelo, the scene of Puccini's exciting escape when a prisoner there and countless historical scenes of violence etc. We'll go there another day. Back by the Piazza di Spagna and I feel simply thrilled and overwhelmed by Rome.

Tuesday. Feb. 18.

Hyg's birthday. We sent her a cable on Saturday. A rainy day. Wire stayed in all the morning. C. & S went first to Cook's for the mail. S got a letter from mamma enclosing an unfavorable note from Mr. Higginson in reply to my letter about his plans before S left. Mamma seemed cheerful, was going to N. Y. for a few days with C.D., had not heard from me yet. After taking the mail back to Wire, C. & S spent the whole morning shopping. She got a lot of photographs but S didn't get any as they are just as expensive here as at home. S did get a lot of Landseer things and sent them, mostly for Jim, C.D. & Elliot and some for Wire's birthday. Home for lunch and after lunch Wire & S went to the Capitoline Museum, the church of Santa Maria [illegible] near by and wandered around in the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter, Hyg's afternoon and Fourn

which was full of cats trying to get dry places out of the rain under the benches etc. The Capitoline Hill, forum and ruins are lovely, stairway by Michael Angelo and such famous statues inside as the Dying gladiator, the boy taking a thorn out of his foot, the marble Faun etc. I liked particularly the fountain and big River God lying beside it in the entrance court with two Pans in niches on either side. The moss-covered stone and water were lovely with the warm ochre walls. Across the court with it huge equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius were the picture galleries. Nothing that interested me particularly except Velasquez red portrait, a good head like the one in Madrid and a Titian of two heads. In the little garden just on the slope at the left of the huge stairway is a statue of Rienzi and cages for the eagle and wolves that are always kept on the Capitoline Hill. We climbed the high flight of steps up to Santa Maria in Araceli, the very old church beside the museum and looked around for quite a while inside trying to decipher some of the dates on the old tombs that are inlaid in the floor, with their single figure in low relief, sometimes worn away almost entirely. The ceiling is very beautiful in rich gold and colors, made in some celebration of the Battle of Lepanto, as there are some galleys in it. We got back to the hotel quite late for tea and in the evening read the Marion Crawford book on Rome aloud. It is splendid.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.

A lovely sunny morning. We started out at 10 and drove to Frascati, up in the hills to the south, across the Campagna with its flocks of sheep, ruins of aqueduct and aviation fields and barracks. Several airplanes flying overhead in maneuvers, a thing unheard of in the old aqueducts. Frascati is a picturesque little town with several lovely villas, still a summer resort for the old families of Rome. We got a guide in the square (necessary for admittance to the villas) and drove up a beautiful long driveway between rows of trees to the Villa Aldobrandini, built by Cardinal Aldobrandini under Gregory XIII who used as a boy's school by the Jesuits. We didn't go were taken through some of the lower rooms used by the Popes quite recently as a summer palace, and into the room where the present calendar of 365 days in the year was decided upon and adopted. The rooms were furnished in late Victorian manner with framed photographs of various royalty, popes and some young Italian princes in aviation etc in the late war. The most beautiful thing about the villa was the marvellous view of the Campagna with its ruined aqueducts and the hills near by covered with the light fall of snow last night, from the huge terrace. After the Villa Aldobrandini we drove to the Villa Falconieri where the beautiful pools surrounded by cypresses are. They are simply lovely, especially the upper, oblong one with the fountain, a single jet of water in the center and the cypresses around it, leaving a vista of sky at the end.

The grounds and terraces are beautiful too and the lovely old trees and woodland all around. After the Villa Falconieri we drove through the town again to the Villa Torlonia, still owned and occupied for 2 months in the summer by the Torlonia family of Rome. We did not go into the house but walked all through the beautiful wooded grounds with the huge terrace stairway with its stone balustrade and urns, all gray and moss grown, along a grassy alley between woods with beautiful big ilex trees. Here some men were working pruning off the branches, which lead straight to the foot of the big cascade fountain which runs straight down the wooded hillside with its big curved basins with moss-grown steps in either side. A big grassy pleasance lies at its foot all along the hillside with a stone balustrade and wall of fountains in niches with a long pool below at right angles to the cascade. We climbed up the grassy steps beside the fountain cascade with its pools into digging rhododendrons and other wild plants and at the top there is a big round terrace surrounded with woods and a big round basin in the middle with a large tall jet of water in the middle and a path cut into the woods opposite going another way. The guide said that the Duca di Torlonia went in swimming in this fountain when he was here in the summer and I hope he didn't wear a bathing suit. It would be apoil the picture. After we passed the fountain we walked on through the woods and back by a wide path overlooking a sunken garden below the wall to the terraced garden in front of the house where there is a lovely view of the campagna over the roofs of the village below. After that we drove on to Lake Albano for lunch. We had lunch in a little restaurant overlooking the lake which is a very pretty little circular one surrounded by hills whose sides slope down into it. It was once the crater of a volcano. After lunch we went for a few minutes up into Castel Gandolfo, formerly a summer palace of the Popes, and saw the beautiful view from the terrace there. Then on to Lake Nemi also an extinct crater and beautifully set in wooded hills. The road goes in right down to the lake shore where they are digging out some ships of the time of Emperor Caligula about 2000 years ago and we had read of the work and of course were much interested to see the big barge that they had brought to light. The ship had evidently sunk at her landing pier and was deep in the mud 40 ft. under the surface but archaeologists knew it was there and they located it by divers and dragging and some months ago started the work of pumping out the lake to get down to it. Our chauffeur who was a acrobat man and a very nice man too so that they pumped for a long time and couldn't discover why the water did not go down until they found there was an underground connection with Lake Albano. That was closed the water began to recede and went at the rate of an inch per hour which they found out from the lake authority and when it was lowered 2 meters. Happened that they have now got the level of the lake below that terrace and that they have explored that and it is big enough for a man to stand upright

and walk through it. The problem now is how to make the lake lower still to uncover another ship they have discovered in deeper water, but it is low enough now to have completely exposed on the mud the wreck of Caligula's barge. The other ships they believe will be an even more exciting discovery and the few things they have already brought up from it are in better state of preservation and more beautiful than what they found in the barge. A day three days ago they brought up one of the members of the staff, in barge with beautifully carved caps to tap, back to back, one of them Dilessio and the other a younger man. The boy We saw this in the museum with they have installed there in sheds near where the work is going on. There were quite a lot of people there and it is necessary to get a permission to see the works from the minister of Education. Caligula's barge of which there is only the wreck of the hull, with its ribs exposed in barge floating lies in the mud surrounded with planking so that you can walk right round it. At first it is somewhat disappointing after looking like any old rotting hulk of a wreck, but when you go down and walk around it and on the planks they have built in a low scaffolding over it and from the barge boards standing up from the ribs and realize that it is 2000 years old it is very impressive and makes one think when it was in use seem very real. The planking of the hull was in extraordinarily good condition, hard and firm, but most of the other wood looked as if it had been burned, it was so carbonized by the mud and water. Wherever there was a nail the wood had not rotted away, due we were told to the fact that the bronze had an antiseptic effect on the wood. The guide showed up places where pumps had been found in the hull and described the marble covering of the decks with tiles underneath. He said the tiles had all been found and were now in the museum and were small pieces of porphyr but that most of the marble was gone. It wouldn't have been stolen because they found countless objects which would have been stolen, even amphorae, lamps, bronze ornaments and even a lot of coins and all these were now in the little museum of wonders, but had been fabricated in the water. It was extraordinary to see the clearness of the manufacture in the tiles, just as sharp and clear as if it had been done yesterday and even animals heads, which topped mooring posts and cavities with big bronze rings in their mouths were very fine. We said the piping which they had found was exactly the same principle as that we use now and it is extraordinary to think that all that knowledge was in use then, died out completely in the middle ages, and was evolved again in the best way to do it. The barge was a sort of houseboat and must have been a tremendously heavy affair with its marbles and bronze fittings plumbing, pipes etc. (which were new, just cast, but a heap of lead foreign around and we picked out one stamped with Caligula's name which proves that the barge was for the emperor. He evidently used it for a summer pleasure palace, sort of.

but how it rests and why it was left there with all its contents to rot, no one knows. The plan is to get it in rollers and pull it up on the bank and retain part of it but they will have to get it up soon as with the pumping out of the water it is slipping back into the river and is moved back about 100 feet in the last few months. Got back to the hotel for tea and a rest and read the news in the paper I took in the morning. Sent Mr. Howard's letter to Msgr. Breslin of the American College in [illegible] this morning.

[illegible] Feb. 20.

This morning we went to the Vatican Galleries - just the sculpture, the Borgia apartments, the Sistine Chapel and the Hall of Maps and the Raphael rooms. We didn't undertake the picture galleries and even at that we had more than we could really see and it is impossible to write in detail about it. It is all tremendously interesting and impressive but I think Michael Angelo's ceiling of the Sistine Chapel impressed me most. It is simply beautiful and one of the world's marvels that a man could conceive and execute it. I am going again when I can take more time to study it. Also the Raphael wall decorations are very fine, especially the Disputa and the School of Athens and they are so much more interesting and more full of character than his madonnas. The Borgia apartments were very stirring to the imagination and beautiful in the richness and tone of their decorations, mostly by Pinturicchio. And the Hall of Maps is lovely in color and decorative effect and the maps, painted on the walls, with fascinating details such as ships of the period were tremendously interesting. The statuary is wonderful, I suppose the best collection of Greek and Roman marbles in the world (we didn't have time for the Egyptian section) and I was thrilled to see such old friends as the Discobolos, the Laocoon, the torso del Belvedere, the Laocoon (which I never was crazy about, the figures being out of scale) the Apollo Belvedere (which has something weak about it, especially the head) and others. I loved the seated statue of Menander the Greek philosopher, and its companion one of Posidippus, though the Menander is the best, and the Biga or chariot drawn by two prancing horses, also the huge river god, the Nile and the two gigantic Dioscuroi at Cavallo. After seeing these Greek statues Michael Angelo's figures seem so much more full of action. The Greeks, even in figures like the Discobolos, show action in suspension, whereas Michael Angelo was the first to make his figures really move and his foreshortening is simply marvellous. He was four years painting the ceiling of the Chapel and the tremendous labor of it is a marvel in itself and your music of the magnificence of the conception and the masterly technique and power of representing the human body from any angle and the fine feeling for color and a certain dignity and beauty. It seems impossible that any one could have the qualities of mind,

character and artistic ability to accomplish such a stupendous work. I marvel that the four years work on the ceiling would leave him blind, but he lived to 86, painting till the last. I don't suppose there will ever appear in the history of the world another such giant as he. We got home quite late for lunch and though I was quite tired I went out in the Borghese gardens and started a sketch of an archway in the afternoon. E. was resting and as the sun was out it seemed too good a chance to paint to miss. It got pretty well through and I was elated in getting out that I didn't accomplish much. E. & Will came into the park to find me and we went to the Ambassador Hotel, for tea. Didn't like it much. Read aloud in the evening. The Bartrics have asked us for dinner Sat. night but we are going to the opera then so asked them to come to-morrow night and they are coming.

Friday, Feb. 21.

We went to the Forum this morning at the entrance by the Arch of Titus to join a party to listen to a lecture on the Palatine Hill by a Sr. Reynard who takes people around in this way. Only two other people besides us in the group. 1 English and 2 americans, and it was very interesting and a pleasant and easy way to get information about the ruins and historical monuments. Sr. Reynard, speaks English well, is slow and clear in his delivery and easy to follow and puts things clearly and in logical construction. He took us all over the Palatine Hill, showing us where the different palaces of the Caesars were, built over the ruins of houses of the Republican period. First to the excavated ruins of the Palace of Augustus, the living quarters of which are still covered by a modern nunnery (to be torn down) and by what is left of the Villa Mills, formerly belonging to a Roman family, dating from the 17th century, then bought and restored by an Englishman named Mills who lived there for several years, often having as guest Flaxman the sculptor who made the models for the classic decorations on the Wedgewood pottery. The Villa Mills now vacant and neglected will not be destroyed because it is an example of the 17th century Roman villa but the nunnery will be and they expect to find much interest in the part of Augustus' Palace. The part that is now excavated, from which you look down in places to the still older walls of the patrician houses of the Republic used as foundations and cellars for the Palace, are the large reception and state apartments. One was the throne room, 104 ft. wide, then the room of St. Peter, with a large semi-circular apse at one end of which is the Basilica or hall of justice where cases were brought to Augustus for appeal, where a fragment of the stone bar, at which the lawyers stood is still there (the origin of the legal "bar"). Also here the fine decorations had walls stuffed with wool to deaden the sound, on the cold marble, originating the "wool sack" of the House of Lords. Beyond we saw the banqueting hall, with ruins of its [illegible] at each end for a large fountain at the [illegible] so that the cooling spray would be blown into the banqueting hall. Also they have

found a deep shaft into the cellars and ~~dungeons~~ below which they believe was a dumb-waiter. Beyond the Palace of Augustus you have a fine view across the valley of the ~~Circus Maximus~~ to the Aventine hill where the Plebs lived. Mussolini plans to clear out all the warehouses. Roads and tramways thru and excavate. A little further on on that same side of the Palatine Hill have been found more ruins of very ancient construction, a cemetery in which they have found Greek coins and a cistern with the upper courses of the stone overlapping on the inside, a construction that was used in Mycenae. This leads them to believe that other tribes probably Greek had lived here before Romulus and the Alban Regum came. The house of Livia, now believed to be the house of , because it is so mentioned in an almost contemporary writers account of the murder of the Emperor Caligula, at the entrance of his palace now covered by the gardens of the Farnese Villa built by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, one of the nephews of Pope Paul III, whose portrait with his uncle and another nephew we saw by Titian in Naples. It is almost overwhelming the history you history, the layer upon layer of periods that you find everywhere here, never more in evidence than in the excavations where the different levels are so plain. We went through the Farnese gardens, and on the terrace of the little summer house is a resting place that the Cardinal built for his use when he was too busy all day at the Vatican to go out to his Villa outside of Rome every night. The terrace with a lovely fountain (I am crazy about the fountains of Rome) overlooking the Forum was beautiful. Home for lunch and after lunch we went out again and joined Prof. Rensard at the arch of Titus for his talk on the Forum. It was very interesting but too much detailed to write down even the chief points and assisted mostly in telling us what the original building were, re-constructing the ruins for us in our mind's eye, so to speak. The rostra from which Mark Antony made his funeral oration over Caesar's body and the site of the temple of Caesar put up by Augustus on the spot where the people burned his funeral pyre. A very interesting but quite tiring day. The Bantons came for dinner. They have been received by the Pope in one of his public audiences and are leaving for Florence on Monday. We may see them there.

Saturday, Feb. 22.

This morning we met Prof. Rensard again at the Pantheon for a lecture on that and the new excavations a few blocks away. The Pantheon is very impressive and the new excavations were very interesting. They have uncovered small temples, one of them very thick was to Hercules. Some workmen were ~~digging~~ sifting very carefully over every square foot of the place, looking like a ~~vacant~~ vacant lot with the busy life all around it was full of beautiful fragments of marble statuary and architectural ornament and the lovely ~~ruins~~ ruins of the temples. They have already planted cypresses at first and climbing roses all ivy to make the ruins beautiful in time. They plan to pull down some

of buildings alongside the lot of excavation still more. When he finished the lecture about noon we did a few errands. Then went back to the hotel for lunch and in the afternoon were so tired that we didn't try to do anything special. Wise had an appointment with an English Dr. here about pains and stiffness in his legs which he thinks comes from gout, E. lay down and I went out to get some paint brushes. Had a pleasant poking around in some little and got some flowers at the Spanish steps.
leather shops in the Via Sistina. Got back to the hotel at 4 and had a shampoo and waved and in the evening we went to the opera. The practically [illegible] music by Zandonai and based on a French novel, La Femme et le Pantin by Pierre Louys. We had seen a movie of it on the boat coming over. It was somewhat better as an opera but the music didn't strike me as particularly interesting and there wasn't enough variety in the story. Just a series of scenes of lovers jealousies and quarrels. The audience was very fashionably fine looking and distinguished and well dressed - and the opera house very nice.

Sunday. Feb. 23.

Cloudy with showers. We all slept late as we were dead tired. Wrote letters etc. in the morning and after lunch Wise & I went out for a walk to San Giovanni Laterano and to the Scala Santa. The church is very fine and I liked especially the big marble statues of the apostles and the [illegible] of the Tribune Tribune fancily with its marble statues, and marble and gold decoration. The people going up the Scala Santa, steps brought from Pontius Pilate's house by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and which Christ is believed to have passed over during the time of his passion, is an extraordinary sight. They go up on their knees, resting a prayer at each step, as an act of devotion and it was crowded to-day, with people waiting their turn - men, women & children. Home for tea and E. & Wise had a treatment from a masseuse recommended by Wise's doctor. I read aloud in the evening and did some mending jobs. A letter came for me from the Vatican, brought by hand by an usher, saying the Pope would receive us in audience to-morrow at 12.30 - the result of Mr. Haverty's letter from the Bishop of Savannah which I sent to Msgr. Breslin with my card a few days ago. I suppose it is a public audience such as the Boston's went to and I shall have to get fixed up in the spectacles. Luckily E. had a E.t. Wise won't go to Bishop's levee.
dress I can wear which I think will be long enough, and I will go out to-morrow morning and get a black veil and black stockings and some rosaries that I can give to Elizabeth's cook and Lily when I get home. They will be thrilled to have some blessed by His Holiness. I'm not crazy about going but it will be interesting.

Monday. Feb. 24.

Had breakfast before E. & W. and went out and bought some black silk stockings and a black veil to wear to the Vatican. When I got back Wise and I went to the Corlandi's studio. The friend of Mr. Haverty's that he

had given me a letter to. Had had a note from Mrs. Carlandi saying they were at home Mon. + Thurs. a.m. from 10 to 12 and I didn't want to let it go till Thurs. so went this morning though we couldn't stay very long because Had to be back to dress for the audience with the Pope. The studio was a typical old-fashioned one, so full of canvases you could hardly walk about and Sr. Carlandi was a picturesque figure in black skull cap and grey flannel robe. He is 82. I liked him very much. He spoke English well and is active, kindly and alert. I also liked his work, landscapes not too much prettified though his water colors were. He had two large canvases he was sending to the Biennial at Venice to which he had been invited. It doesn't open till April as we shall miss it. He said the art situation in Italy was very discouraging to all except moderists. That Fascismo was back of the moderist movement, getting control of all the art Societys and awarding prizes for moderist work. There were several people there, an australian woman painter, an American named Kip, ex consul-general Post and an English lady. When we got back to the hotel Wire + E. went to the Napoleon museum and I dressed for the Vatican and took a taxi there getting there about noon. I went in the entrance at the right of St. Peters, up the broad marble doorway with the Swiss guards, in their picturesque costume, designed by Michael Angelo showing my invitation at intervals, until, about the third story, I arrived at a place where people were checking their coats, the women trying to arrange their veils with pocket mirrors etc. I arranged mine and went into a large room from which I was shown into a smaller one where there were more servants in other uniforms, gorgeous brocade with knee breeches and buckled shoes, and officers in full dress uniform. There they took my invitation letter and I was asked to be seated in the next room, long with five tapestries and two oak chairs arranged all around three sides of it and two tall windows with a marble topped console between them on the other. There were three people in black sitting in a corner, two men, one a clergyman, and an older woman and I sat down a little distance from them. After awhile I caught a word or two of their conversation and they were English. Then I somebody came and asked my name and also asked theirs, and I began to be afraid I was to have a private audience as these people I had seen in the closet room had different colored tickets and were shown to another room. I began thinking what on earth I could say to the Pope and had decided that if I was supposed to say anything I would say that as an artist I would like to express to him my great appreciation of the support and encouragement which the church had always given to art, which had been impressed on me anew by this my first visit to Rome. All of a sudden a grand looking individual in uniform, covered with medals appeared in the doorway opposite and walked straight towards me, while I sat alone. As he got up to me he made a motion with his left arm which I at once, my impression took for a sign for me to kneel, and I got up quickly and started to kneel, during the process of which he evidently was saying something. However he spoke in English and said "Sit down" in English I said "No I'm quite comfortable" whereupon he said "I am?"

and I said "Oui, je parle Français moyen". Then he said "Anglais?" and I said "yes" and he grinned and said in loud, clear tones "Do not move your legs here.". I nearly fell down, inwardly tremendously amused. I had been sitting with my knees crossed and thought that it was a long time since it was really all right. Then he looked over to the Englishmen in the corner and told him not to cross his legs and went out. The English party were amused too, I could see, and I heard the young man say as the official, major domo, or whatever he was went out." I think he must have been one of the archangels." Of course they could see I was amused and pretty soon the young man came over and asked me if I wouldn't like to join them, so I moved over and stayed with them the rest of the time as they were awfully nice. The old lady said I had better pin my dress up higher at the throat and bring my veil up close under my chin, which I did, and they were always making amusing remarks in low tones to each other and were great fun. Soon the room began to fill up with black figures - about 15 girls from a convent with two sisters who had between them a Japanese girl in full Japanese costume, looking very attractive. The sisters put a black lace veil over her smooth dark head and as it kept slipping off, later on I gave her a hairpin to hold it in place, much to their gratitude. It looked quite incongruous with the Japanese dress. She was evidently of high position, a real Jap, as the sisters were so attentive and my English friend said, "I should think the girl would get a head from the rest of the day after this, they are always at her." And when the Pope finally came he stopped at her in his round and said a few words beginning in French and ending in English "Vous êtes Japonaise ..... May God bless you and give you your intentions." After we had met the Pope we were moved into the next room where we stood around, then into a third room, where there were more officers in gold uniforms, gold epaulets, Knights of Malta medals, gold strips down their trousers, etc. Also Japanese [illegible] and Arabs. We stood there quite a while, once we were told to get down on our knees but it was a false alarm and we got up again (The Englishman said cheerfully "It keeps you fit"). Finally we were told to kneel and the Pope came in. Some officers preceded him and a cardinal I think it was beside him. He was all in white, white skull cap and white robes and he had a ring with an emerald on the 4th finger of his right hand and wore gold mounted spectacles. He was a larger man than I thought, heavier from his pictures. Tall and [illegible]. He came in with a very business like air began with the English friends who were nearest the door, giving each one his right hand to kiss the ring on [illegible] right on. I was the fourth in the line. When he got to the Japanese girl he stopped a minute, as I said before. Then when he had gone all around the room, about [illegible] he stood [illegible] began and said [illegible] then the Pope held up his hand [illegible] and gave us his benediction and

passed on to the next room. As soon as he got through in there we were let in and waited with the people there, mostly nuns and monks and priests and [illegible] room was very stuffy, full of the "odor of sanctity"). Then when the third room was finished we all went out and I got a taxi back to the hotel, a little late for lunch, where E.A.W. were waiting all worried to hear of my experiences. It was very amusing and I'm glad I did it. And after lunch we went to Rome [illegible] to Maggiore, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva and San Pietro in Vincoli. The first is very fine and imposing, but a theatrical pseudo-classical building, with a fine [illegible] and [illegible] landscape tools and cragged. We saw Mr. Ambrose Walker there and [illegible] way to dinner last night. Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, I liked best of any Roman church I have seen because its interior is gothic and I like that as such better, and the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] decorated by Pinturicchio. At San Pietro in Vincoli is Michael Angelo's Moses. It is fine. Such power and dignity and so obviously the expression of a master mind, Michael Angelo was. It made all the other sculpture in the church look [illegible]. We met Irene for tea at E.A.W.'s and went to the Esedra for tea. Read [illegible] in the [illegible].

Tuesday, Feb. 25th.

A lovely sunny day but quite cold. We went to two art galleries this morning. The Doria and the Barberini and at the Doria I saw Velasquez' portrait of Pope Innocent X. It is in a small room all by itself very well hung with a gay green wall that set off its rose and deep purplish crimson and ivory and it is mighty beautiful in color and tone and quality of paint apart from its marvellous atmospheric qualities and splendid drawing and modelling. Then through all this and indeed expressing all this is his painter-like feeling, his true painter's joy in the beauty of light on form, the qualities of lost and accented edges, the feeling for underlying structure, that made him a real painter, and the [illegible] perception, those qualities in the expression and paint that made him a real portrait painter. It is wonderful that he could have seen things so perfectly all by himself, in an utter absence of his time and, and have so penetrated in the history and meaning of his own vision in his painting as to develop the sensitiveness to color and edges and values that he shows in his best work. To me Michael Angelo is the giant of sculpture and decorative painting, and architecture if you consider St. Peter's, and Velasquez the perfection of the painter-like approach to his subject. I don't like any of the other pictures in the Doria collection especially, though there were some good [illegible], Claude [illegible], a Rembrandt and so. They all seemed, after Velasquez, to be hard and edgy, not painted and painted by note. None of them had his beautiful, honest simplicity of vision and [illegible] way of perception of refinement of feeling. The Barberini collection

has a nice Renaissance style of Hercules ruins, some statues and various paintings of Saints. Life size portraits by Jacobus of Ghent, as good by him I have seen, Jerome and the Guido Reni portrait of Beatrice Cenci, supposed to have been painted of her in prison in Sant' Angelo just before she was executed. I don't like it from the portrait she is didn't deserve it particularly, being rather dressed in color and work in modelling and restoration in fashion. Back to the hotel for an early lunch and afternoon we drove out to Tivoli to see the Villa d'Este. We drove north across the Campagna which E. says has changed a great deal in the last 20 years, having farms dotted over it and being much more cultivated and the road much better. Tivoli is a picturesque little town and the Villa d'Este, the gardens at least, are simply wonderful. I never saw such a use of water in fountains and cascades and with the lovely tall cypress trees and privet hedges and flowers and shrubs it is lovely. The Villa is on the brow of a hill overlooking the campagna and visitors are only allowed through a part of the building to get down to the terraces and gardens on the hillside below. The river that winds down the valley there passes through this estate and after turning pegaso mills a little further up and producing high tension electric power for Rome, cascades through the gardens in the Villa d'este in the most elaborate arrangement of beautiful tall jets of fountains, which seem to be trying to get higher than the tall cypresses beside them and then fall in moss-covered statuary and pools. There are niches with fountains everywhere, cascades down the railings of a beautiful curved stairway, surrounding a central high jet, a whole terrace of fountains in a ruby fragment like fashion into basins, still pools with ducks and swans, curved terraces below, and at one end of the garden a sheet of water which falls into basins below in a series of cascades. It is simply lovely and must be beautiful in the summer time. After leaving the Villa d'este we drove around the rocky side of the hill to where the river runs out, then back by way of Hadrian's villa. We didn't have time to see it, just got out and looked at the lovely old cypresses at the entrance, an avenue of them planted 400 years ago. Back for tea and Wise & Co.'s message and I wrote a long note to Mrs. ... about my audience at the Vatican. Read Crawford aloud in the evening.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.

We went first to the Vatican Picture Galleries this morning. The collection is not as large as I thought and it is mostly religious pictures. A lot of the primitives which were charming little things, so decorative in effect with their rich colors and gold background and amusing in their naivete. Of the later pictures, large canvases for altar pieces etc, I liked Guido Reni's crucifixion of St. Peter and Domenichino's communion of St. Jerome. Guido Reni is a strong and better painter than I realized, having judged him only by reproductions of his

America, which is the grace of his work which I like least. There is a good Rivera and Raphael's Transfiguration and his Ascension, neither of which I am crazy about. His work does not seem to me insipid enough and the figures do not take their places convincingly in the composition in perspective or values. Of course the pattern of lights and darks is nice though a bit spotty and cut up it seems to me and individual heads or figures are nice but I feel that it was put together too much piecemeal. After the Vatican Gallery we took a taxi and drove to an old temple beside the Tiber in a seedy quarter of the city. Right over where the Cloaca Maxima emptied into the river. The old arches of the sewer have been excavated and we also saw in the same neighborhood a most interesting old church. St. Giorgio in Velabro, which means marsh, as this part of the city is very low and has been flooded by the river several times. The man who let us into the ~~muddy~~ alley with its deep moss-covered walls that now leads under the old arches of the Cloaca Maxima showed us the marks with dates of various inundations. The church is one of the very earliest ones in Rome, classic in its simplicity and built of old Greek columns in the nave and the windows have the old Roman boring. It has been restored but well done and nice as been put in the windows instead of glass, giving a nice subdued light. The woman in charge was very pleasant and interested and showed us an old well under the stone floor which had a spring and was traced as far back that they knew and it went. The church was heavy and simple, all gray tone inside with the only light from the little windows way up. Nearby is an old arch known as the arch of James whose history is not known. After leaving that interesting and ancient we went to Santa Maria della Pace to see Raphael's Sybils. [illegible] on the way we passed the theatre of Marcellus, which is now being cleared of some of the later construction built into, and on top of it, and the galleries and arches are now visible. It was incorporated by the Orsini family in their palace in the middle ages. Raphael's Sybils were quite nice but a bit tame. Perhaps it was the light. After this we went home for lunch, stopping at Wolfs where we got a batch of mail. Had 2 letters from Mamma, one from Nina, one from Alois and Ilse and Steff for Mamma forwarded. After lunch Nina and I went to the exhibition at the Mostra del Bello with Mussolini, which this year for the first time is being held in conjunction with the Sindicato Lazziale Fascista di Belle arti. The two exhibitions fill the ground floor gallery of the big Palazzo dell' Esposizione on Via Nazionale and were quite interesting though we were not much impressed by the work being done here now. There was a good deal of poor stuff, a good deal of mediocre, in both varieties and a few impressive pictures. I liked the work of Francesco Cangiullo whose two paintings and a study of a bank we saw in Palermo ~~Naples~~ just before they came to Rome has a room to himself here, mostly nudes of women and children and a few fairly interesting pictures boldly painted. I also liked two pictures

by Vincenzo Morelli, an copious notes (artist reminiscences) and a fine drawing by a boy in ochre with interior: "O la di Adorazione". Upstairs in the building the galleries were full of pictures of living Roman painters. Quite a crowd, evidently the permanent exhibition of the year. We got home quite late for tea. The Walkers came for dinner, and an evening spent in comparing notes about our travels. They have been through Sicily, Naples, Pisa and Florence. All well at home and K. has been with a fine visit with Emma.

Thursday, Feb. 27.

Had hoped to go sketching in the Borghese gardens this morning but it was cloudy with showers all the morning so I went down to the Corso with E. and did some shopping and ate lunch in a place to get a photograph of E. to send to Miss Scarbotte. After a while we separated and I did various errands alone getting on pretty well with my few words of Italian. I walked way down the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo then up the hill through the Pincian gardens and back by Trinita del Monti at the top of the Spanish steps to the hotel. Was delayed at home writing letters all the morning. After lunch we all went to the Castel Sant' Angelo where we joined Prof. Paine for a lecture on the old castle which was originally built by Hadrian for his tomb and since earliest times has been the scene of fighting and bloodshed, imprisonment and torture and executions, as well as a residence and stronghold of the Popes. It connected to the Vatican by a covered passage several hundred yards. It is a most picturesque and interesting old ruin, with its winding ramps, prison cells, bridges across [illegible] chambers, [illegible] loopholes and at the top the beautifully decorated and furnished rooms of the Popes with wonderful views of Rome from the battlements. [illegible] was short and poor. Vanozza kept to her death. Hannibal's [illegible] was a prison here and escaped the way Benvenuto Cellini did. Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned here for three days before her execution for the murder of her father. Giordano Bruno and Cardinal Scarpia were [illegible]. The whole pile is most impressive and interesting. Prof. Paine's [illegible] was fair. He is getting pretty old and he seemed to find it difficult to breathe after climbing up to the top of the [illegible] where in Hadrian's time, officers [illegible] all around the [illegible] posting their watch about the walls. [illegible] one of the rooms. Traces of this are they have found. The earth still [illegible] Roman times. All of this earth had to be carried up the ramps inside as the trees were planted on it. So to speak, with a balcony all around. Home to change [illegible] and went to the home of Professor Director of the American Academy in Rome for tea. He is housed in a lovely villa with gardens on the Janiculum Hill, as the academy building and is at home to Americans every Thursday

afternoon. Quite a lot of [illegible] and we talk to him. — [illegible]. Had a fine [illegible] of [illegible] at [illegible] and to a [illegible]. [illegible] to [illegible], and [illegible] in [illegible], & the Palatine and [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] we stopped at the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ...[illegible] by men suggesting the world which was the nearest approach to anything interesting. It seems too bad that the present fellows of the academy are apparently getting nothing out of their contact here with the art of the past. As Wise said they ought to be studying art in Moscow. Back for dinner and read aloud in the evening, what Crawford said about Sant' Angelo and his account of Rienzi. Rossi's background is so rich in drama and picturesque qualities.

Friday, Feb. 25.

E. was all in this morning. Had had a bad night, and was just tired out, so she stayed in bed all day. Wise and I went in the morning to the gallery of modern art (which does not mean modernism but art of the last ~~century~~ hundred years or so) in the Pincian gardens. A very fine building and the collection, a large one, is very well displayed. On the whole I liked the sculpture best. Most of the painting was of the illustrative period of the 80', though there were some with a more [illegible]-like approach. Of [illegible] [illegible] Italian there were a few, a [illegible], a [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible], some Zorn's etc. There were three fine [illegible]. [illegible] for lunch and started right out again to go to the Farnesina, which un[illegible], is closed in the afternoons at this season. We were also just too late to see the Corsini Galleries across the street [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Will go again next week. After leaving we drove along the Tiber and had the driver take us across the bridge to the [illegible] a little island in the Tiber. We went into an old church there, San Bartolomeo all' Isola and a very ardent little sacristan took us around, got keys and hopped up on chairs to unlock cupboards and show us relics of saints etc. In the vestibule of the church an woman took us in charge and led us through a locked iron gate, along a terrace and down some steps to the river level where they have excavated a part of the ancient stone work that buttressed the island. As the island is roughly in the shape of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] originally surrounded the whole island. It had some carving, a serpent on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. After that we drove to St. Paul's outside the walls, a very fine church, though it is comparatively modern having been restored after being ~~[illegible]~~ destroyed by fire in 1823. Before this it was a basilica with [illegible] aisles and open roof and must have looked even more like a great temple than it does now. As it is it is beautiful and restful with its simplicity of [illegible] and unity of

effect. It rows of large columns of grey marble; its sidechapels of mosaic & best of the popes all around above the columns and a yellow light coming in through the yellow stained glass windows all along the upper part of the nave and the beautiful ceiling is very effective in gold. There are frescoes to scenes of the life of ~~Christ~~ St. Paul and the whole thing is rich in effect and yet so big and beautiful in its proportions that it has a feeling of simplicity. The old cloisters of the monastery are let to the church are lovely with fretted columns, decorated with mosaic, a good deal like those at Palermo. The main entrance of the church is through a court surrounded by a portico with colonnade of huge pillars of granite and in the facade of the church itself is a huge mosaic decoration with gold background, figures of Christ with St. Peter & Paul etc. a modern mosaic made in the mosaic factory of the Vatican after the church was destroyed by the fire and a little fire out of ~~[illegible]~~ the roof. After leaving St. Paul's we drove out to the Appian Way and the Catacombs. We went down into one of them, the ones under the little church of Saint Sebastianus. A monk escorted us through, as is usual & lighted tapers and they are extraordinary. Winding narrow passages cut in the lava rock going down into their various levels to 90 ft. below the ground. See along the narrow rock shelves where the bodies lay, some have not been opened, most of them are empty their remains being taken for burial in different churches (the Catacombs were the Pantheon) and some with bones and skulls still. It was by no means, it was very interesting and quite weird. These particular catacombs are supposed to be under the house in which St. Paul stayed when he was in Rome and the many crosses near the top has inscriptions cut in the walls by various individuals, ~~[illegible]~~ salutations to Peter & Paul & to ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~." When we came up we drove along the Appian Way for a while and saw the ruins of some of the ancient tombs, then back to the hotel. Found E. feeling better and we got up for dinner. Read various newspapers and Rosa in the evening. It is so interesting and beautifully written.

Saturday, March 1. Wiss's birthday.

E. & I gave him our presents at breakfast and he had two cables, one from Miss Fraser & Miss Rogers and one from E. Wiseltier who has been writing me big letters and seems in a much better frame of mind this winter and is working hard at his music. After breakfast I went out Mathey in the Borghese gardens. Hunted around quite a while for a place and finally decided on one of the gatehouses with a fountain basin at the entrance to the Villa. Wiss came for me in a carozza at 12.30 and I will go back and finish it. It is a shame it is quite a nice subject. After lunch we went to the Villa Medici where the French academy now is and wandered around the grounds and gardens for a while. It is beautiful with long wooded paths and the upper part of the garden, consisting of grassed woods with old grassed ilex tree avenues

in a little mound entirely covered with trees with their foliage clipped to make it look a grassy mound at a distance and a little lookout or summer house on top with mossy stone stairway leading straight up to it under the tunnel of the branches overhead. You get a fine view of Rome from there and we were more impressed than ever with the beauty and lightness of Michael Angelo's dome of St. Peters. The lower part of the garden, laid out with formal gates and hedges, fountains and statuary, on a level with the huge unassuming but beautiful facade of the villa, was where Velasquez painted his two landscapes in the gardens of the Villa Medici when he first visited Rome about 1630. I could recognize the facade of the wing of the gallery of art with its horizontal slope tile top and the trees of the upper gardens above that, which he painted in his picture, just took several photographs so as to study it later in detail and get the exact spot. All through the gardens, mostly about into the wall at the side looking over towards the Villa Borghese are the little studio houses of the members of the French Academy occupied at various times by famous artists when they were studying here, such as [illegible]. a beautiful quiet place in which to work. When we left the Villa Medici we drove to the Zoological Gardens and had a very amusing time in front of the monkey house, which here is not a house but an outdoor pit with a little stucco house in the middle and all kinds of apparatus such as swings, ladders, parallel bars, bare tree etc. There were quite a lot of people there watching them and it made a great hit when Dorothy in my little pocket mirror to see what they would do with it. The first monkey who got it tore all the binding off and ate it, undoubtedly for the glue, and the back all off and in doing this discovered that he could see himself and after that it was a scream. He looked at himself from every angle, held the mirror close to one eye so as to see the trees behind him reflected in it and was perfectly willing to rub the picture off. Turned it over and looked on the back for the other monkey and was absorbed in it for quite a while. Finally one dropped it in disgust and another one immediately picked it up ran up a tree to look at it and not have losing it for some time holding it at every angle. They each went through practically the same performance with it but we noticed that when once one had thrown it away he had no more interest in it and didn't try to get it again. The Zoo is quite effectively laid out with real rock caves and ledges for the lions, tigers, polar bears etc. and we would like to go again to see more of it if we have time. Back to the hotel for tea and I wrote letters and paid bills while Wise & E. had their massage. Read the crowford book in the evening. [illegible] interesting description of life in Rome in the middle ages in his chapter, the [illegible] the region of Colonna.

Sunday, March 2.

A lovely day. I went out quite early to the Borghese gardens and finished my water of the fountain [illegible] gate. E. came along in a cab for a little before 12 and drove me over to another part of the park

where the old Triton fonya fountain figure are fons of them blowing on their
own sh shells around a big circular open place in the midst of the wooded
park. I started a sketch of one of them with an old gnarled tree trunk
behind him and hope I get a chance to finish it. Wise came along
just as we were leaving in another carozza, having driven around
for 2 hours looking for us and we were late to the hotel to get
ready for lunch, which we had at the Ristorante Cesare on the Aventine
Hill overlooking almost into the Circus Maximus with the palaces
of the Cesars on the Palatine Hill just beyond. a very interesting view
of Rome and a nice restaurant, though prices as high as Stanyans in N.Y.
Of course the tables are set out on the terrace and it must be lovely.
After lunch we took a taxi to St. Peters and spent the rest of the after-
noon there, just wandering around and watching what was going on. We
stopped a long time in the little Baptistery to watch the babies being christened
It was very amusing with the little groups of family attendants and the
cries of babies, some of them squalling, some sleepy and yawning, and one
finally and loudly getting his dunse in a quiet corner while his mother had
tried and each one the center of an admiring family group of all ages. The
men with gorgeous leatherbelts on their heads for head wearing. The priest
and the man who was assisting him were quite business like, hurrying them
along in batches of 6. He went down the line mumbling the ritual and doing
various things to them, such as getting oil on their noses, giving them the
sympathetic kiss with the tips of his fingers, putting something, I could not see
on the back of each baby's neck, and finally taking it on the front and giving a
little slap full of water over their heads. They were all very good, except
for one, probably because he had been interrupted - he screamed. He resented the
whole performance and yelled with rage when the water was poured over his
head. A little further down the church in one of the big chapels, the
Cappella del Coro, they were celebrating Vespers, with a choir, and the nave
bishops, priest etc. We joined a little crowd at the entrance and watched for
a while. The dignitaries of the church sat in carved wooden seats of which there
were three rows on each side of the chapel. There were 6 cardinals, 3 on each
side and the rest were bishops, archbishops etc. Further on in the church in
the right transept was the huge black bier with tapers all around it was
in readiness for the body of Cardinal Nanny Lord Vaughan, the famous cardinal
whose activities as papal secretary of state and in other church offices made him so
popular and well known. He died last Wednesday and the funeral will be to-morrow.
I wish we could go but E. says there will be such a crowd that we would just stand
for hours and not see anything. The church was beautiful this afternoon with
two beams of sunlight striking in behind the high altar and people, looking
such tiny figures, walking about on the vast marble floors. I saw there some art

their headdresses like big white butterflies just alighting. Kneeling on the floor in their black dresses, against a beam of sunlight and they would have been wonderful to paint. Home for tea and to read aloud in the evening. We have started Lucas's Wanderer in Florence now to get ready for Florence where we go on Saturday. Shall hate to leave Rome but have almost another week here still.

Sunday, March 3.

A lovely Spring day. We left at 9.30 to drive out to Viterbo. The campagna, east of Rome, is rolling so trees until you get 20 miles or more out. Then lovely farming country, peasants [illegible] grazing in the fields, men and women, fine healthy, looking girls with coloured handkerchiefs on their heads (no fat here and in Africa women working in the fields "no often fatter if in town seems to say exist in fine healthy, leggy-looking young women, as of course it would) The road an excellent most of the way, a fine new Via Cassiale. In places they were widening it & repairing it and road building in hand as of Mussolini's fine plans to provide employment and increase the assets of the country. We passed by several interesting little hill towns built on such rock formation of tufa with natural caves underneath and we got up into two that were more of these caves, used for burial by the Etruscans, some of them with high carving etc. over the entrance. We drove through Viterbo and out to Bagnaia, about 3 miles, to see the Villa Lante by Vignola. Lunch. We were taken through the grounds by a very stout gentleman, who was dotty and in the little house by the big gateway and they are simply beautiful. All the stone work of fountains, balustrades, statues, etc. is crumbling, and some of the fountains aren't working but were working on [illegible] unless but the general effect and atmosphere of the place was delightful and beautiful with the huge old box trees and ilex trees and the [illegible] and trickle of the water. It is built like the Villa d'Este and the Villa Farnesina at Frascati, on terraces on a slope but here there is no [illegible] and the terraces run straight sides, especially the lower one between which is a broad [illegible] flower garden with a fountain in the middle. The water comes down the hillside from the upper terrace where are two stone summer houses, very old, and a central fountain, [illegible] with steps, or rather ladder to [illegible] a fountain with two gods, then through a long stone channel cut in the centre of a huge, [illegible] table (an old Roman table now raised) & out down the middle of the [illegible] narrowed terrace, to fall into another large basin below with two stairways on either side leading down to the terrace where the tiny [illegible] now occupied by the daughter of the Cardinal di Este, [illegible] big square terrace with the flower beds and beyond that the top and [illegible] of the village. The walled gate by which we came [illegible] west of one stone steps with a big fountain pool with horses in it.

and the lawns with big oaks and other trees were more open here, more like a place at home. After leaving the villa we drove back to Viterbo for lunch in the little ~~there~~ on ~~the~~ a big piazza with a fountain (the town is full of fountains) and after lunch went to the old Palazzo municipale with a beautiful mediaeval facade, the Palace of the Popes, a lovely ruin with a wonderful little Gothic balcony (this was the residence of the Popes for a few years and there were three different Popes elected in the conclave at Viterbo) then looked around in back streets to find a quarter that had some old mediaeval houses according to the guide book. We found it finally the Piazza San Pellegrino and it was the most perfect and picturesque specimen of that period I have ever seen - just like stage scenery - only it is what the stage scenery was taken from. - a little square in front of a church. (all too narrow and small for any traffic except on foot) with arches and passageways in every direction, an old tower across the end of the square, ~~and~~ a passageway with arches and windows opening on the square, ~~and~~ massive doors of an old castle and above the square with trees and its hanging gardens. It was wonderful and well worth hunting for. After that we drove home, by way of Bracciano, where we had agreed to see the castle that it is ~~now~~ undergoing restoration. It is a ~~big~~ picturesque ~~old~~ fortress with a little town on it to itself and walls and a big moat. Had chocolate and iced drinks in Florence in the evening. A very nice day.

Tuesday, March 4.

I went out quite early to paint. Started a sketch of a statue of a girl that I like particularly (this) near the entrance to the Giardino del Lago which I have discovered is the name of that part of the park where I am painting the old Tritone. She is one of the statues in a big [illegible] that, coming from the Porta at this side of the park and is lovely. The sun is just right for her early in the morning shining her coat beautifully while the trees behind her and I shall do her like that in profile. When the [illegible] from her I went in to the park and [illegible] Tritone. C. [illegible] came for me about noon and stayed there reading, writing letters etc. till 3. It is a lovely spot, though a bad spot for sketching as it is [illegible] The traffic is rather jazzy and noisy sometimes. When it passes Porta etc. it [illegible] the trees, have the effect of breaking up a tree into a number [illegible] We went to the Baths of Diocletian now the National Museum [illegible]. Had a good guide and it was very interesting. Some very fine [illegible] and [illegible] sculptures in them [illegible] more things, [illegible] or architectural fragments. Afterwards we stopped in at Santa [illegible] Angeli, the church in which the Italian Royal family has [illegible] the [illegible] in part of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. We used the large entrance as they were and it gives you a good idea of the [illegible] of the Baths (the guide said they covered 2 square miles) when

you realize that a large part of the ruins are left as just ruins, that the National Museum fills the big part of old baths. Then the church, a large one, adjoining is built out of part of that they were attended by and not to the Quatre Fontane where the American monastery is. After leaving the church, which must have been nice as Michelangelo designed it with the usual [illegible] way (it was designed in the 18th century and [illegible] in the end of what was the left transept was to have the facade of the square with the [illegible] fountain that is there. The facade has not yet been built however, as the rough brick is there and you would never know you were entering a church of such impressive proportions and decoration (real large paintings in panels, elaborate marbles etc) from the outside, after seeing we went to Tivoli to see the ruins [illegible] Hadrian's villa [illegible] too late so had tea in a place with features exercises [illegible] Via Sistina. Home stopping at [illegible] where we found a letter from Miss Fraser saying that Jack Waller's father had died [illegible] night. E. & V. just terribly as he was a dear old man and they [illegible] all very fond of him.

[illegible] yesterday $1.1930.

Just a year ago yesterday & nowadays since I started [illegible] & was in Mexico City. I went out early this morning to [illegible] the usual girl statue in the Borghese gardens. The morning was beautiful, misty with the sun coming through. I finished by 11 and Wire [illegible] for me in a carozza and liked the motor very much. We got E. at the hotel and we went to the Farnesina and the Ossini Galleries. The Farnesina is interesting as a perfect little example of its type but the rooms seemed to me over-decorated and, especially in the last room upstairs, the figures seem to large in scale for the size of the room. The figures in the decoration by Raphael in the salon downstairs are nice and the gardens are pretty. Across the street the Ossini Palace has a good collection of pictures, a good room of 16th century Dutch, some good Riberas, Murillo madonna, some interesting little landscapes of Rome in earlier times etc. No paintings in Rome however can touch Velasquez Pope Innocent X and the best work [illegible] is Michael Angelo's frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's Stanze in the Vatican. Home for lunch and after [illegible] went to look up a photo of E. Waller's music teacher Scarlatti, Wire wrote letters and I worked in my room a little straightening up [illegible] after [illegible] I went to the Zoo and met E. there. Very entertaining. The monkeys [illegible] and my mind and were still looking at it. Home for tea and read [illegible] Lucas' Wanderer in Florence after dinner. Am looking forward to [illegible] a lot but am sorry we have only two more days in Rome.

Pages 1—34, March 5 - 28. Mexico

" 34-37. On board the SS. Morazan - Vera Cruz to New Orleans.

" 38 - 39 April 1 - New Orleans.

" 39 - 55 April 2 - 28, Boston.

" 56 - 58 - April 28. May 3. Princeton

" 58 - 60 ~~April~~ 3 - 5 - Forrestdale.

" 60 - 66 May 5 - 11, Atlanta

" 66 - 70 May. 11 - 16 - Macon.

" 70 - 72 May 16 - 18 Atlanta

" 72 - 73 May 18 - 20 New York.

" 73 - 75 May 20 - 22, Princeton

" 75 - 76 - May 23, New York.

" 76 May 24. Boston

" 77 - 78 May 25 - 27, Annisquam.

" 78 - 80 - May 27. 29. Boston.

" 80 - 82 - May 29 - June 3, Annisquam

" 82 - 84. June 3 - June 7, Boston.

" 84 - 88, June 7 - 17, Annisquam

" 88 - 89. June 17 - 19, Boston.

89 - 93. Cruise in Sea Lady to New London. June 19 - 24.

" 93 - 108. June 24 - July 10, Annisquam.

108 - 113, July 11 - 18, cruise in Sea Lady to Blue Hill, Maine.

113 - 137. July 19 - Aug 18, Annisquam.

137 - 142. Aug 18 - 25. Cruise in Sea Lady to Barnstable etc.

142 - 159. Aug. 25 - Sept. 21. Annisquam.

159 - 160. Sept 21, 22. Boston.

160 - 167. Sept. 22 - 30. Exeter. N.H.